

CEREBUS

Volume

12





aardvark-vanaheim inc

cerebus * cerebus archives * glamourpuss * cerebus tv * sinteevee

fax transmission

from Dave Sim at fax no.

to the attention of: Anyone reading
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CEREBUS trade

(I don't have e-mail and can only be contacted
by escargot mail at Box 1674 Stn. C Kitchener
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Sincere thanks to everyone who has devoted that most valuable of human commodities -- their time -- to reading my and Gerhard's work.

Dave Sim, creator, writer, co-artist

Gerhard does prints and commissions and can be contacted at gerhardart.com

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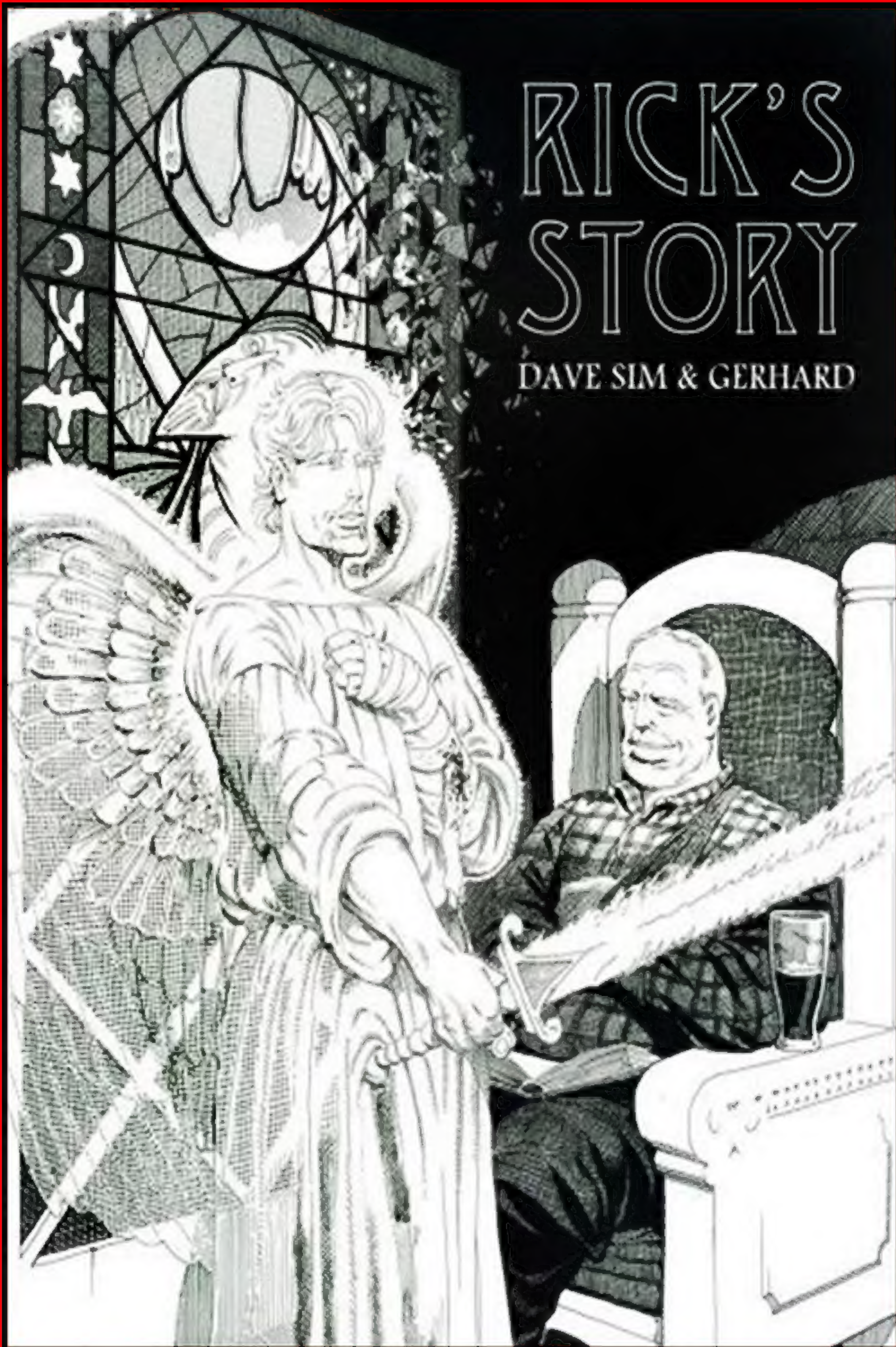


OR DOWNLOAD SOME, OR ALL OF THE 16 VOLUMES...



RICK'S STORY

DAVE SIM & GERHARD



RICK'S STORY



"JUST FILL
OUT AN ENTRY
FORM"

"AND YOUR UGLY
GIRLFRIEND COULD
WIN-- A YEAR'S
SUPPLY..."

"OF CRUNCHY
AND DELICIOUS
PUPPY
CHOW!"

HAHAHAHAHA

"HERE'S TONIGHT'S
'UGLY GIRL-FRIEND
WINNER' ---- MISS
GLADYS HEIFERMÖCKER!"

"CONGRATULATIONS,
GLADYS. DO YOU NEED
ANY HELP GETTING YOUR
PRIZE HOME?"

"OH, NO THANK YOU-- I'LL
JUST EAT IT HERE!"

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

AND NOW EVERYONE
IS 'LOOKING DAGGERS'
AT ME...

AND HE'S SNICKER-- HE
WON'T STOP-- SO I TELL HIM
I'M GOING OUTSIDE
TO PEE

I DON'T EVEN HAVE
TO PEE-- BUT I'VE GOT
TO GET OUTSIDE
I'M SO SNICK--
EMBARRASSED

AN' HE GRABS
MY ARM AN' HE
GOES SNICKER.
HE GOES:

"RICK! YOU
CAN'T LEAVE
NOW."

KRINK
KRINK

"YOU'LL MISS
THE UGLY GIRL-
FRIEND SING-
ALONG..."

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

AN' HE GOES

HE GOES



ON SHONE TAY
MUH SYUH!



I HAD
TOLD HER
VIKTOR
SPOKE
LOWER
FELDAN

WHAT A
MISTAKE
THAT
WAS.



MAY ON
GOE DUH
MUNNA
MWAH
DUH BLAH
BLAH
BLAH



SO VIKTOR ?SNICKER
VIKTOR TAKES HER
ROYAL FUCKING
MAJESTY'S HAND.
RIGHT?

AND HE SQUINTS
AT IT -- THEN HE
LOOKS UP AND
SAYS

LIKE

TEN WORDS
IN LOWER
FELDAN

AND
BOOM!



JAKA PICKS
UP HIS PINT --
DUMPS IT ON
HIS HEAD...

HAHAHA
HAHAHA

AND THEN SHE
TURNS TO ME AND
SHE SAYS:

"RICK?"

(LIKE SHE HAD
ASKED ME A
QUESTION?)

(AND I WASN'T
ANSWERING
FAST ENOUGH?)

AND SHE
TURNS ON
HER HEEL



AND SHE
WALKS
OUT.

WITHOUT.

SAYING.

ANOTHER.

WORD.



AND
ME!

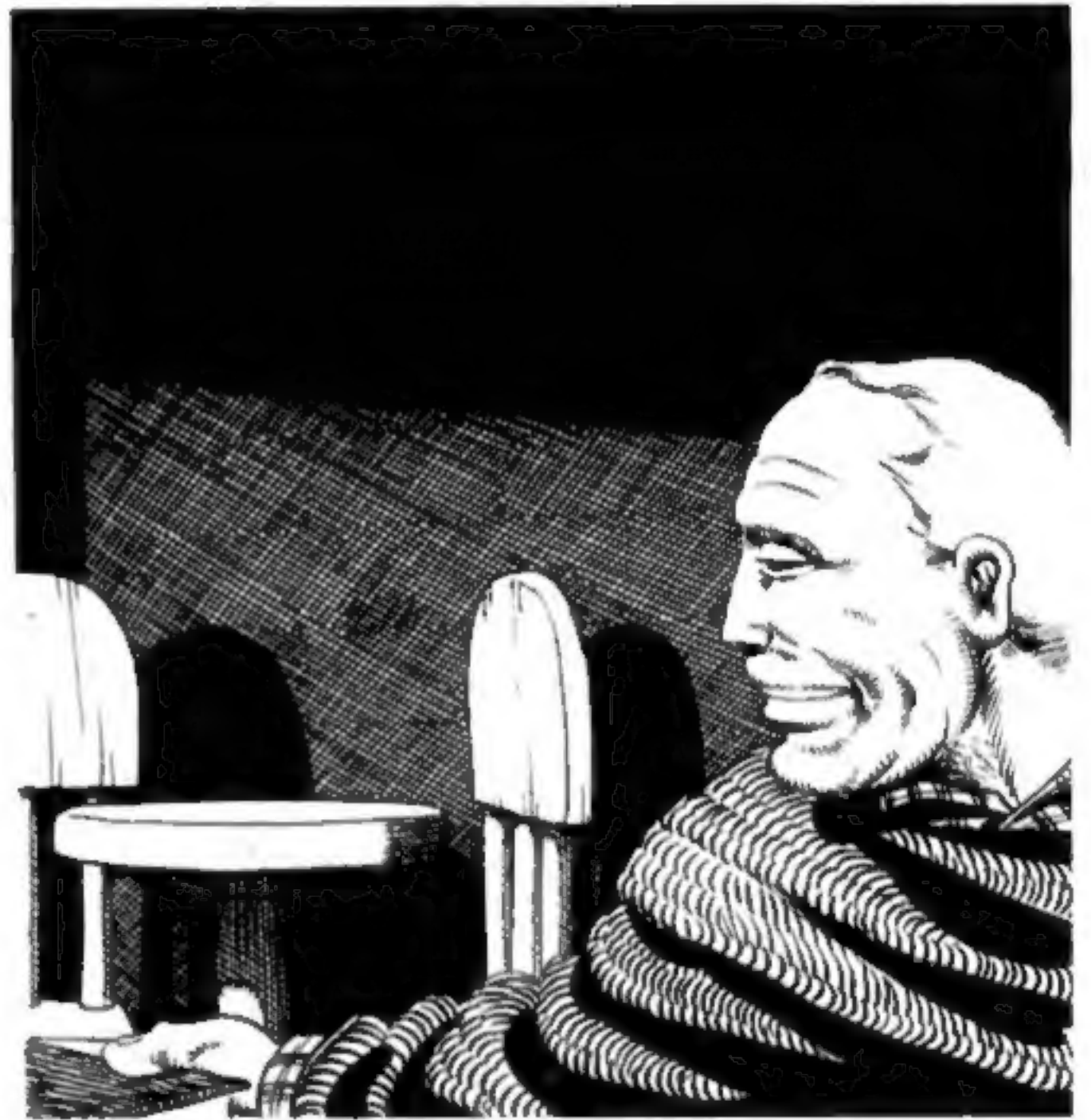
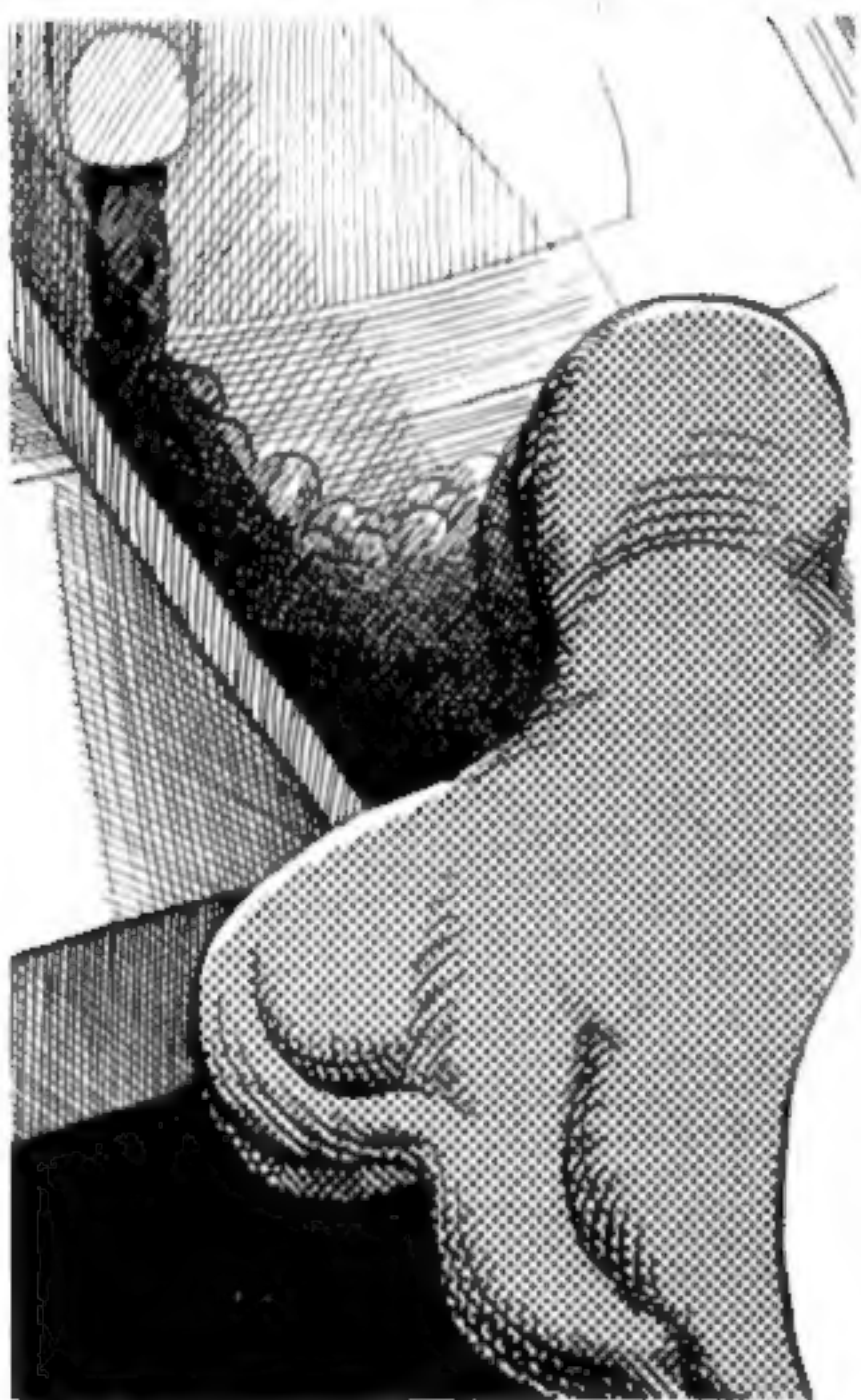
I JUMP RIGHT
OFF OF MY
BARSTOOL

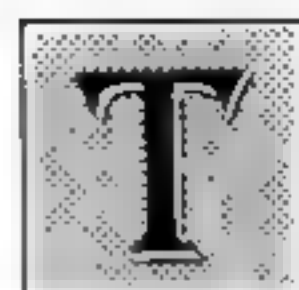
(EXCUSE
ME)

MY BARSTOOL AND
GO RUNNING
AFTER HER

JUST LIKE
A...

LIKE
A...A





HE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN

Jaka had gone to work, I went looking for Viktor and found him in his usual spot. I pulled him around on his bar stool to face me.

"What did you say to my girlfriend?" I demanded, shaking with rage.

He looked me up and down — once — a little curious and very much amused.

"Did you ask *her*?" Half his face was smiling.

"No," I answered, indignantly.

"Then," he winked, "you don't really want to know, do you?"

I swung my fist at his head with all my strength. He caught my wrist and twisted it slightly enough to put me off balance and hold me at eye level.

"You're out of your league, son," he said in a pleasant tone of voice. "You're out of your league with *me*," he bent my wrist just enough to emphasize his point, "and you're out of your league with your pretty little dancer."

I tried to stare him down, but he knew he was right. When we both knew he was right, I had to look away.

"What am I going to do?" I asked.

"She's basically an unhappy person," he said. "With the unhappy ones you've got to be happy enough for two. You're a naturally happy person and as long as you stay that way, you'll do fine."

He waited for that to sink in. I nodded.

He let go of my wrist, and I sank onto the bar stool next to his.

"Right now, you're going to go home and tell her that you found me and you forced me to tell you what I said to her. You're going to tell her that I told you. And you're going to tell her that when I told you, you told me that you never wanted to see me or talk to me again."

I looked up at him.

"She's still..." he searched for the appropriate verb, "... *measuring* you. Telling her *that* should get you off on the right foot. Don't tell her you tried to hit me. She wouldn't like that. After that, just be happy every damn minute of your waking life and you've got her for as long as you want her."

He waited for *that* to sink in. I nodded.

"You're welcome," he said.

I laughed. "Thanks."

He stuck out his hand and I shook it.

"I'll still see you around, though," I said. "This isn't..."

He shook his head. "You never want to see me or talk to me again. If you try to put one over on your pretty little dancer, she'll see through you as if you were made of glass."

It seemed inconceivable that I would never see Viktor again. I tried to think of some way around it. I don't know how long I sat there thinking about it. I looked up at him.

"As if you were made of glass," he repeated.

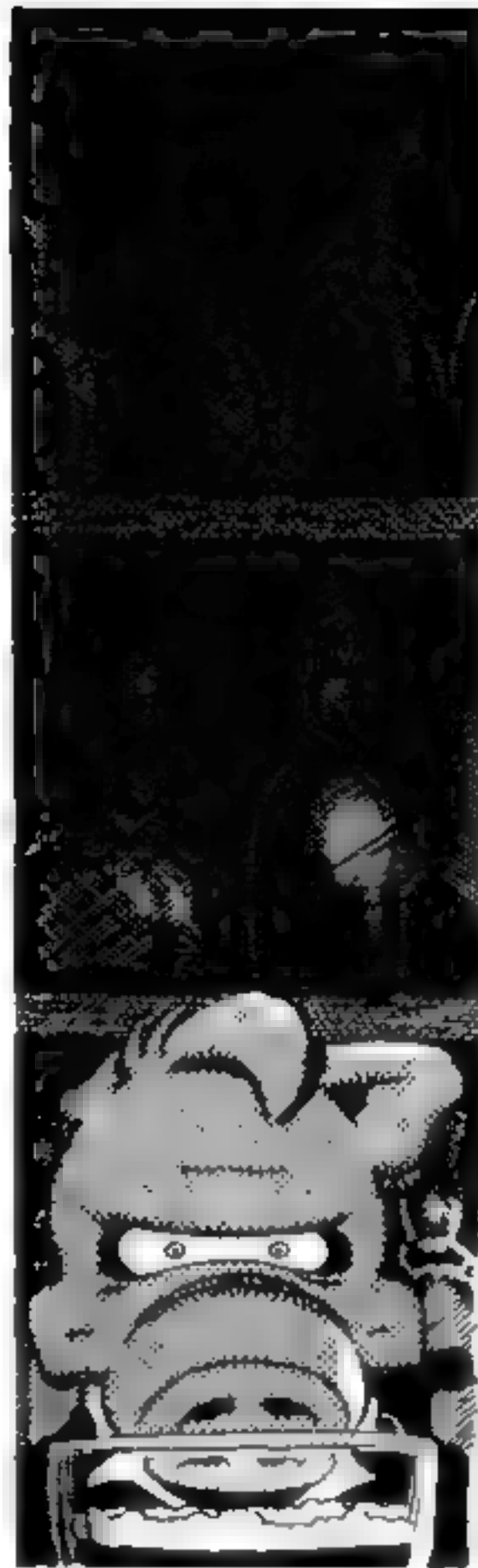
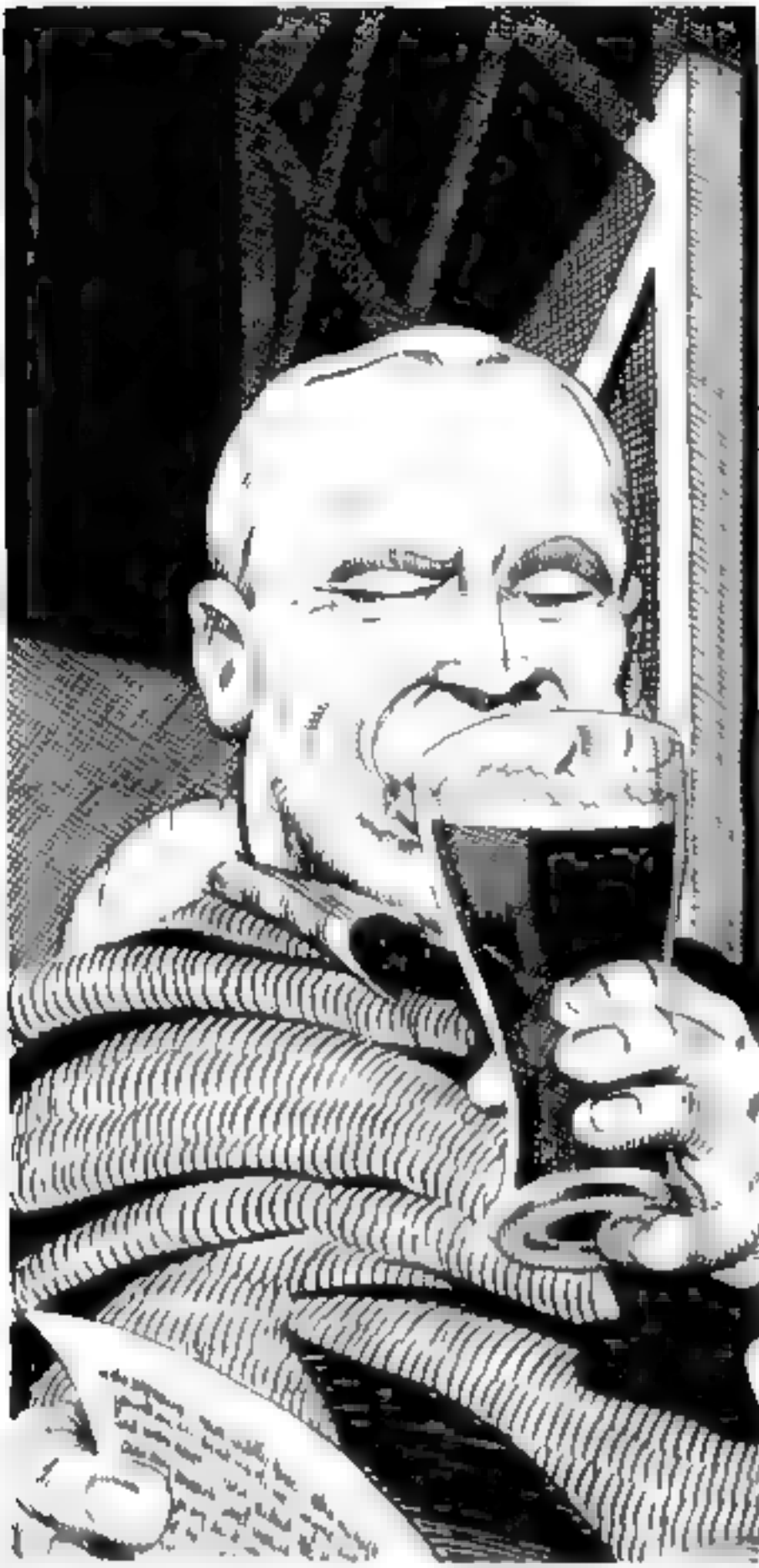
I nodded and got up to leave. My feet seemed encased in cement.

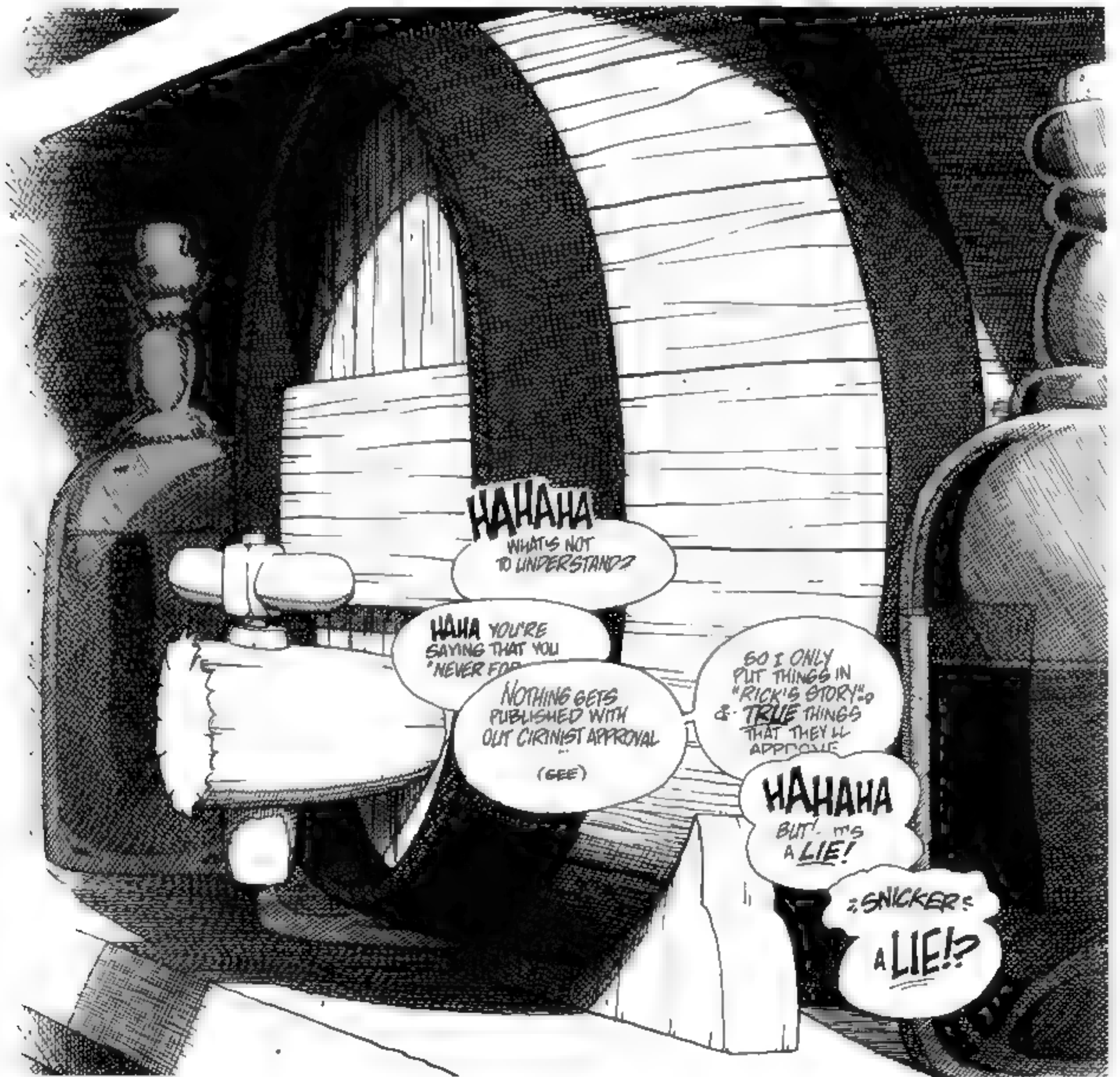
"If you screw up," he said, "and she decides to leave you — stay away from places like this and stay away from booze. Some people can handle it and some can't. Take it from me. You can't."

We shook hands again. "Goodbye, Rick," he said. "Don't forget what I told you."

"I won't. Goodbye, Viktor."

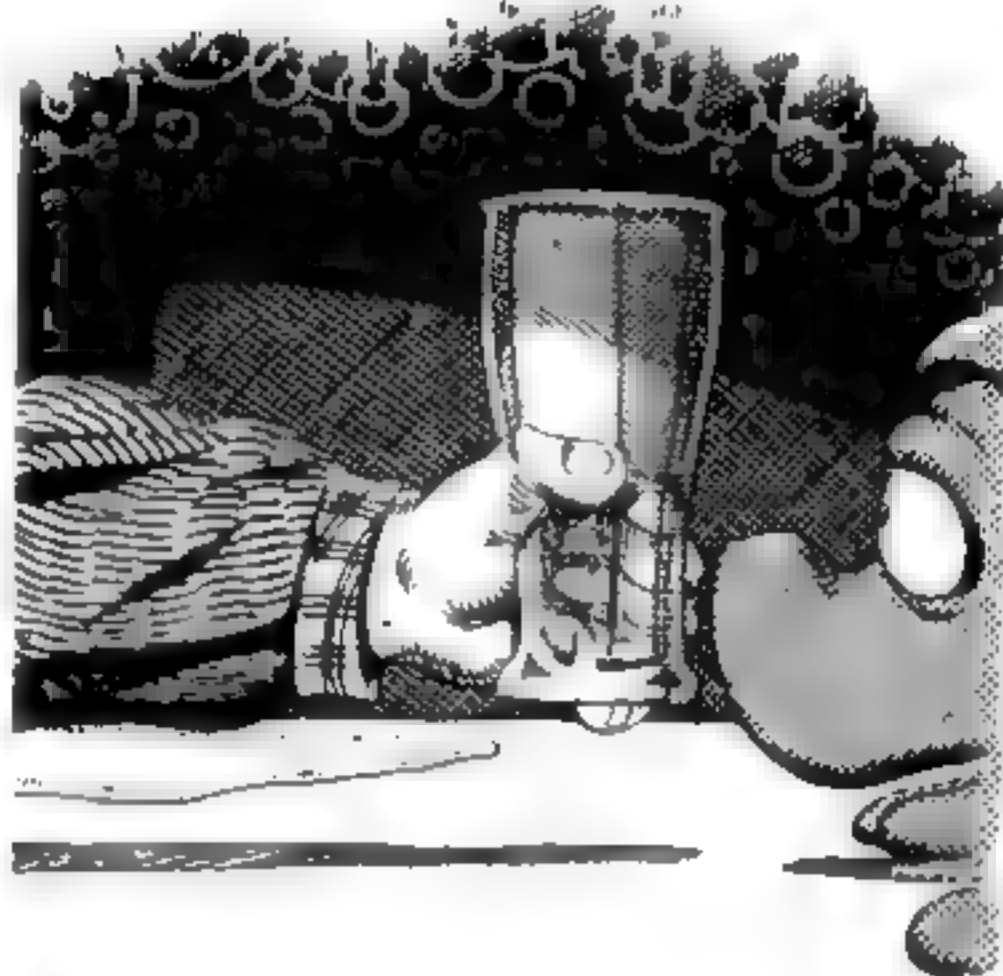
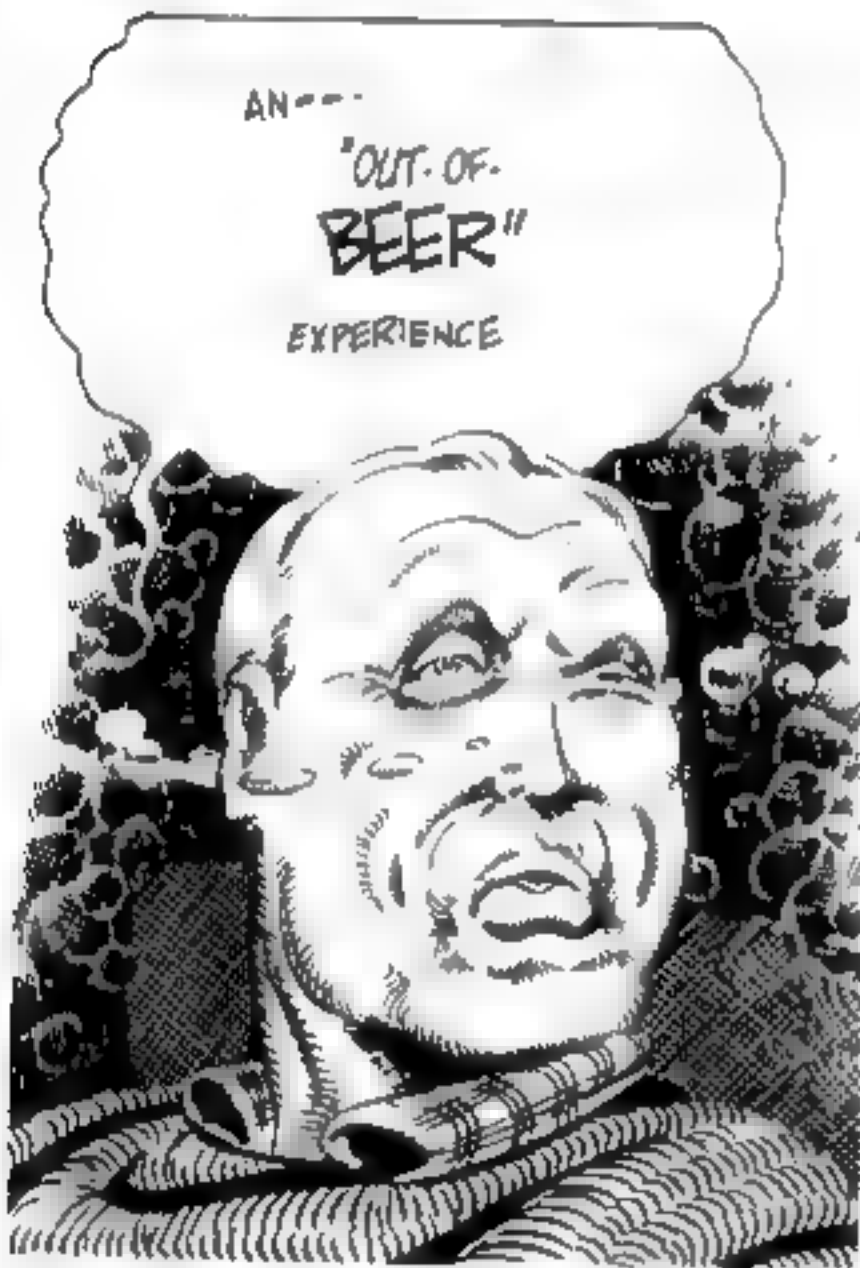
And I never forgot the advice Viktor gave me.











THICK
FERMENTATIONALLY
DISADVANTAGED

NEVER FORGET ABOUT IT
TO BE **HUGE** AND ALMOST
ALL WOMEN **BEAUTIFUL** WOMEN
AND I'LL TELL YOU **WHY**..

SEE. **BEAUTIFUL** WOMEN KNOW **EVERYTHING** ABOUT THE **TRUTH** BECAUSE
THERE IS **NOTHING** IN THE WORLD THAT IS **TRUER**.. **MORE TRUE**.. **NO, TRUER**
THAT'S RIGHT **TRUER** THAN A **BEAUTIFUL** **FUMF**.. **BECAUSE** NO **BEAUTIFUL**
WOMAN **SO** THEY'LL **KNOW** (SEE) THEY'LL **KNOW** AS **SOON** AS THEY **READ**
"RICK'S STORY" THAT IT DOESN'T JUST CONTAIN THE **TRUTH**.. IT IS THE
TRUTH---

AND THEY'LL **ALL** COME **RUNNING**
"SIGN MINE FIRST!" "NO SIGN MINE
FIRST!" "I **LOVE** RICK'S STORY"
(THEY'LL SAY) "IT'S **SO TRUE!**"
AND NO ONE **BELIEVES** THAT'S
WHAT WILL **BUMF**.. **BECAUSE** NO
HAPPEN BUT IT **WILL**.. JUST
LIKE I **SAW** IN MY **DREAM**..
THE **CIRINISTS** WILL TRY AND
TREAT IT LIKE JUST ANOTHER
READ BUT IT.. **S** GOING TO JUST
EXPLODE (SM) **KOOH!**

"WE DIDN'T EXPECT **THIS**".. THEY'LL
SAY "WE'VE NEVER SEEN **ANY** THING
LIKE **THIS**".. AND THEY'LL **DOUBT**
THE **SECURITY** AND IT **STILL**
WON'T BE **ENOUGH!**.. PEOPLE
WILL GET **TRAMPLED**..
JUST LIKE I **SAW** IN MY
DREAM

EVERY NIGHT A
DIFFERENT TAVERN
AND A DIFFERENT
PARTY

SO..
AT THE **FIRST** FEW TAVERNS I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE
TO **SIGN** ONE AUTOGRAPH.. THE **CIRINISTS** WILL GET ME
OUT IN **ONE** PIECE BUT MY **CLOTHES** WILL BE **RIPPED**
AND CLUMPS OF MY **HAIR** WILL BE **MESSING**.. BUT
FINALLY THEY'LL SAY "WE DIDN'T **BELIEVE** YOU'LL **FUMF**..
BECAUSE ME "BUT **YOU** WERE **RIGHT**" AND THEN THEY'LL
HAVE A **LOT** OF **SECURITY** AND **THAT'S** WHEN
THE **FUN** STARTS BOY

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
SURROUNDING ME, **LAUGHING**
AT MY **JOKES**, RUBBING AGAINST
ME I'LL BE **NICE** TO ALL OF THEM
BECAUSE I'M A **NICE** GUY AND **BESIDES**
THAT I'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO **PICK**
THE ONE I **WANT** FOR THE **NIGHT**
AND WHEN I **FIND** HER, **FUMF**
BECAUSE ME
ONCE I **PICK** HER

I'LL JUST
WHISPER IN HER
EAR "MEET ME IN
THE ROOM ON THE
RIGHT AT THE TOP
OF THE STAIRS.."

OR "IN THE
SECOND COTTAGE
FROM THE END" (OR
WHEREVER IT IS
I'M STAYING)

AND (HEH HEH) IN LESS
TIME THAN IT TAKES TO
SAY "DELUXE ACCOMMODATION"
(BROTHER)



"BOBBING
ON BOBO"?

SHELL BE
BOBBIN'
ON BOBO...

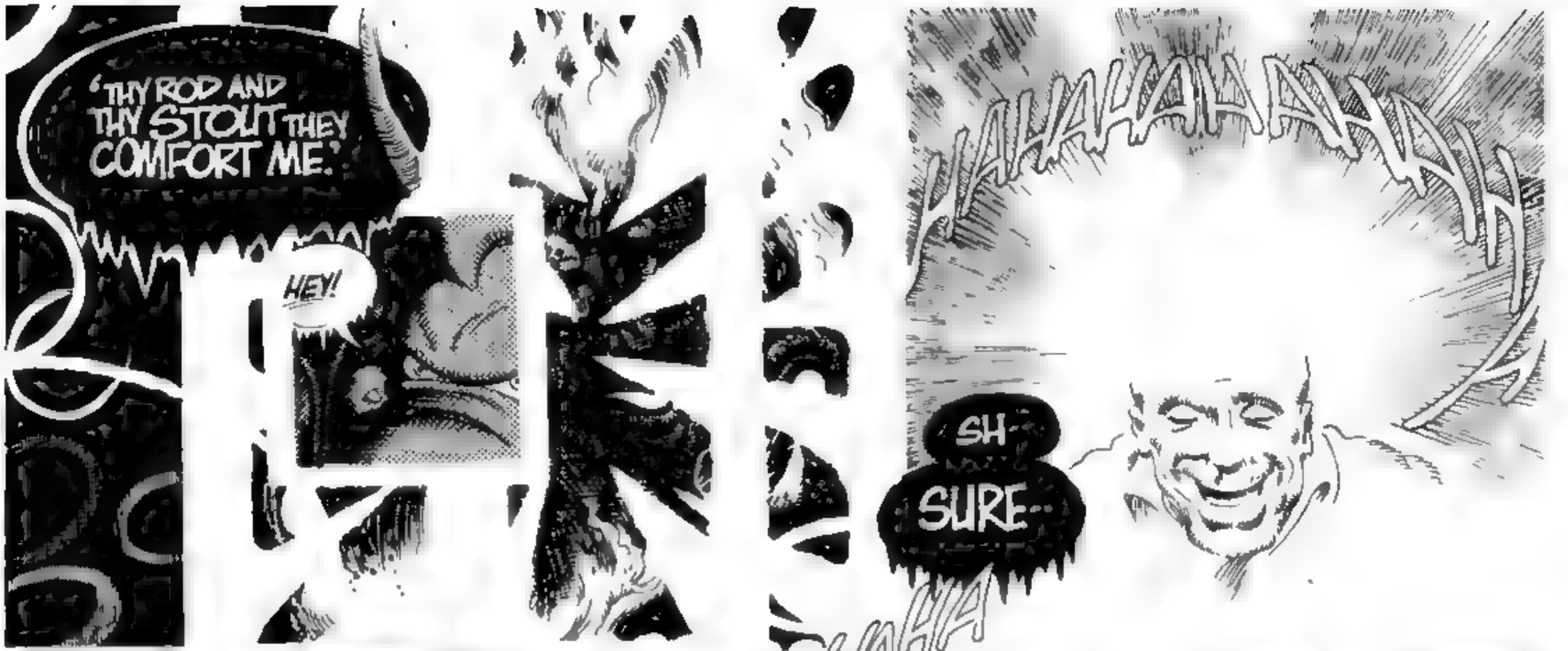
SNKS

HA HA HA

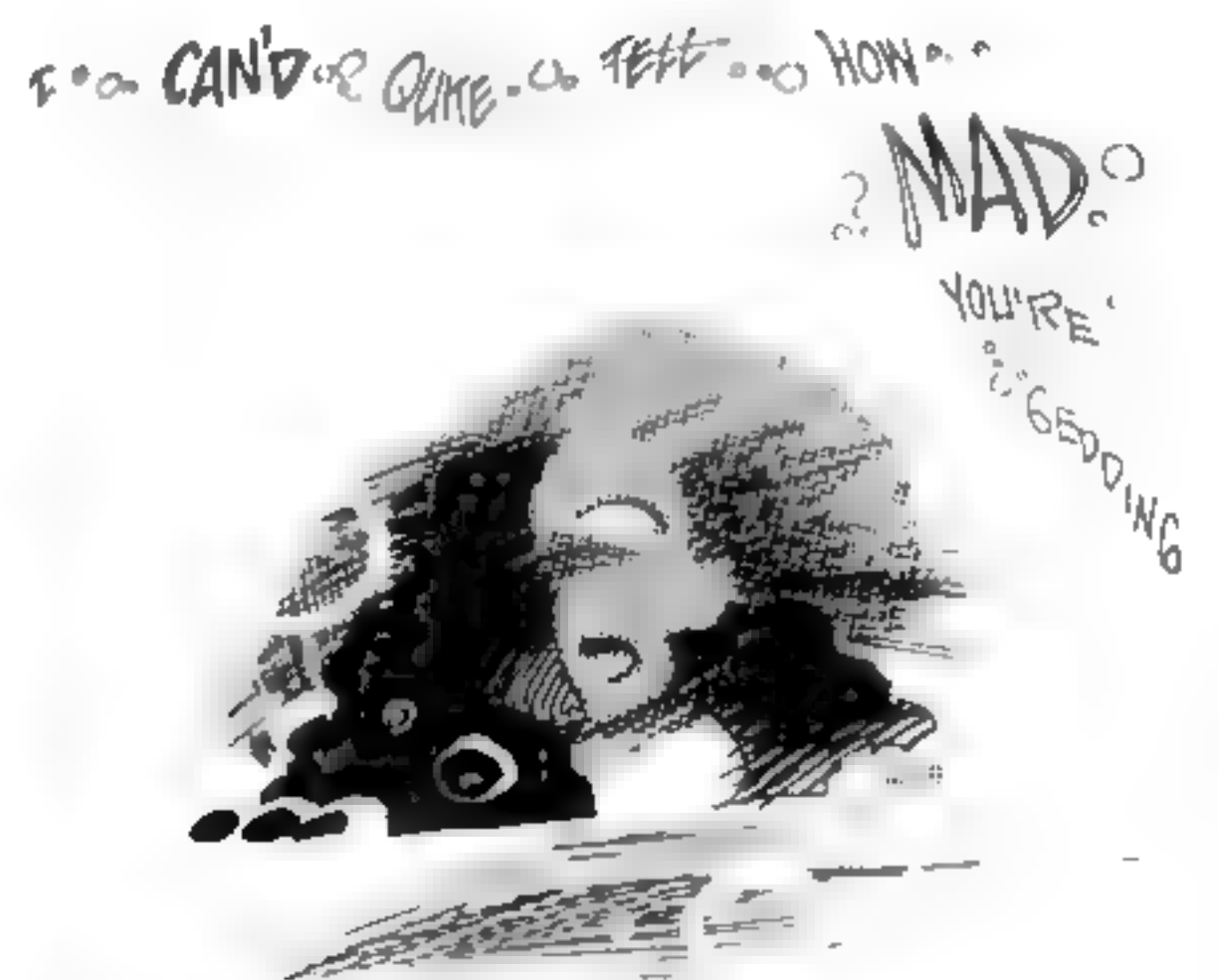


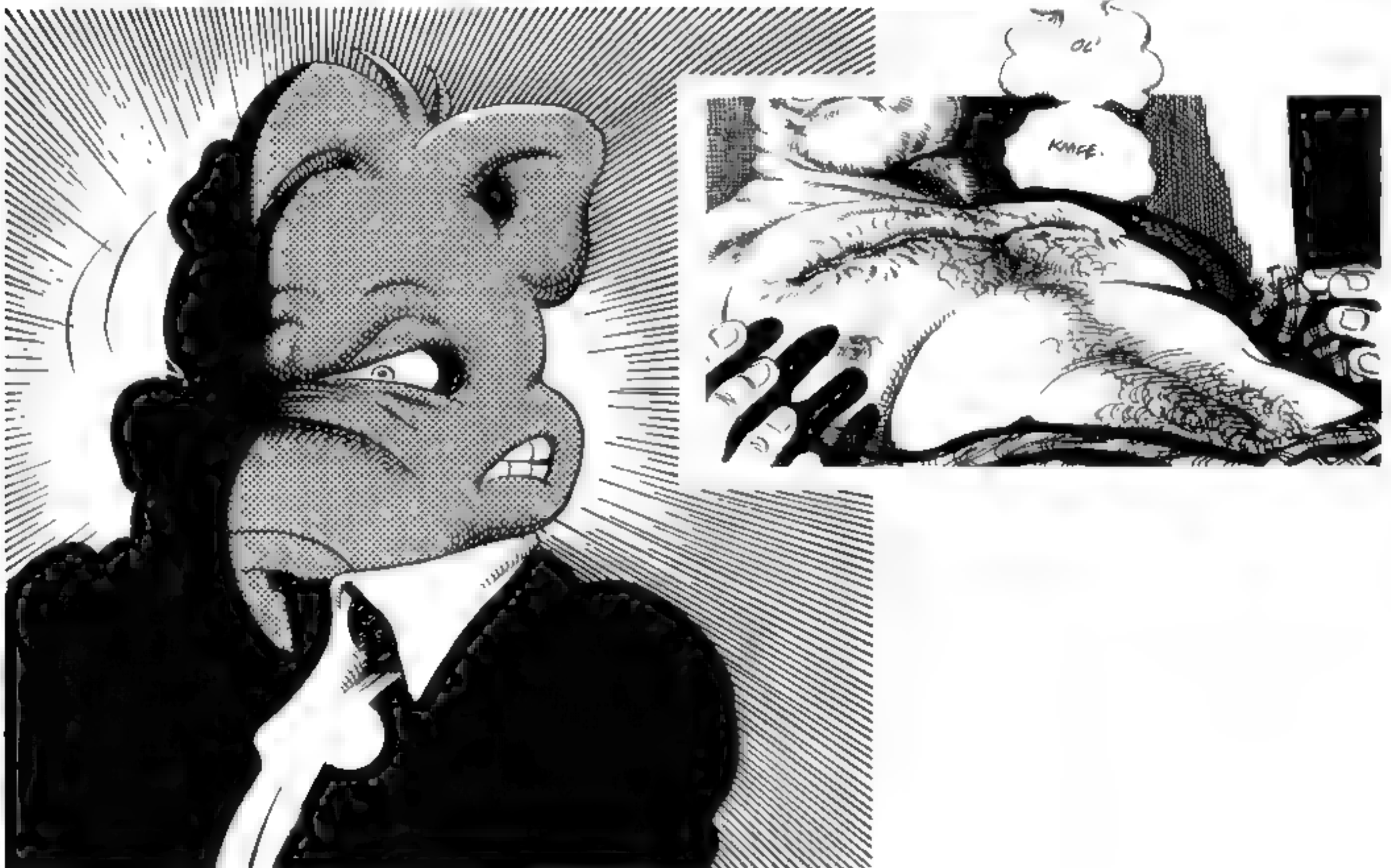
HA HA HA

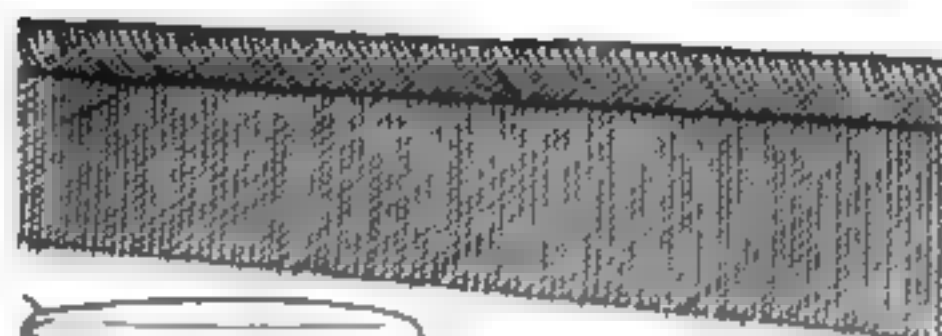
YOU'RE A PRETTY
FUNNY GUY,
RICK...





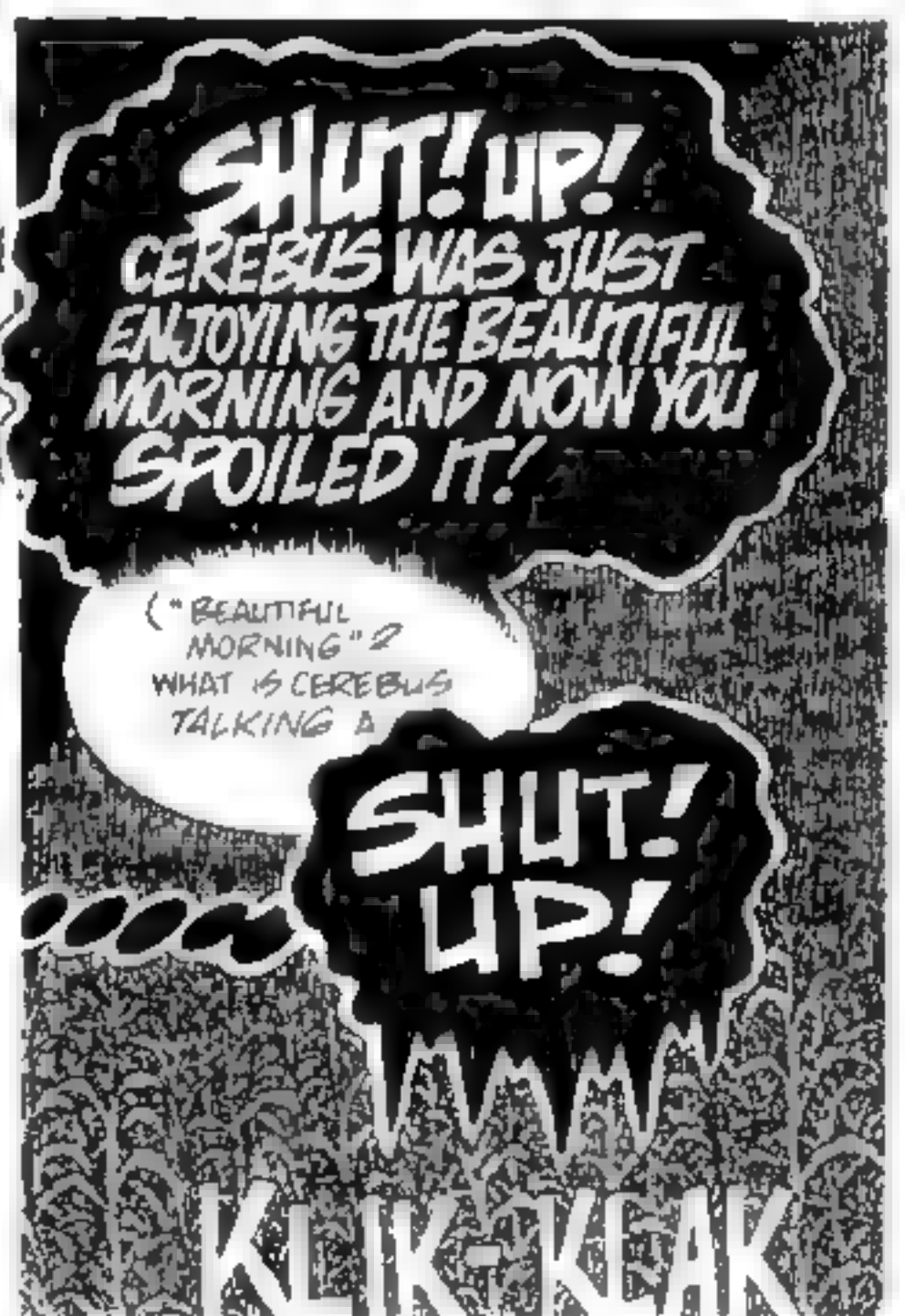
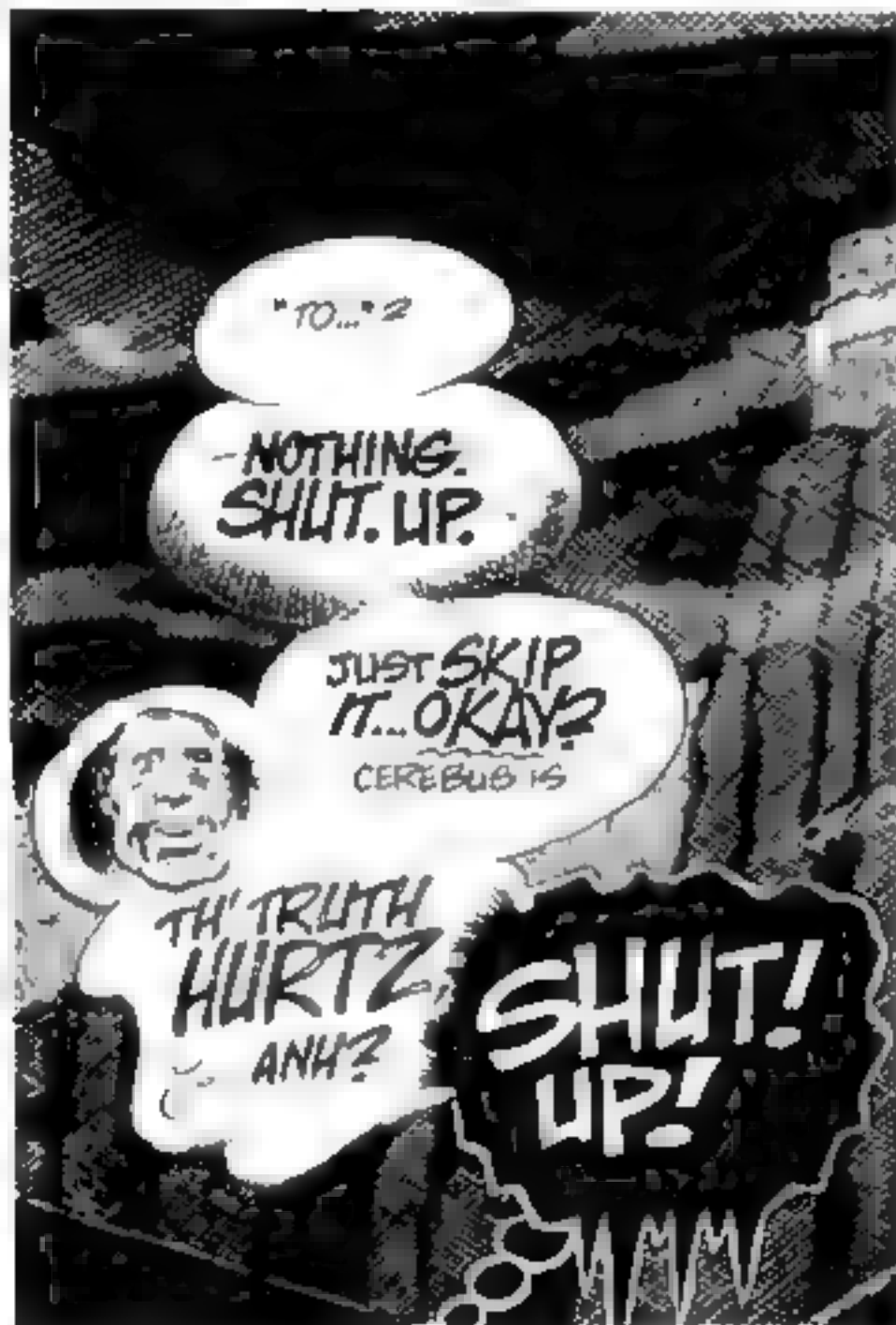
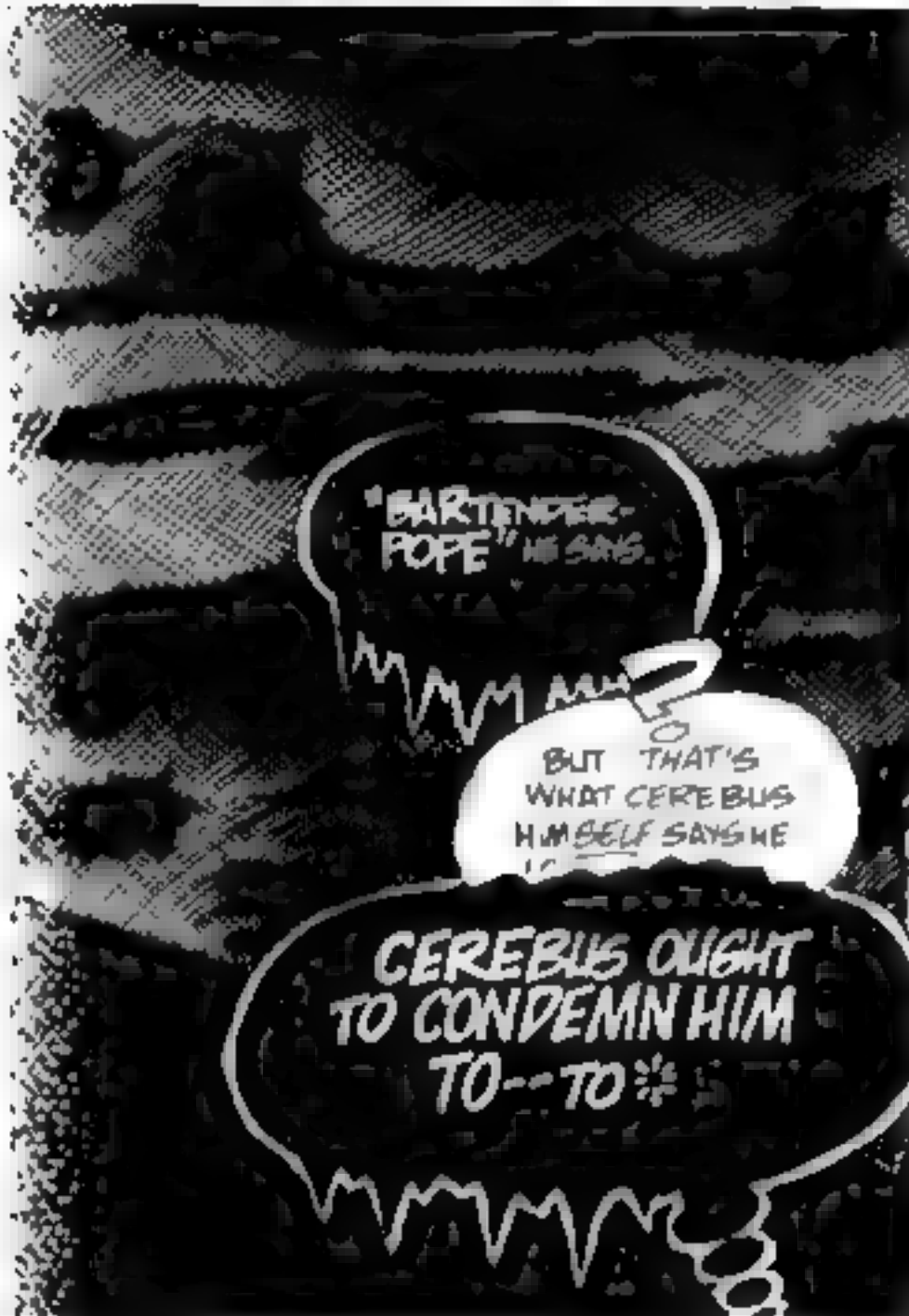








HAH!





GOOD MORNING!



I uh



I CLEANED UP THE BROKEN GLASS AND THE SPILLED WHISKY



OH HHHH BOY

HEH HEH THAT BAD WAS I?



AW, GEE

LISTEN



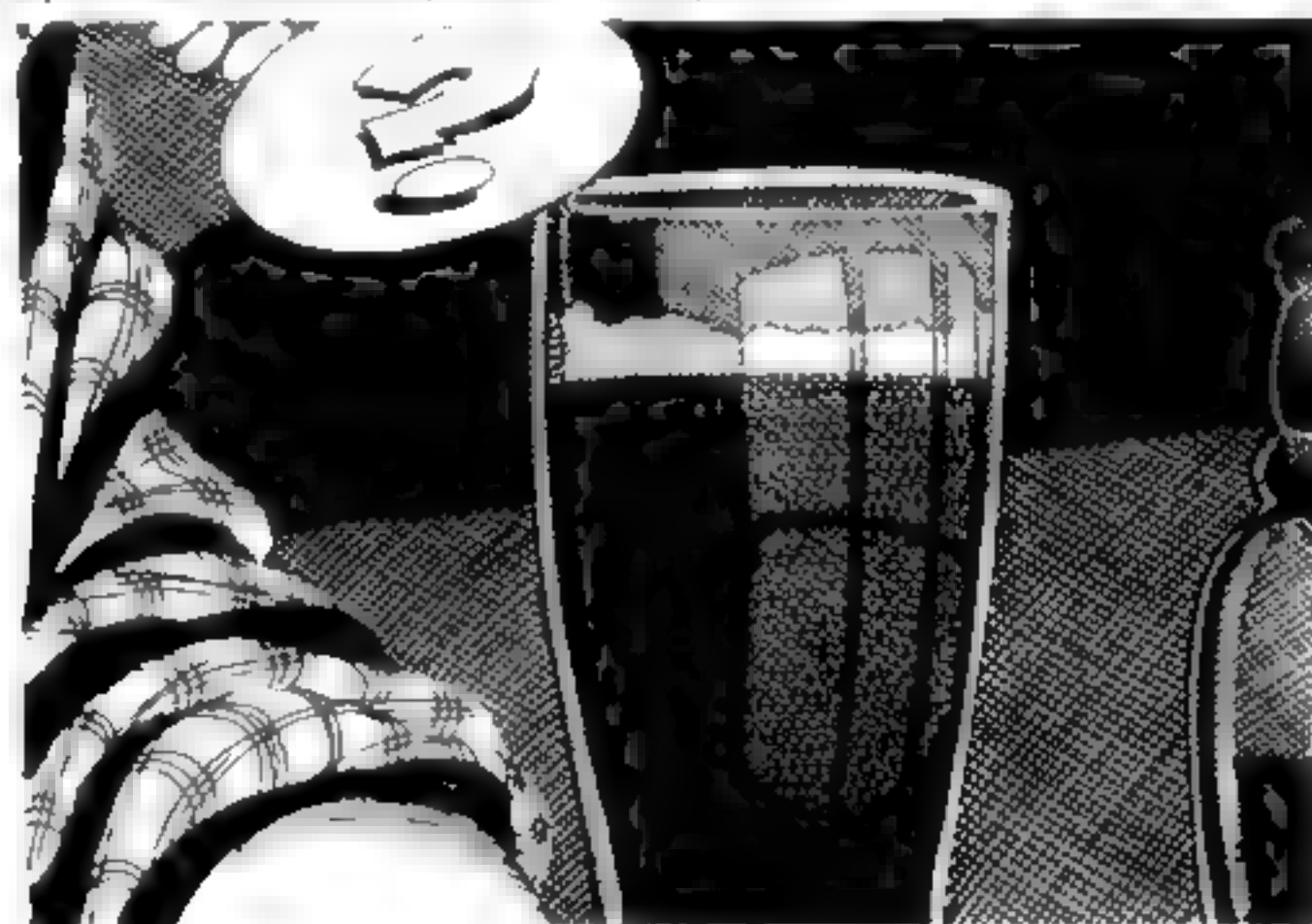
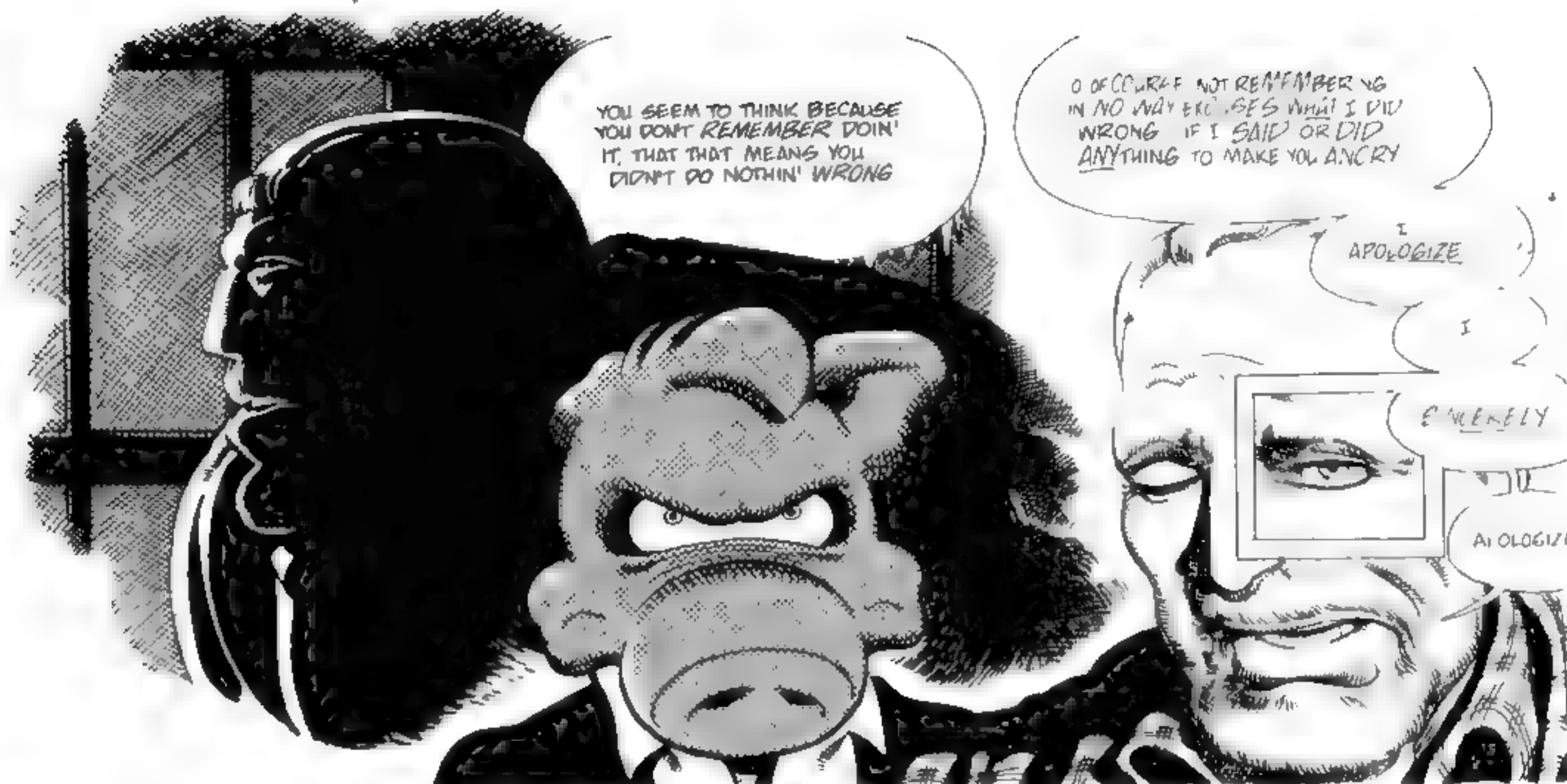
I SWEAR TO YOU I DO NOT REMEMBER ANYTHING I SAID OR DID LAST NIGHT

AFTER MY LITTLE "FAST DRINKING" DEMONSTRATION, THAT IS

IT'S LIKE JAKA'S PALNU FACE, IT'S WHAT I DO WHEN I'M NERVOUS (Y'KNOW?)

WHEN I'M GETTLING IN SOMEPLACE NEW ONCE I'M SETTLED IN I'M USUALLY FINE.

REALLY





THE LAST PLACE
I WAS IN ALLOWED
ME TWO BREAKFAST
JUICES EVERY
MORNING...

AND THE PLACE
BEFORE THAT
LET ME HAVE
THREE



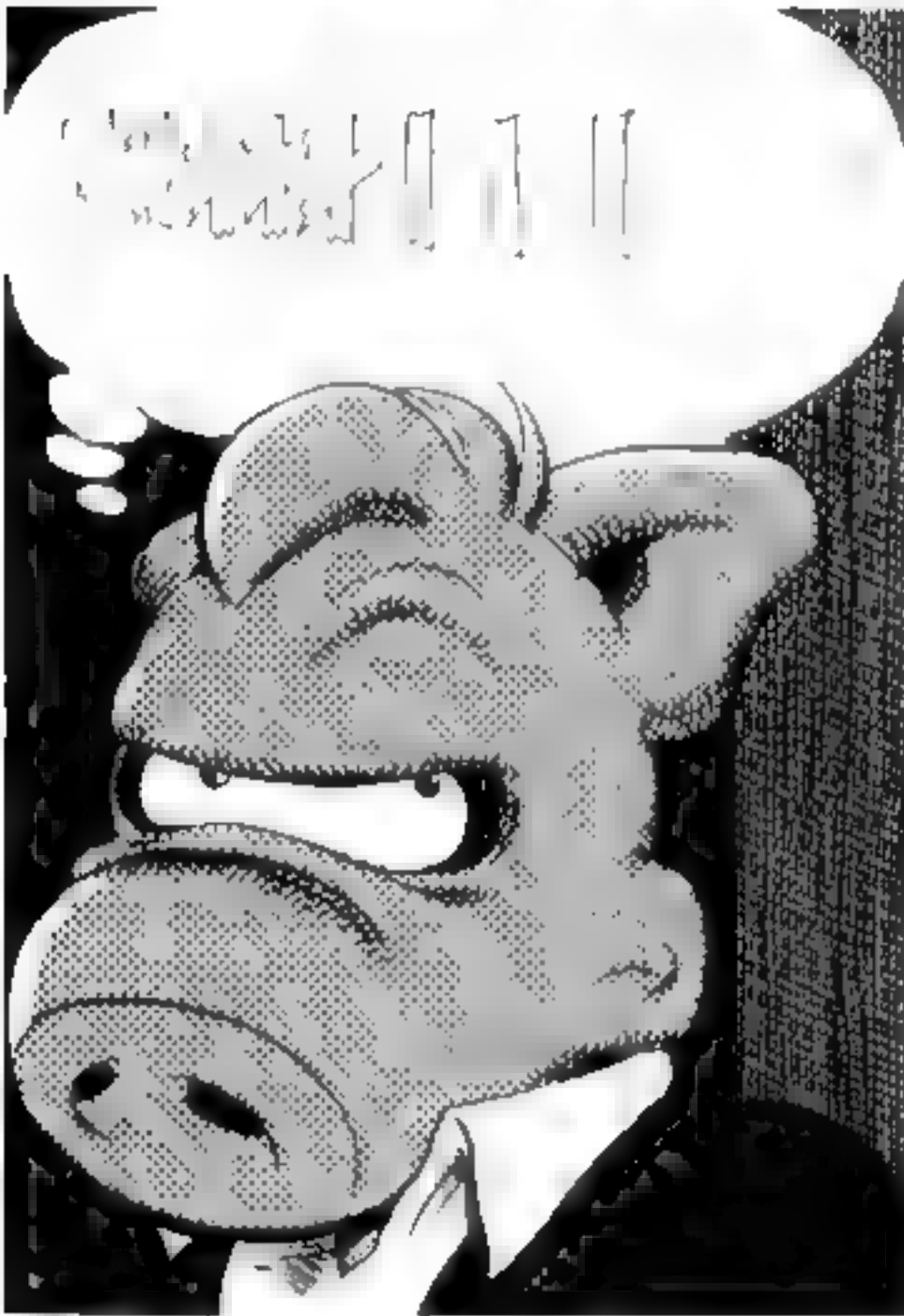
BEING REALLY,
REALLY HONEST
WITH MYSELF

I'D SAY THREE
-- I MEAN TWO
IS A BETTER
IDEA THAN
THREE



SO! TWO BREAKFAST
JUICES EVERY
MORNING

DEAL?



...and the place
before that
let me have
three



DEAL.

GREAT.
UH.
I SHOULD PROBABLY
MENTION THAT THIS IS
MY THIRD ONE
SO WE'LL START
THE DEAL FIRST
THING TOMORROW

YOU KNOW --
I ALMOST NEVER
READ MY WORK
OUT LOUD?
STRANGE

SO!
THIS IS THE
NEXT MORNING IN
HER KITCHEN

*She turned her face
towards the window
reflecting naturally also
question I not asked:
your marriage broke up
'How did my marriage
see seemed to note the
question of the breakfast
question FIRST
O Five years ago
I Two years ago
we did my marriage
p2' She turned and she
exactly reread words
of the answer lay be
with the lamp began
ad asked me five years
from 11 + 2 had*



HOW DID MY MARRIAGE break up?" She turned and looked at the carefully tended window box, as if the answer lay buried there beneath her limp begonias. "If you had asked me five years ago..." The sentence fragment transported her back in time, furrowing her aubaster forehead, as well tended as the window box. "If you had asked me three years ago..." Another fragment, this time drawing her closer to the present, closer to confession. "I would've said, 'He became weak, too... piant. He no longer wanted me for a wife, a lover, or a mate. He wanted me to be his mother.'" She sneered. "He wanted his mo-ommy." Drawing out the word, etching it with acid sweetness caused her to wince — as if it were an attack dog or a hunting falcon which, now denied its former prey, could only turn on its master. "I came to see..." Still another fragment. Clearly what she had seen she found difficult to express. My senses swam with the effort to remain still, to not clear my throat which had suddenly gone dry. So precariously balanced was her mood that the slightest sound, the least movement would — I was sure — snap it like a twig. The seconds stretched like hours until she spoke again, steering herself against her own words, which came quietly, as if she were speaking to herself — or in a dream.

"I came to see that it was I... who made him that way." Some internal barricade had been breached. "Oh, it wasn't all my fault. Like so many things, it happened gradually. It was unspoken. He was a gentleman —" The word caught in her throat, and it was she who coughed — releasing me, gratefully, to follow suit. "A gentleman. A gentle man, who could no more dream of forcing himself on me..." This sentence, too, remained a fragment. Her features revealed her inner torment. Unable to bear the emotional cost of either retreating from or advancing upon her own subject, after some moments she chose the latter. "I used our love-making to reward him and punish him. Knowing he would never force himself on me. I used my body to modify his behaviour — the way a mother would use a child's privileges for the same purpose. Taking away the privileges to punish, restoring them as a reward."

I thought of my own marriage and winced, inwardly, at the memory.

"Love-making has to be love-making," she said. "It has to exist between two people as a pure expression of what they have together. It can't be allowed to get mixed up with the mundane day-to-day things, the petty disagreements, the silly arguments. If you wield it like a club or... trade it for something else... the relationship is already over. After that you're just going through the motions."

She stood up and came over to where I was sitting.

"That's why we can't see each other anymore," she said, caressing my cheek. "I've started doing that to you, Ricky."

I thought about her coolness towards me two nights before, when I had arrived late for our

"I know this is painful for you. It's just as painful for me. Perhaps it's more painful for me. But I know it's better that we end it right now. Better that we end it while what is between us is still pure, still honest, still undamaged. I love you with all my heart, but I've discovered that recognizing my own mistakes isn't enough, sometimes, to make me change. But I want you to remember what we talked about this morning, Ricky. Don't ever stay with a woman who rewards and punishes you with her body."

I never loved her more than I did at that moment — as I stood up to leave her forever.

Wow. (impressed — and then further impressed by the degree to which he is impressed:) Wow

She — she must be a great woman.

(perplexed) Who?

(equally perplexed) Andrea.

(thinks, and then laughs uproariously) AN-drea? Are you kidding? Andrea was a doorknob. (laughs again) As a matter of fact, I've known doorknobs that were more intelligent.

(angry, bristling) How can you say that, after she told you

(chiding) Oh, come on. Andrea didn't say any of that. (sees that Cerebus is not mollified) No, no. See, Andrea — or the woman she's based on — believes to this day that her husband became weak, turned into a little boy because (considering it for the first time) (laughing) ...because of some natural phenomenon — like too much rainfall or a freak lightning storm.

You know what I mean? (sees that Cerebus doesn't know what he means) Andrea thought it just... happened. It was Viktor who told me the thing about wives using their bodies to reward and punish their little-boy husbands: So, whenever the woman Andrea is based on would start criticizing her ex-husband, it would make me think of what Viktor said.

Oh. (getting over his disappointment) So why didn't you have a character based on Viktor say it?

(appalled) Oh, I could never do that. Have a man say those things? (picturing it) No. Uh-uh. That would be misogynistic — woman-hating. Even if I could get it published — which I couldn't, but even if I could — no one would read it. (explaining the facts of life) That passage was one of the things that got me the license to write Rick's Story. (invoking the irrefutable) The Literature Warden told me Andrea was one of the best women characters she had ever read.

But...(dislocated)...the woman Andrea is based on didn't say any of those things, so it's a lie!

(saintly, smiling) You really are a devil. (they lock eyes until Cerebus looks away)

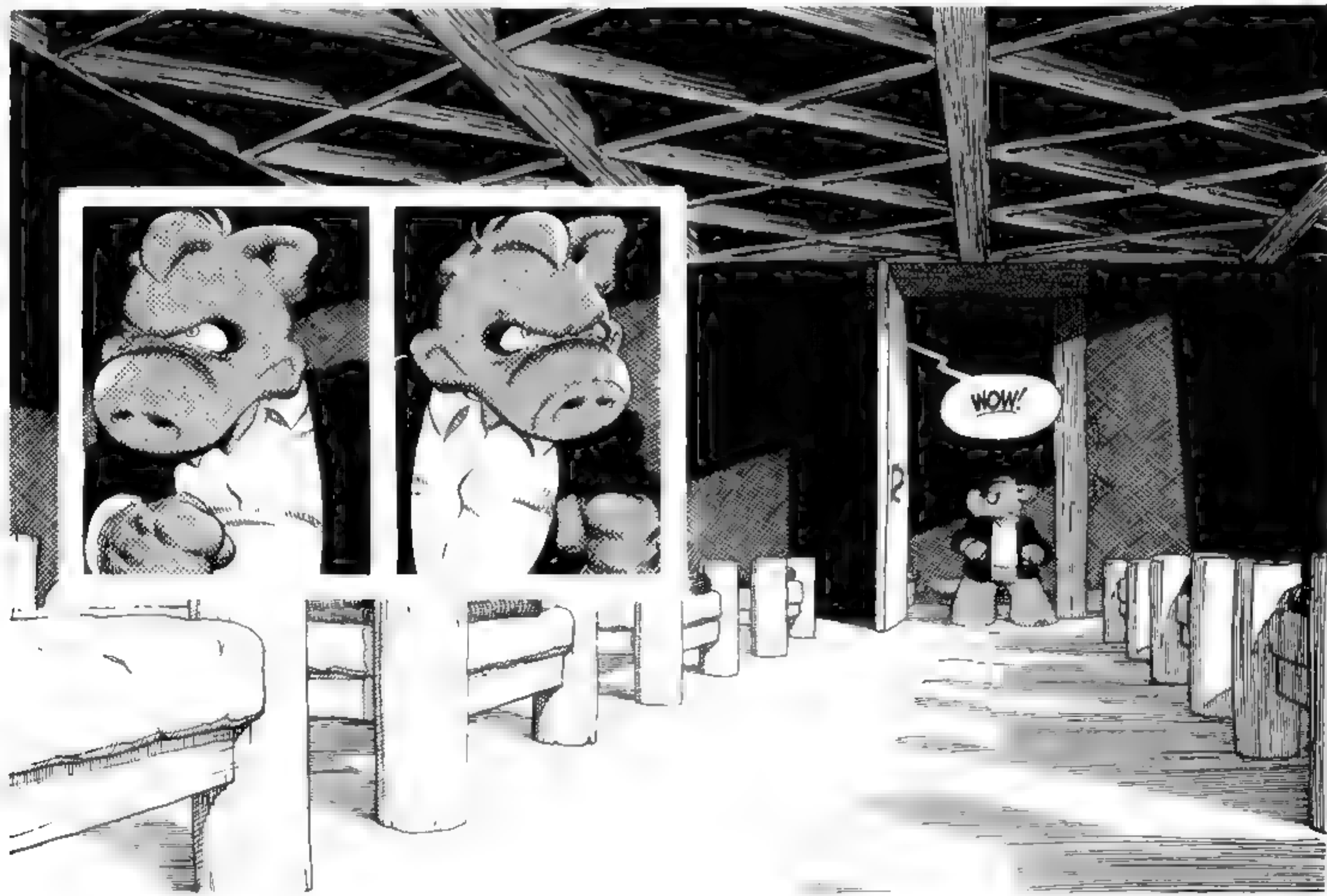
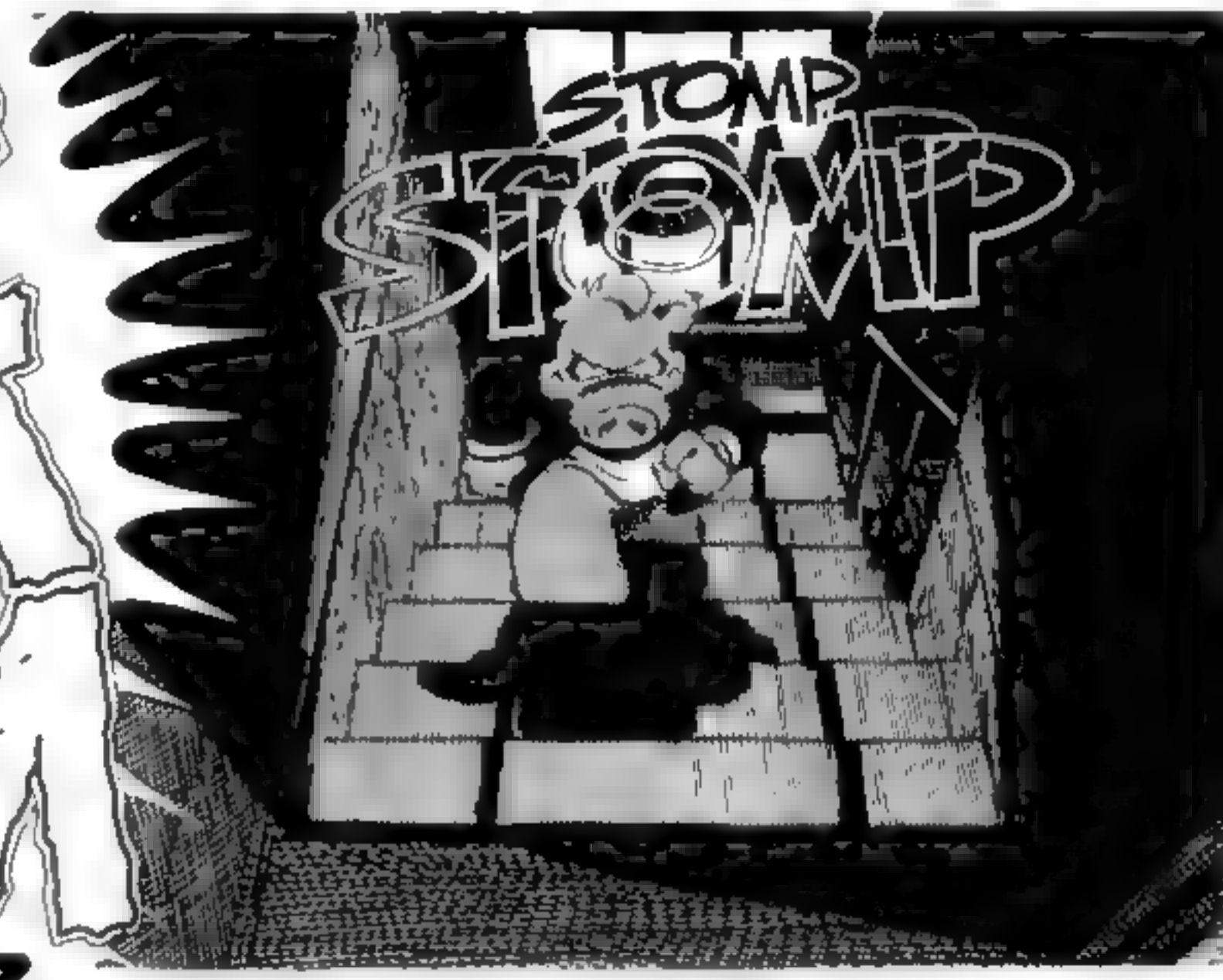
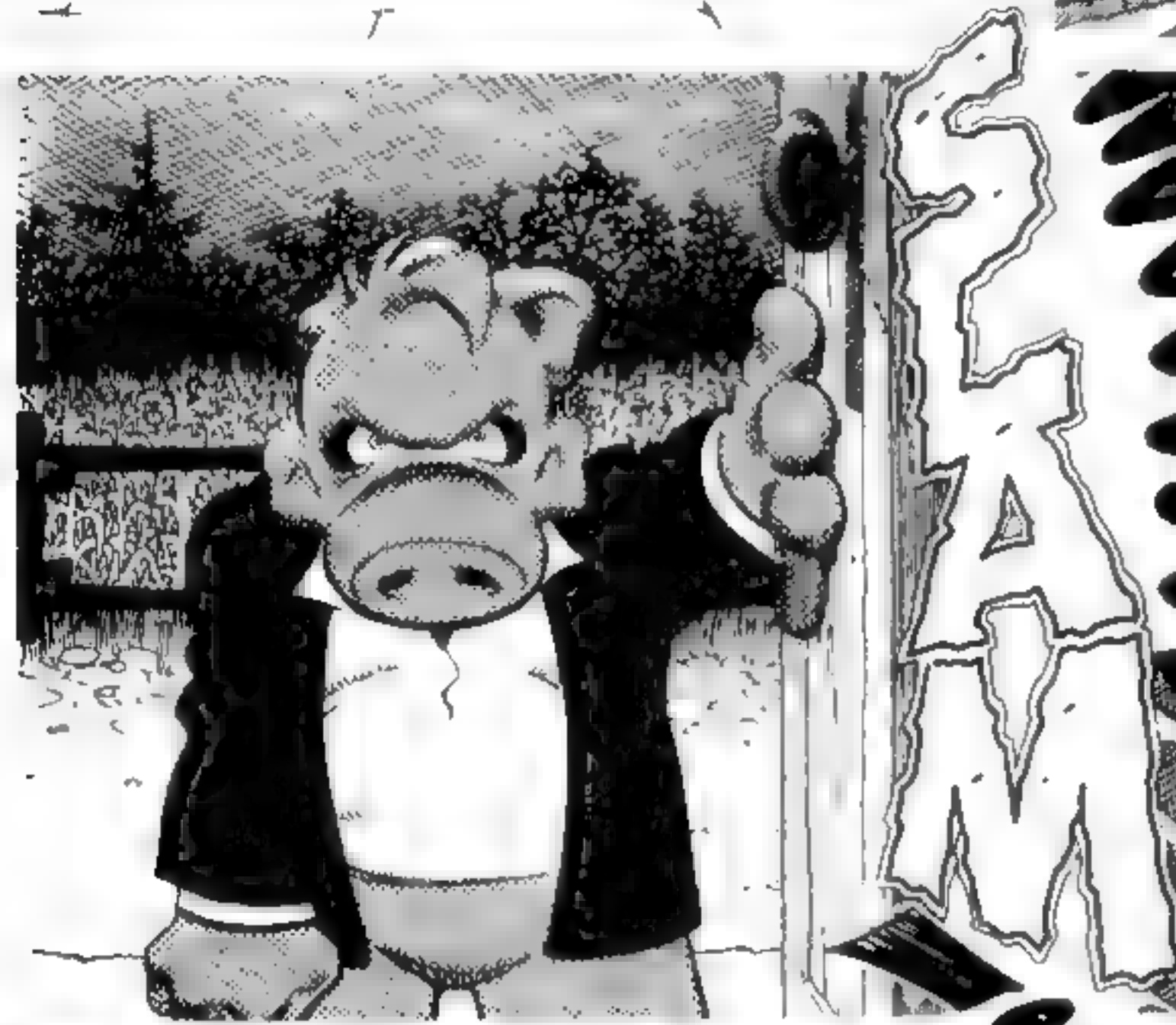
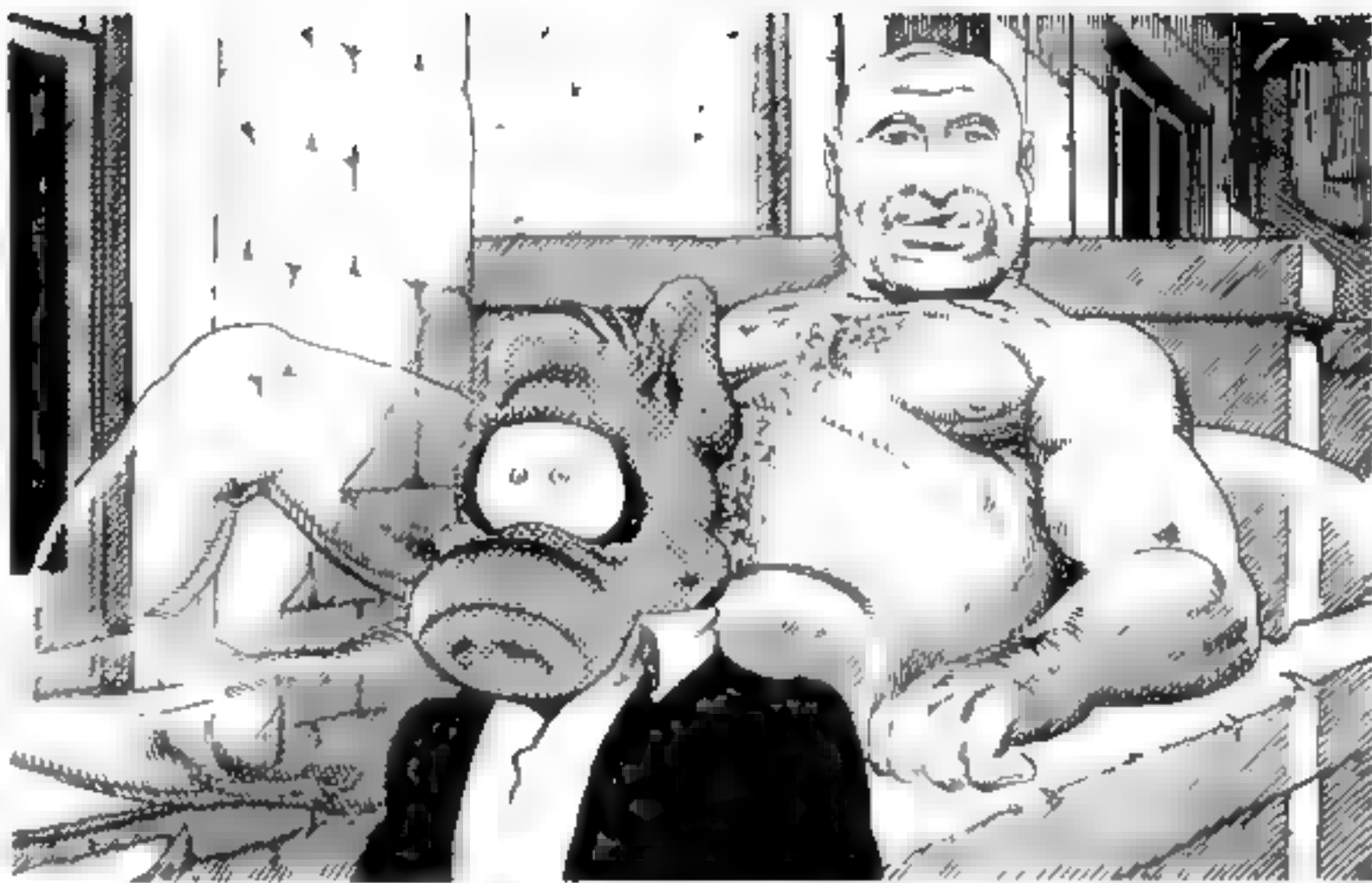
It's not a lie. It's the truth. Beautiful women are true... Remember? I told you that last night. (patiently, instructing a small child) (framing a rule between his hands:) A woman character makes a true thing truer (moving his hands apart to frame a larger rule) A beautiful woman character makes a true thing Absolutely True.

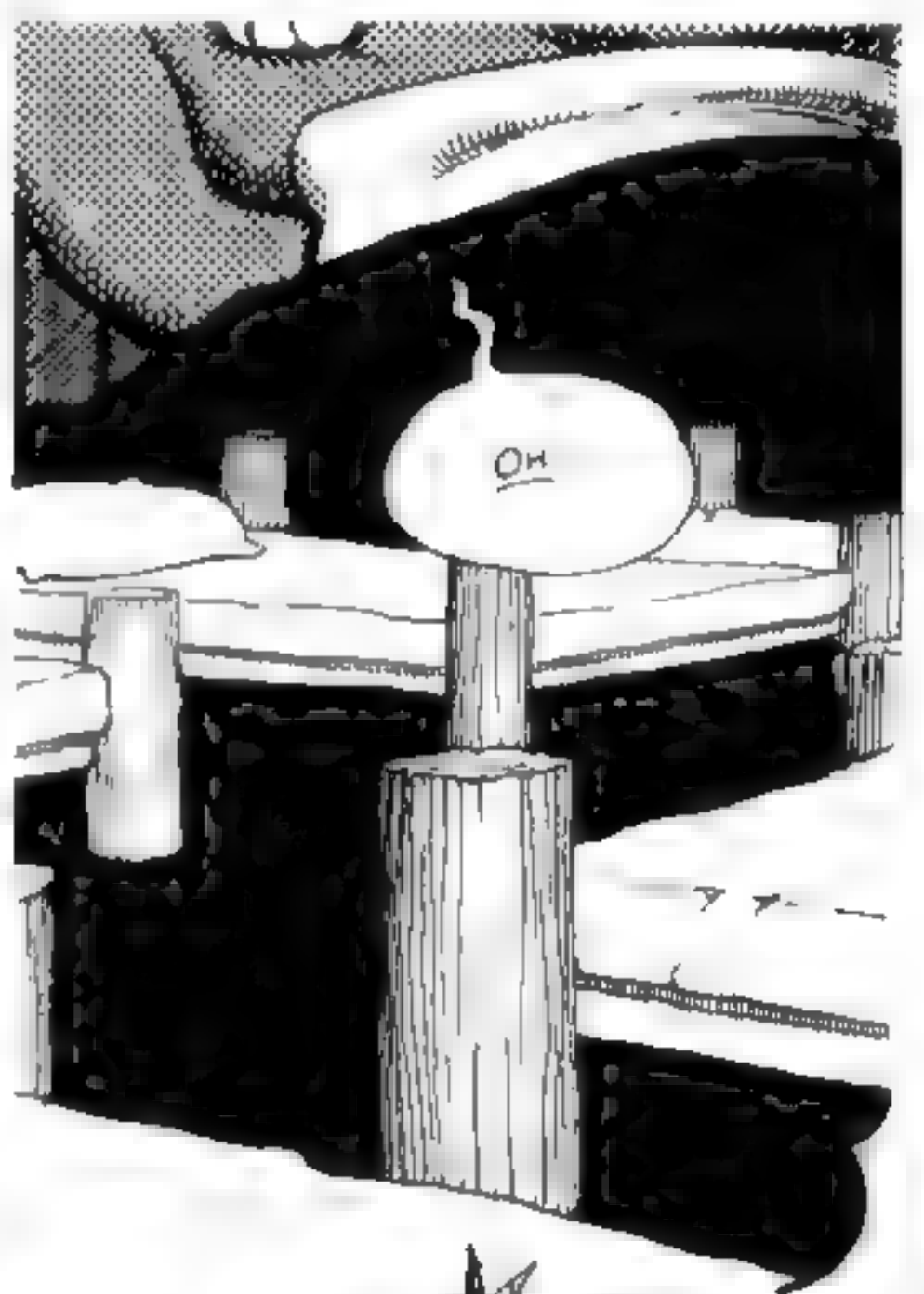
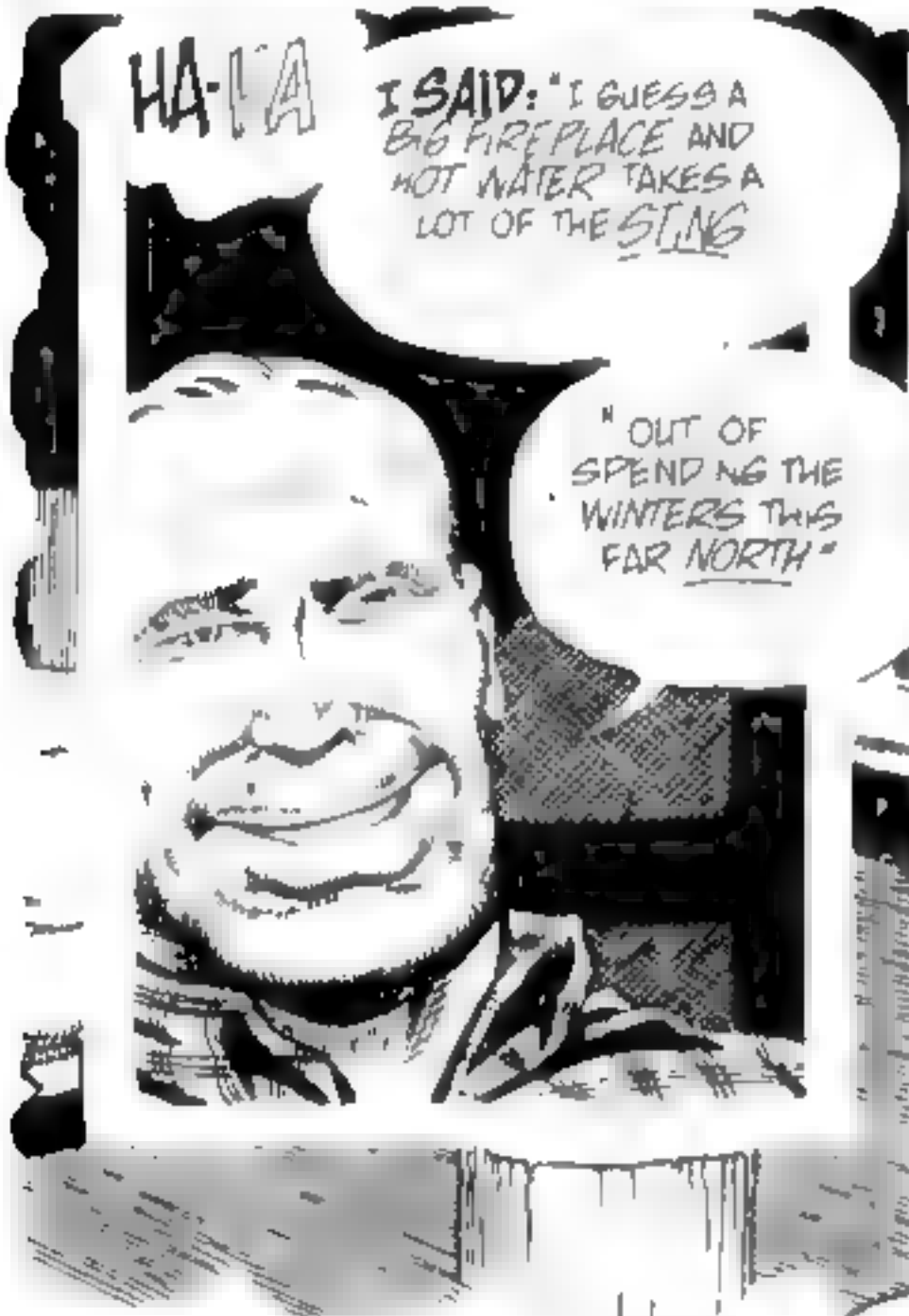
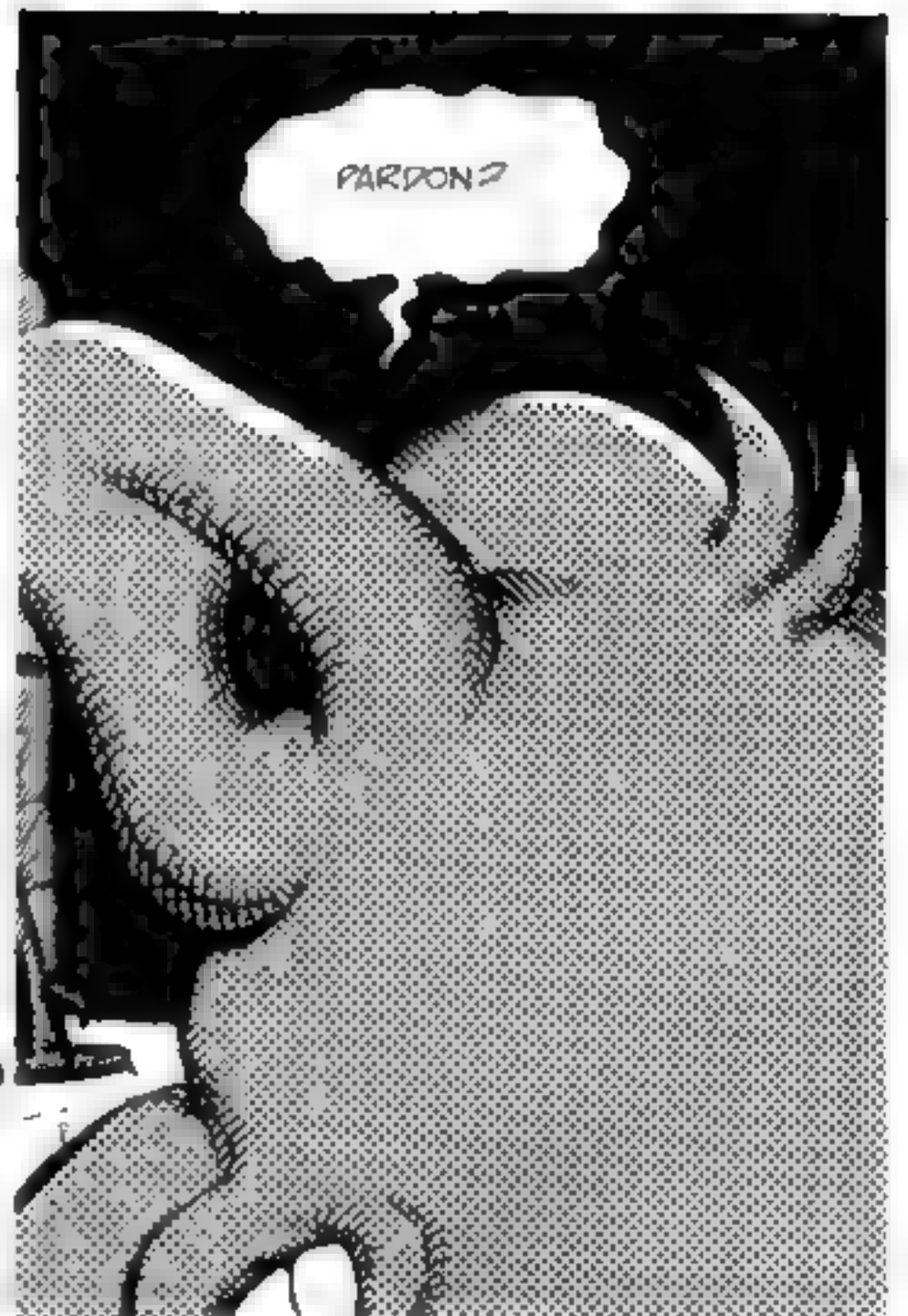
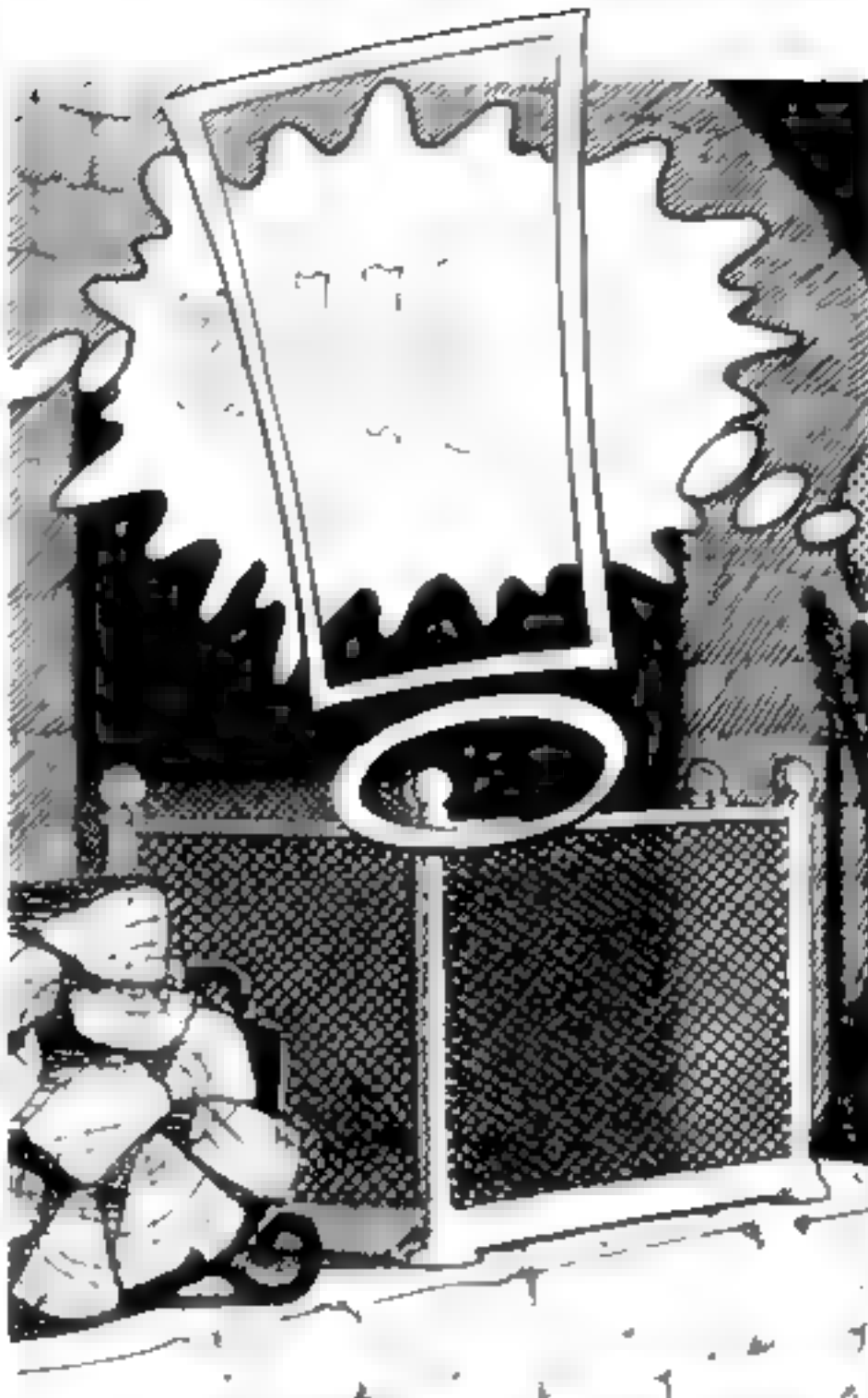
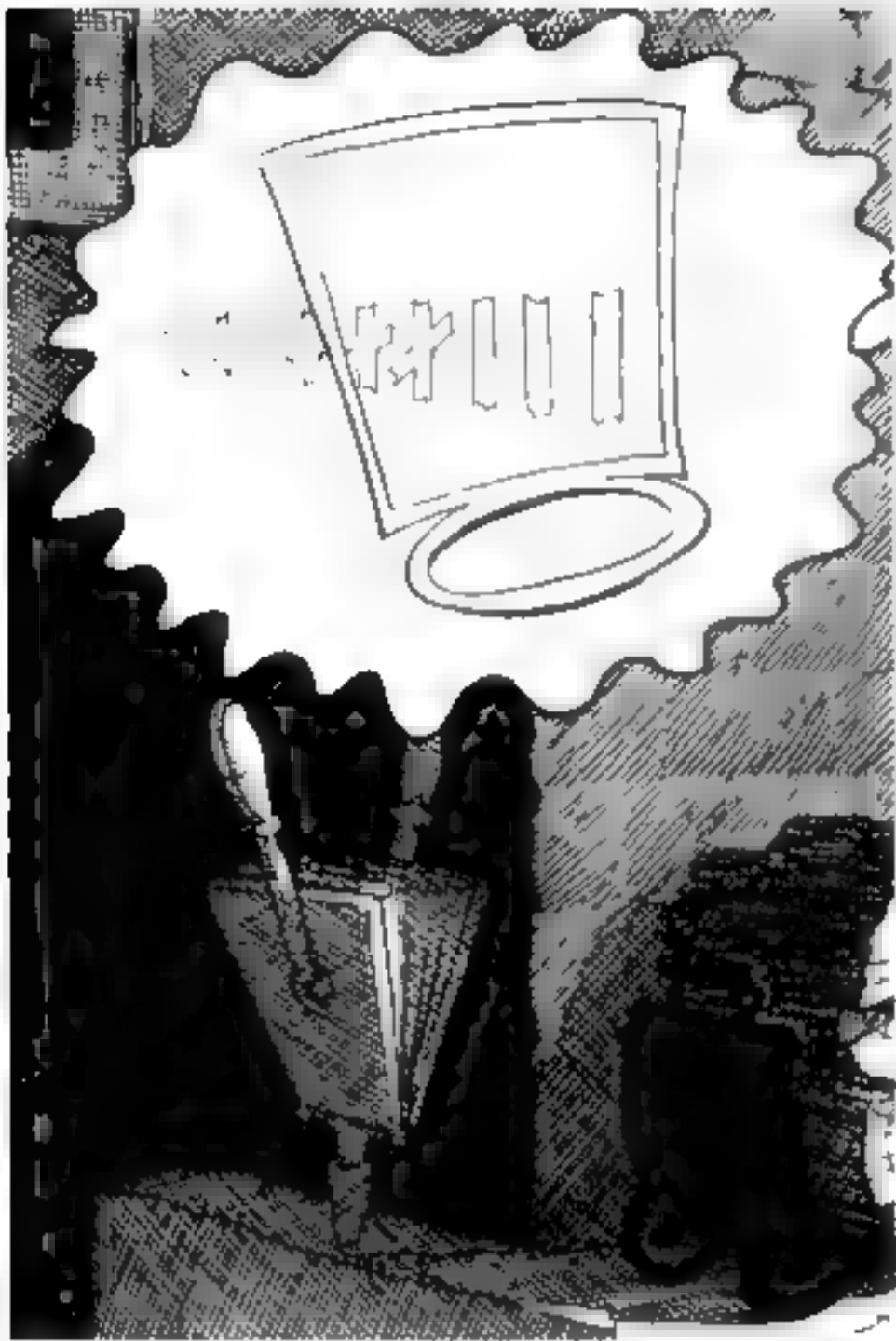
(irritated) You said you didn't remember anything after you showed Cerebus what "drinking fast" was

(without missing a beat) I remember bits and pieces. I remember telling you about beautiful women. (saintly and smiling: nice try, devil, the smile says) (out of the blue) I want to see where you sleep. The big building next door, right?









SO!



WADDAYA
DO FOR FUN
AROUND
HERE?

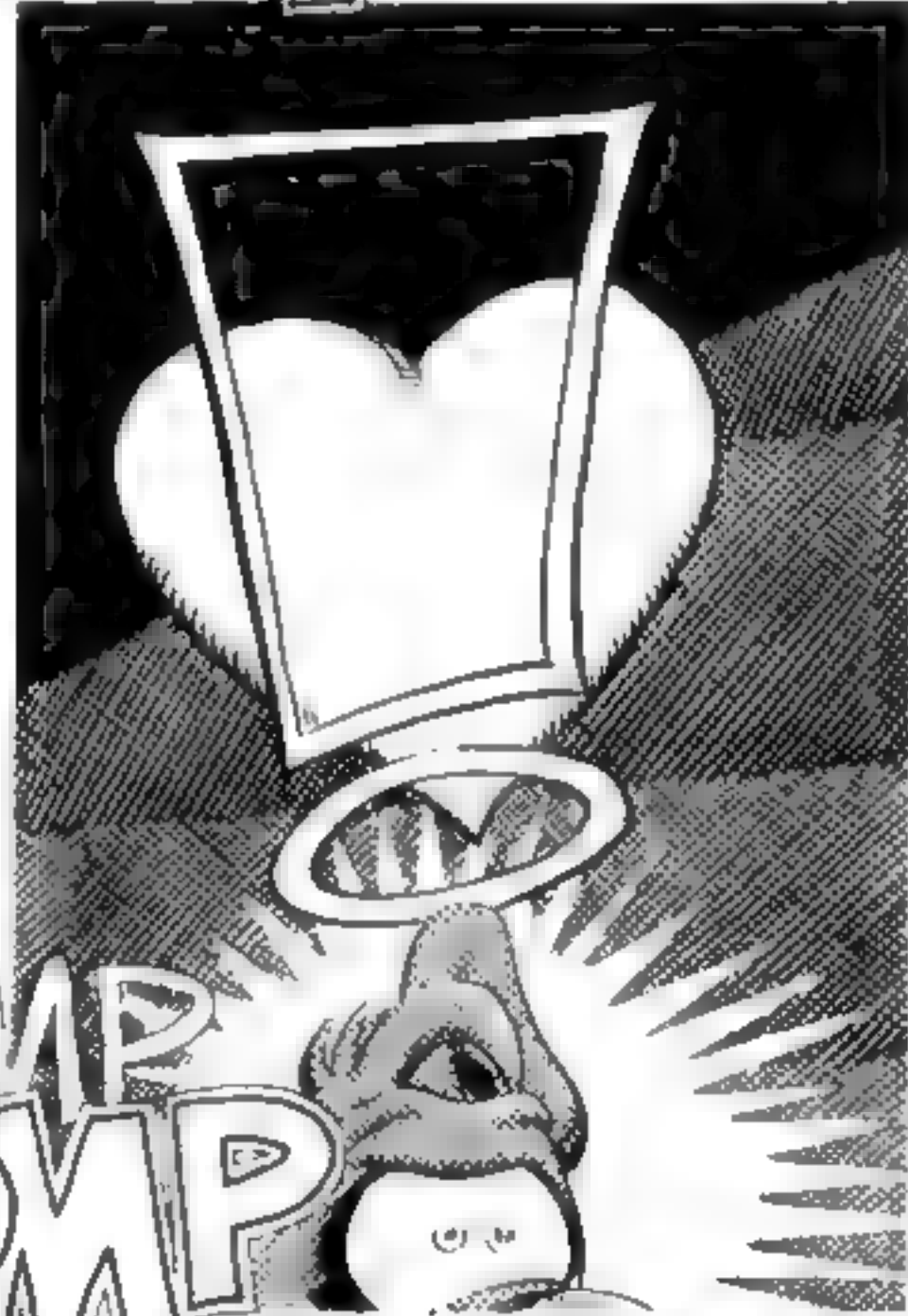


FUN?
HA

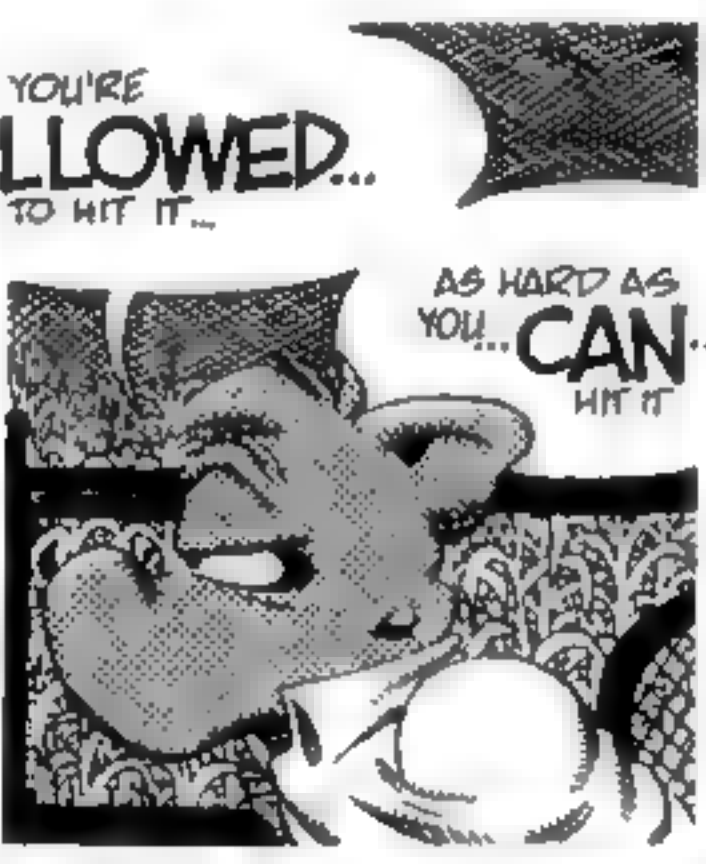
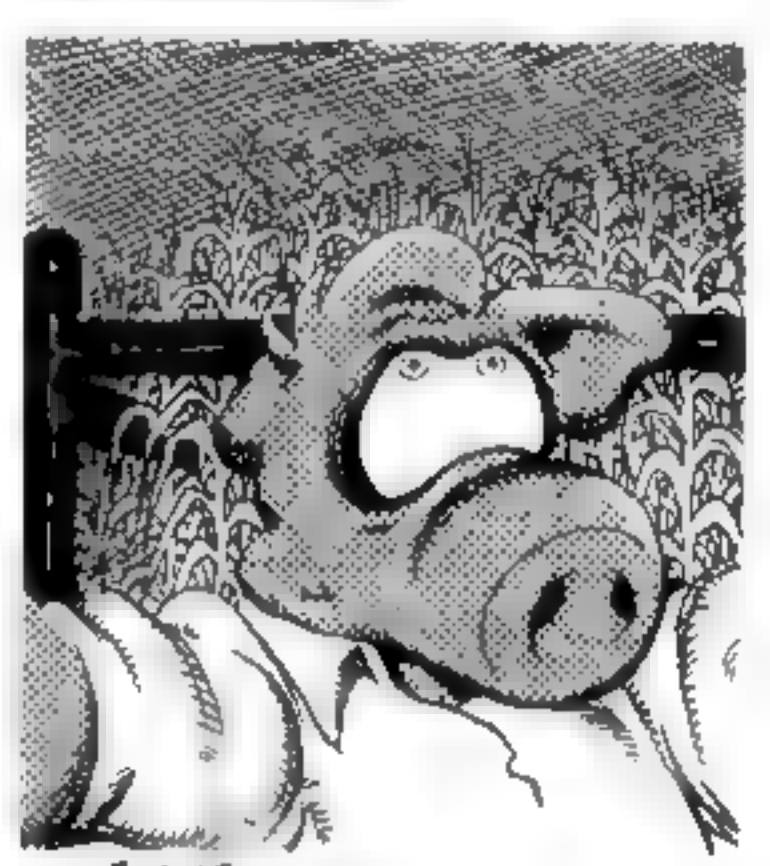
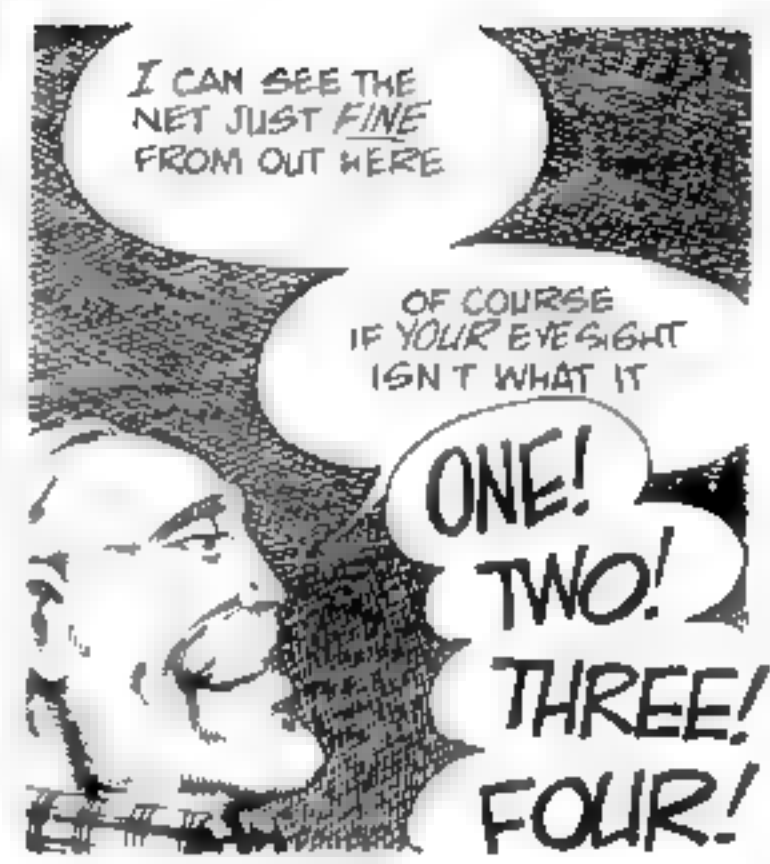
CEREBUS
STANDS AROUND
ALL DAY.

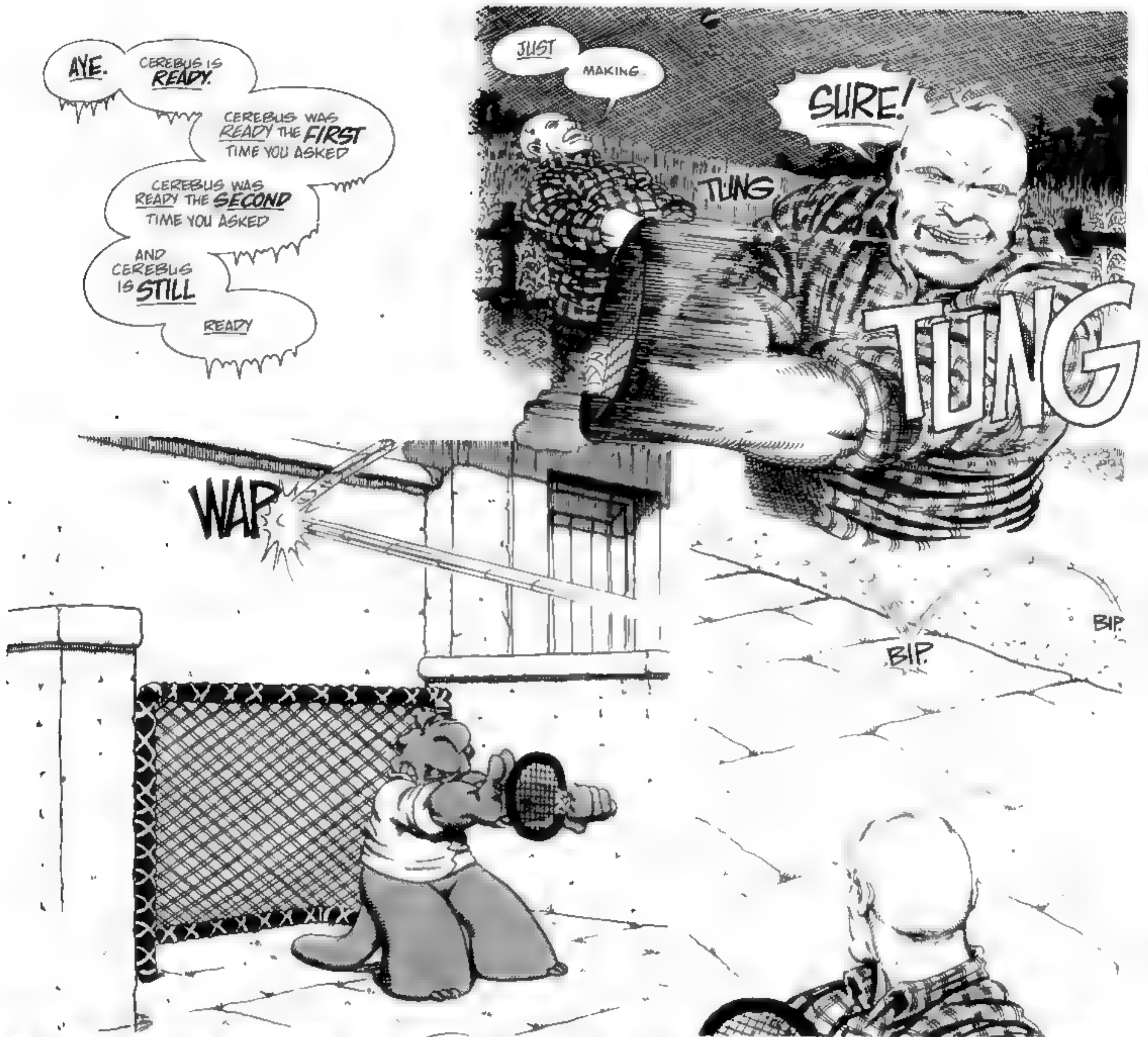


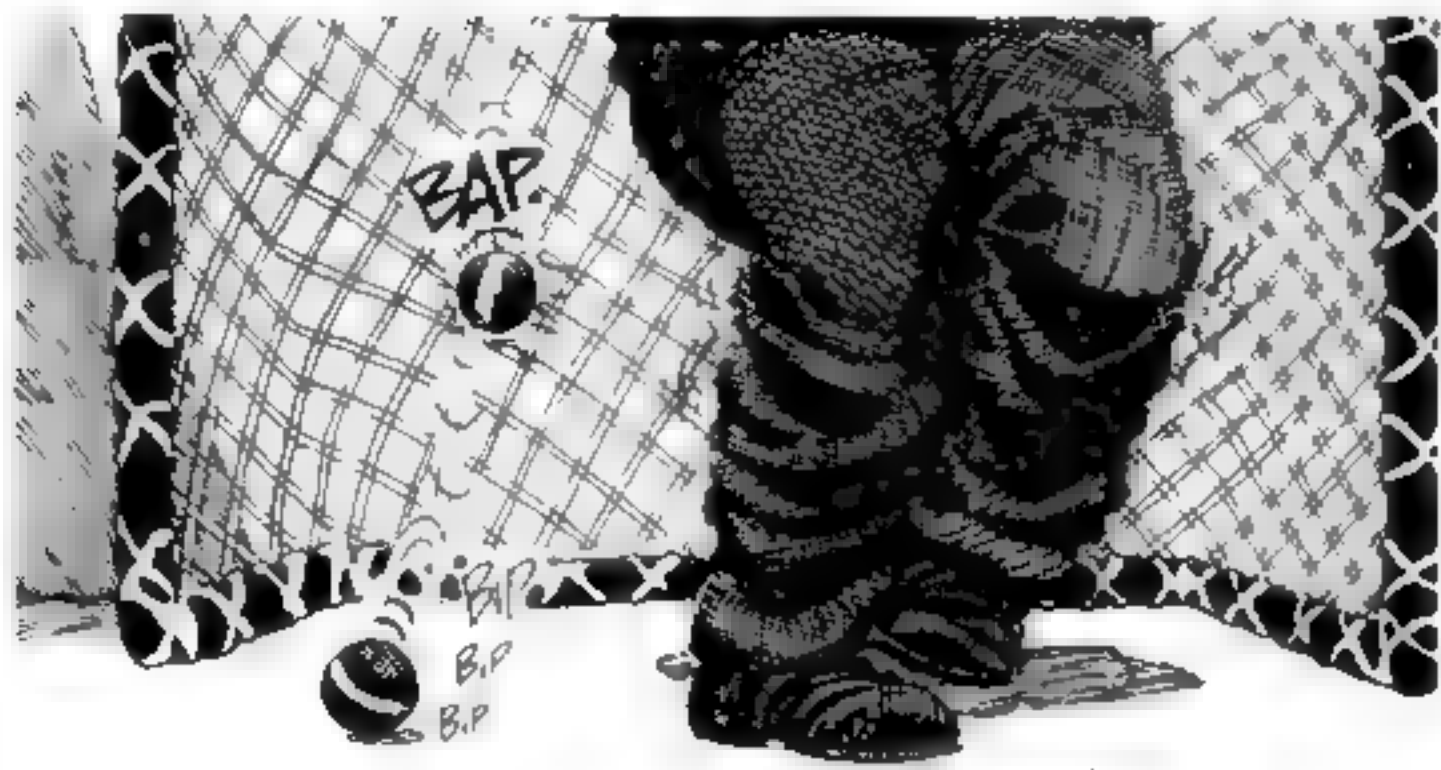
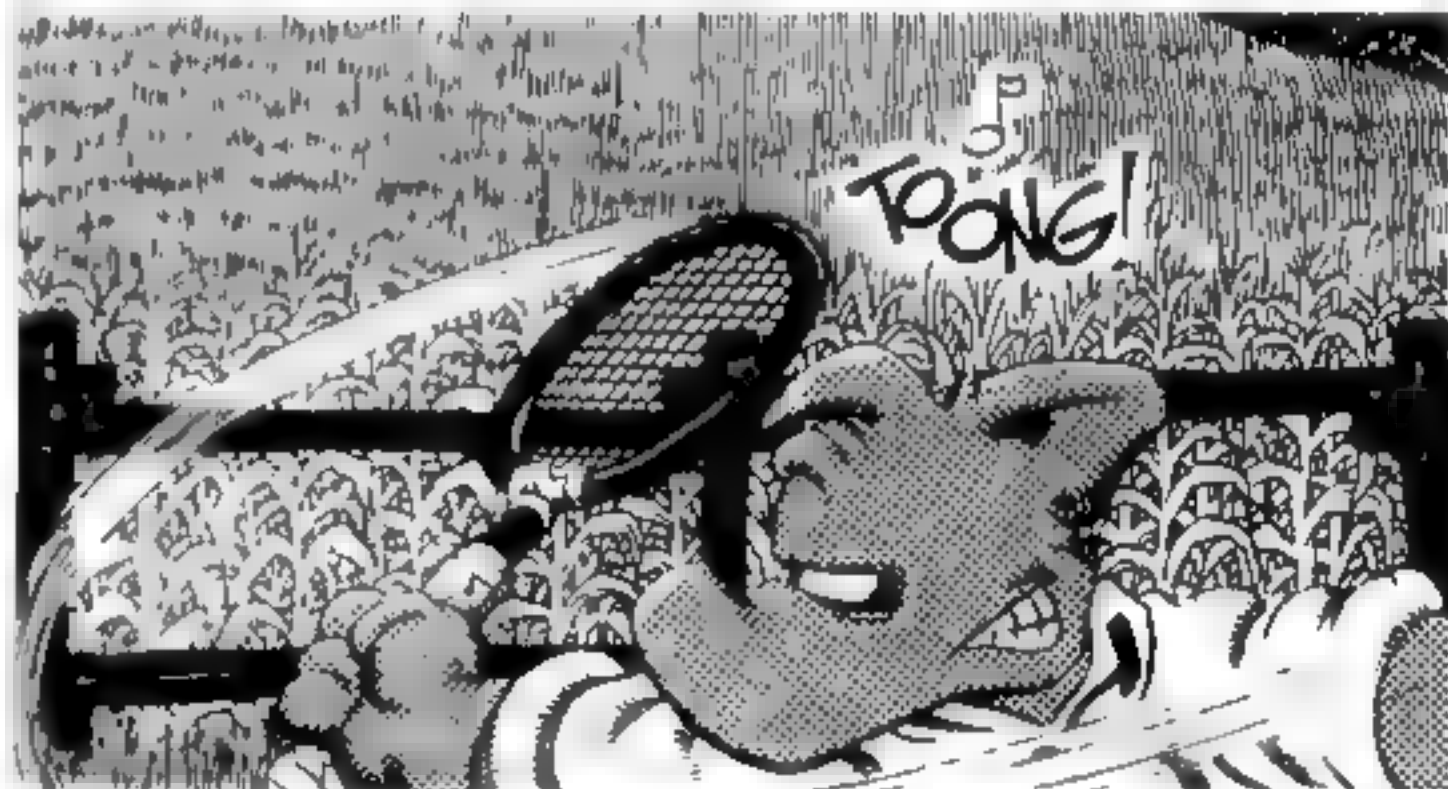
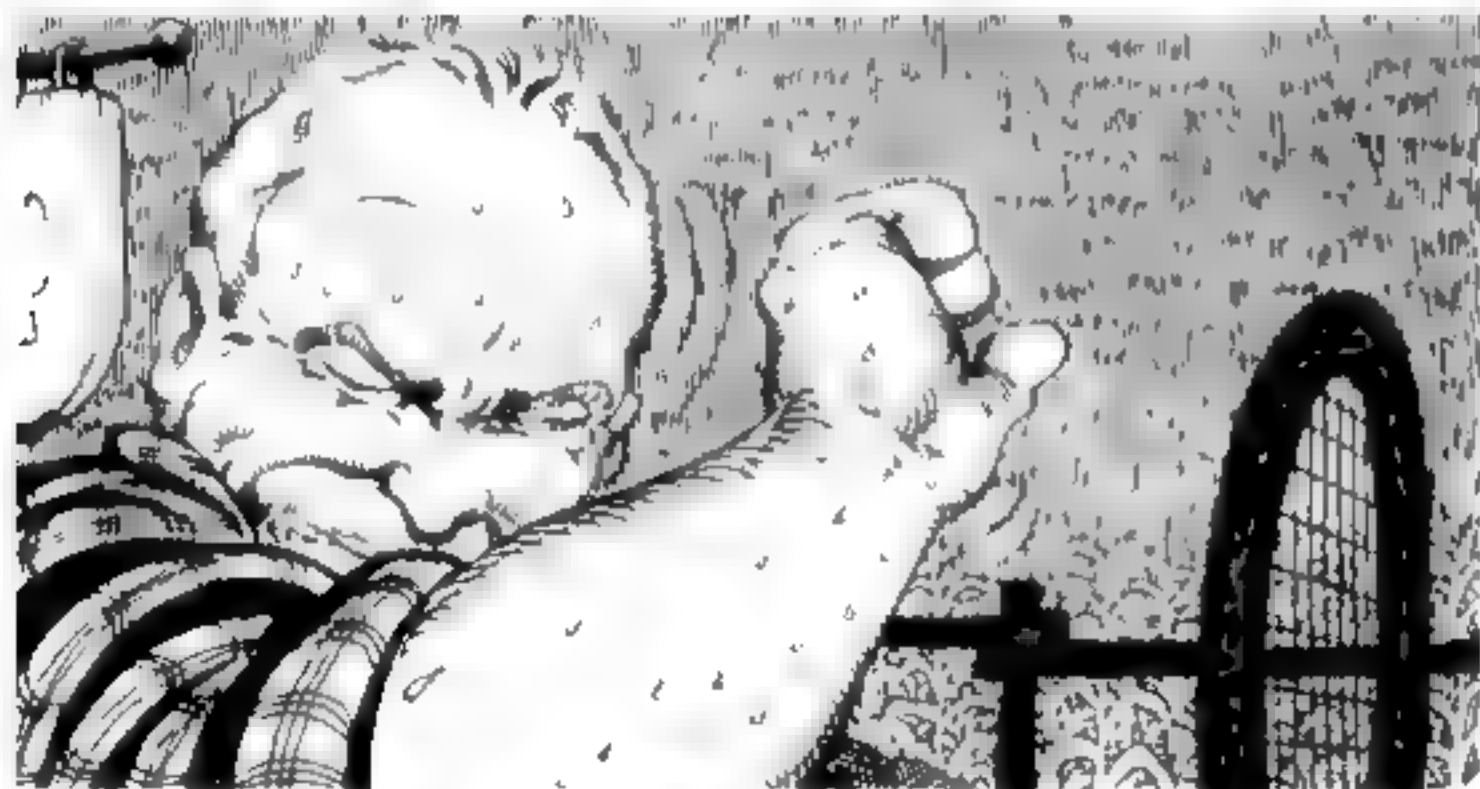
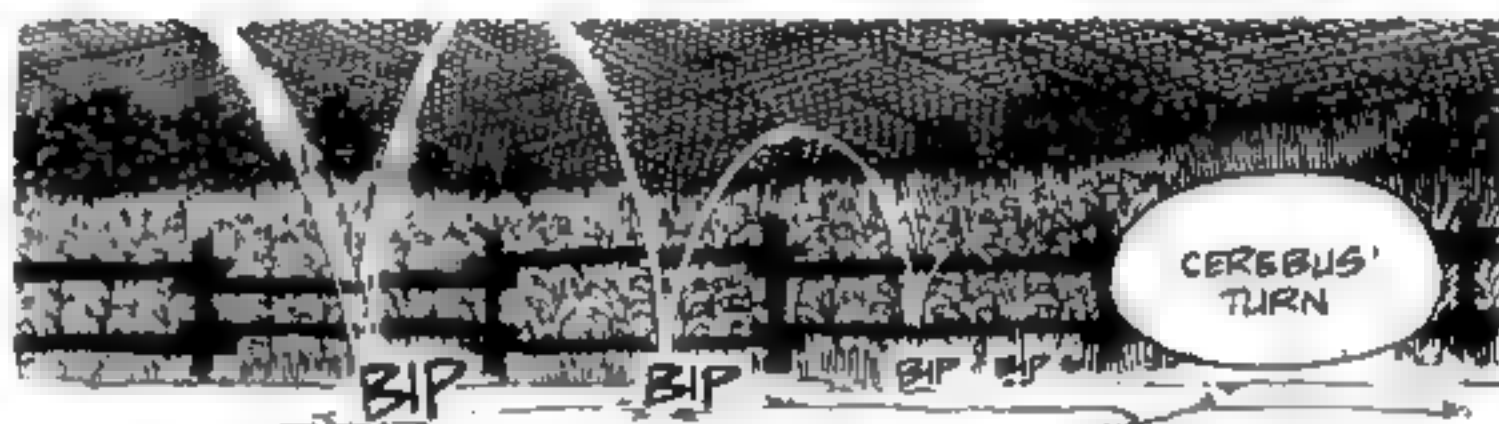
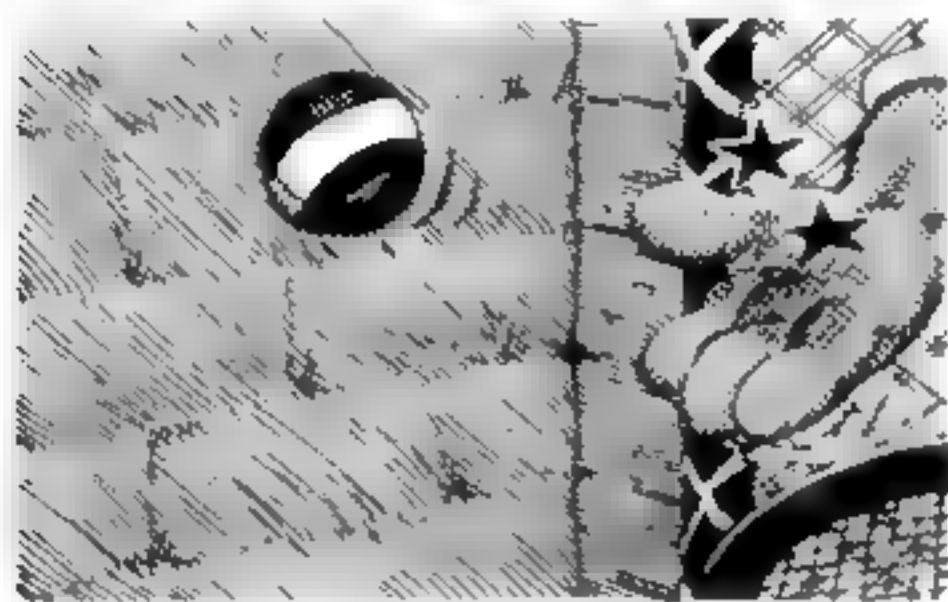
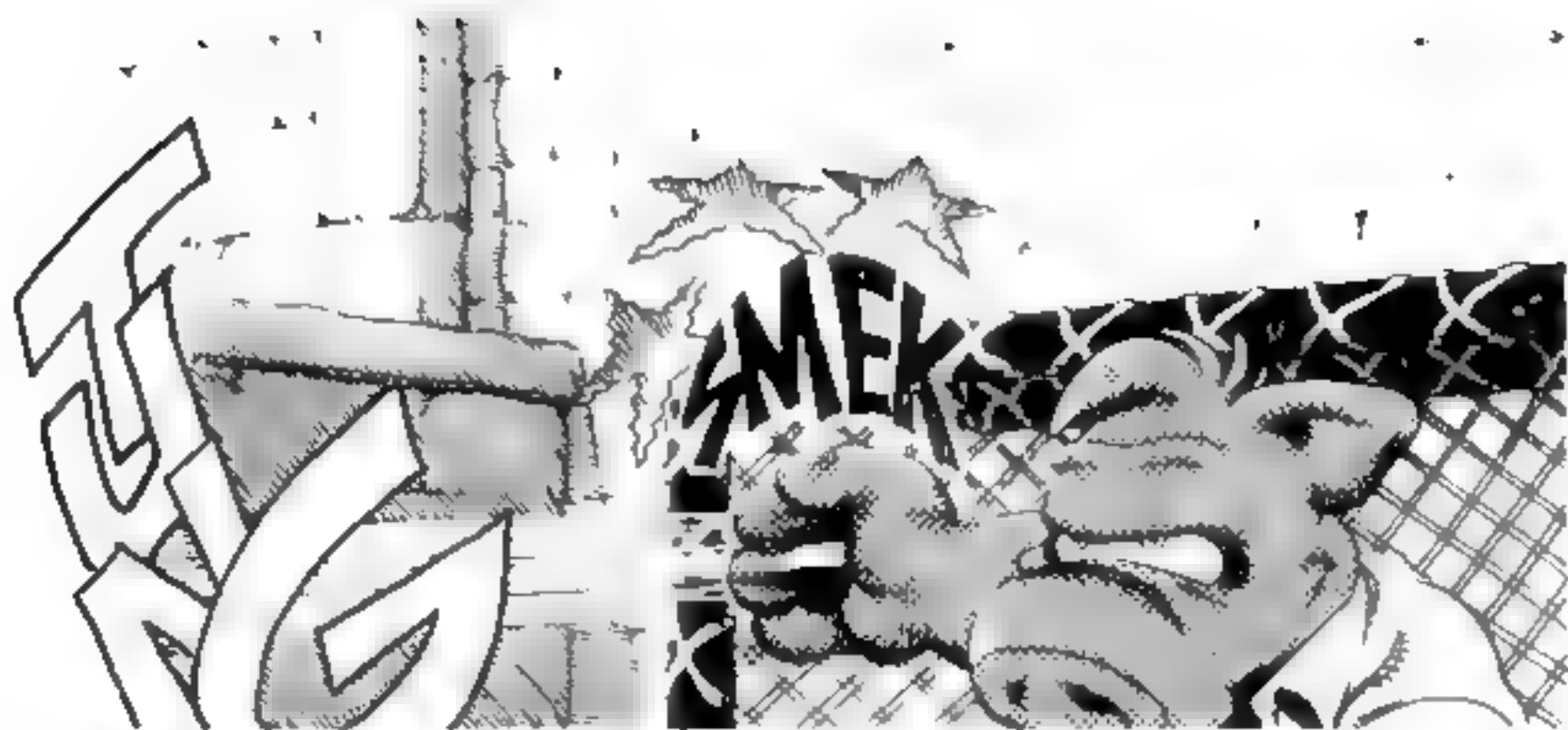
CEREBUS
STANDS AROUND
EVERY

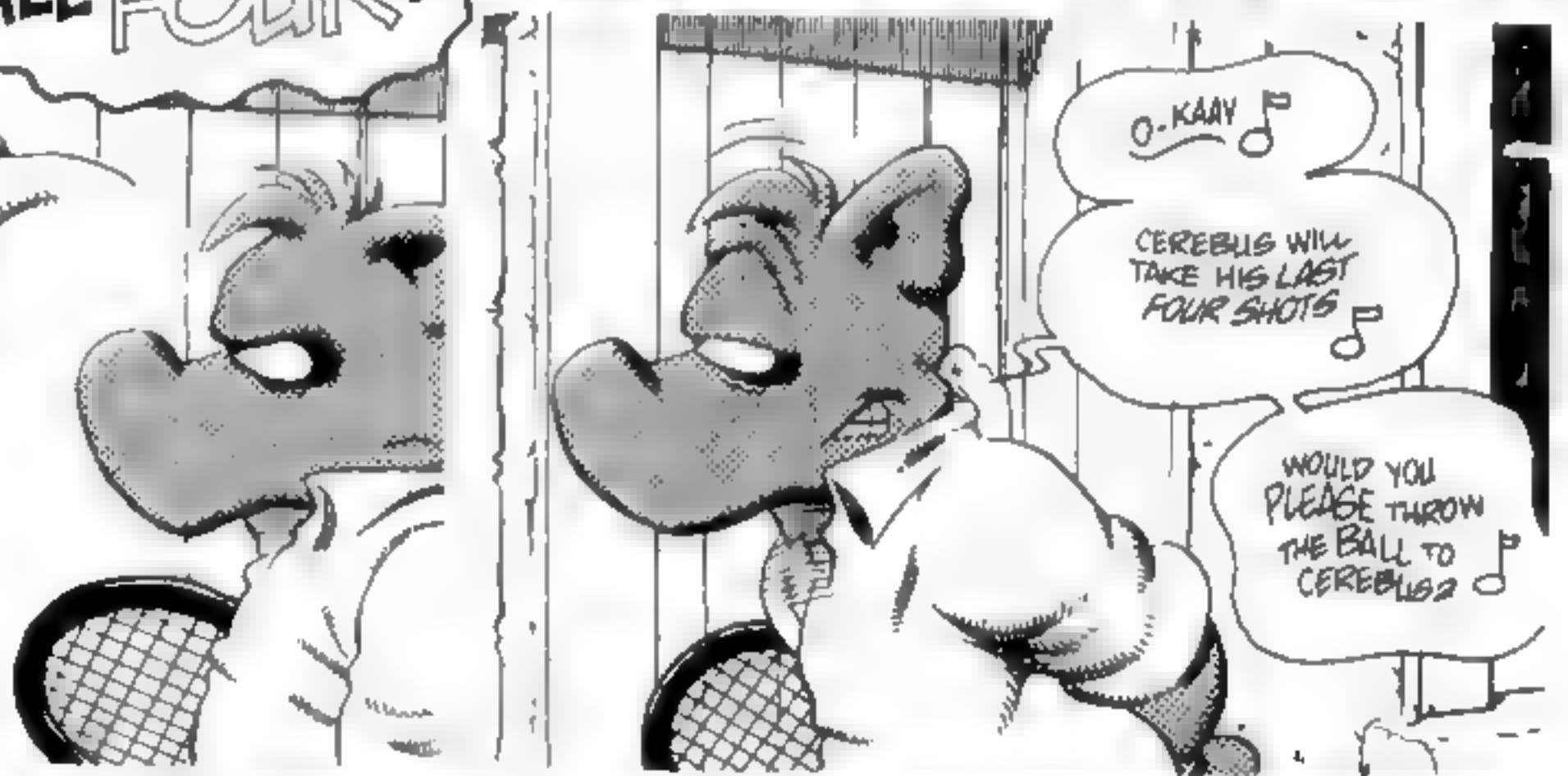


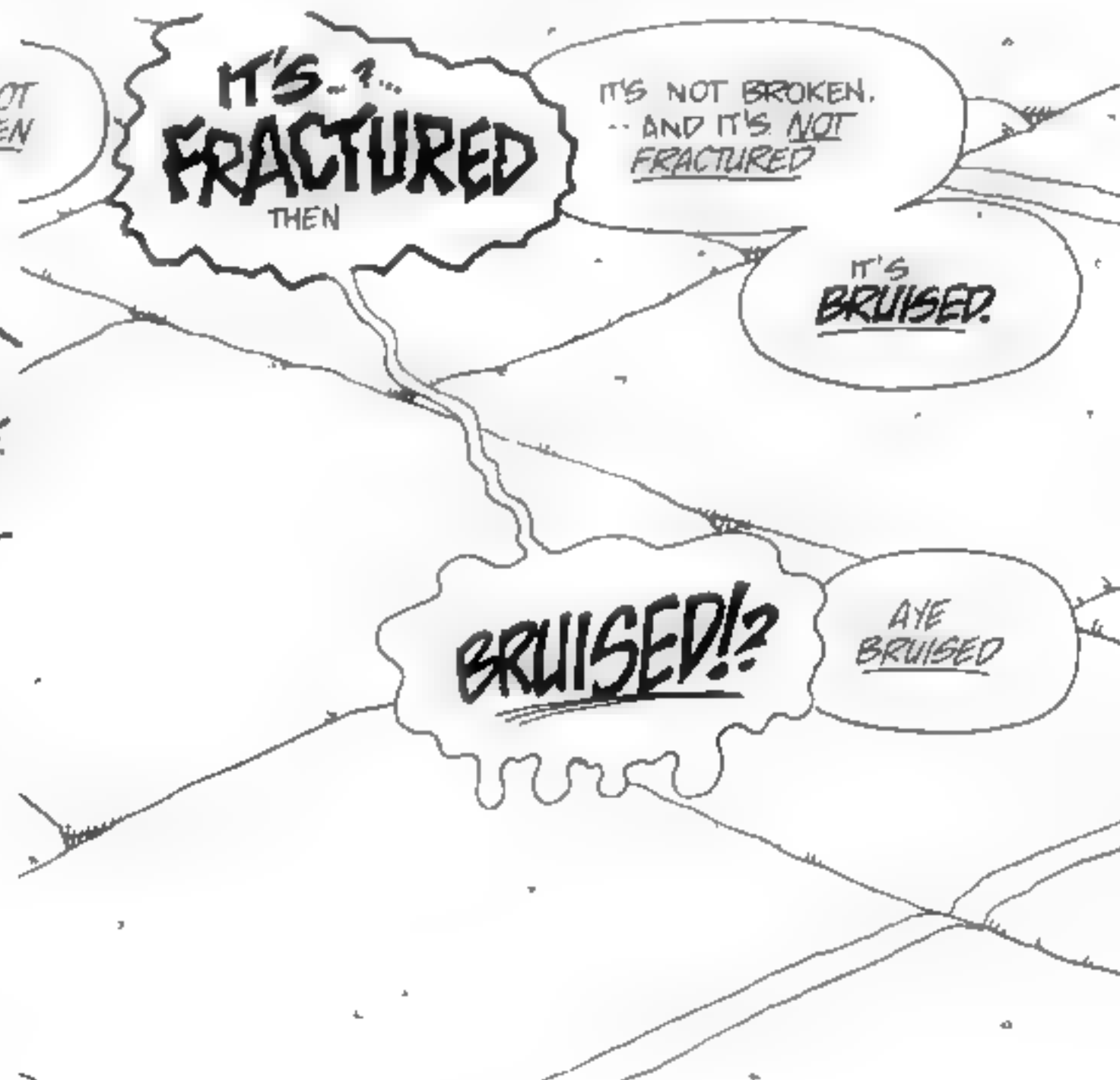
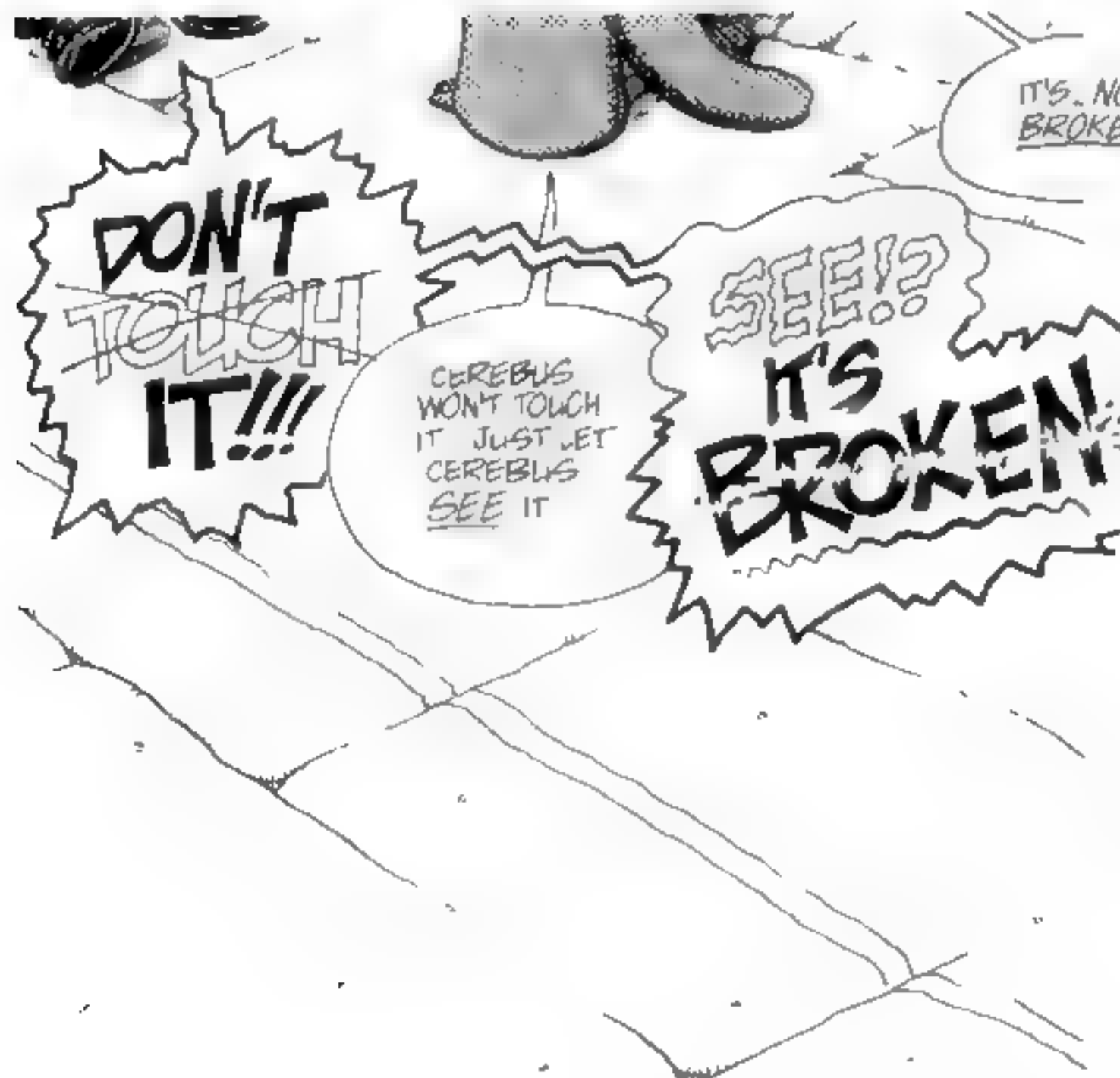
COME
ON!

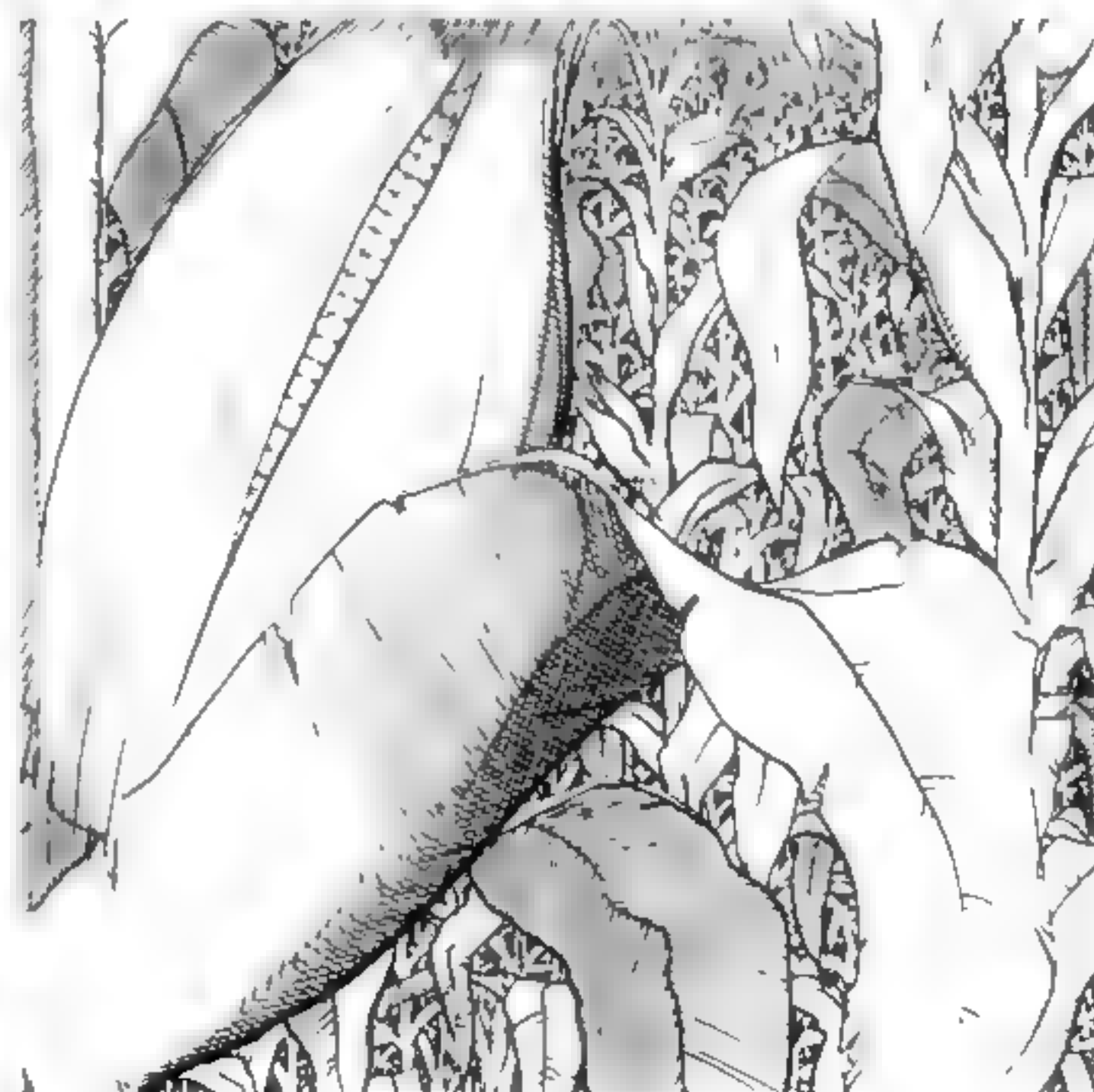
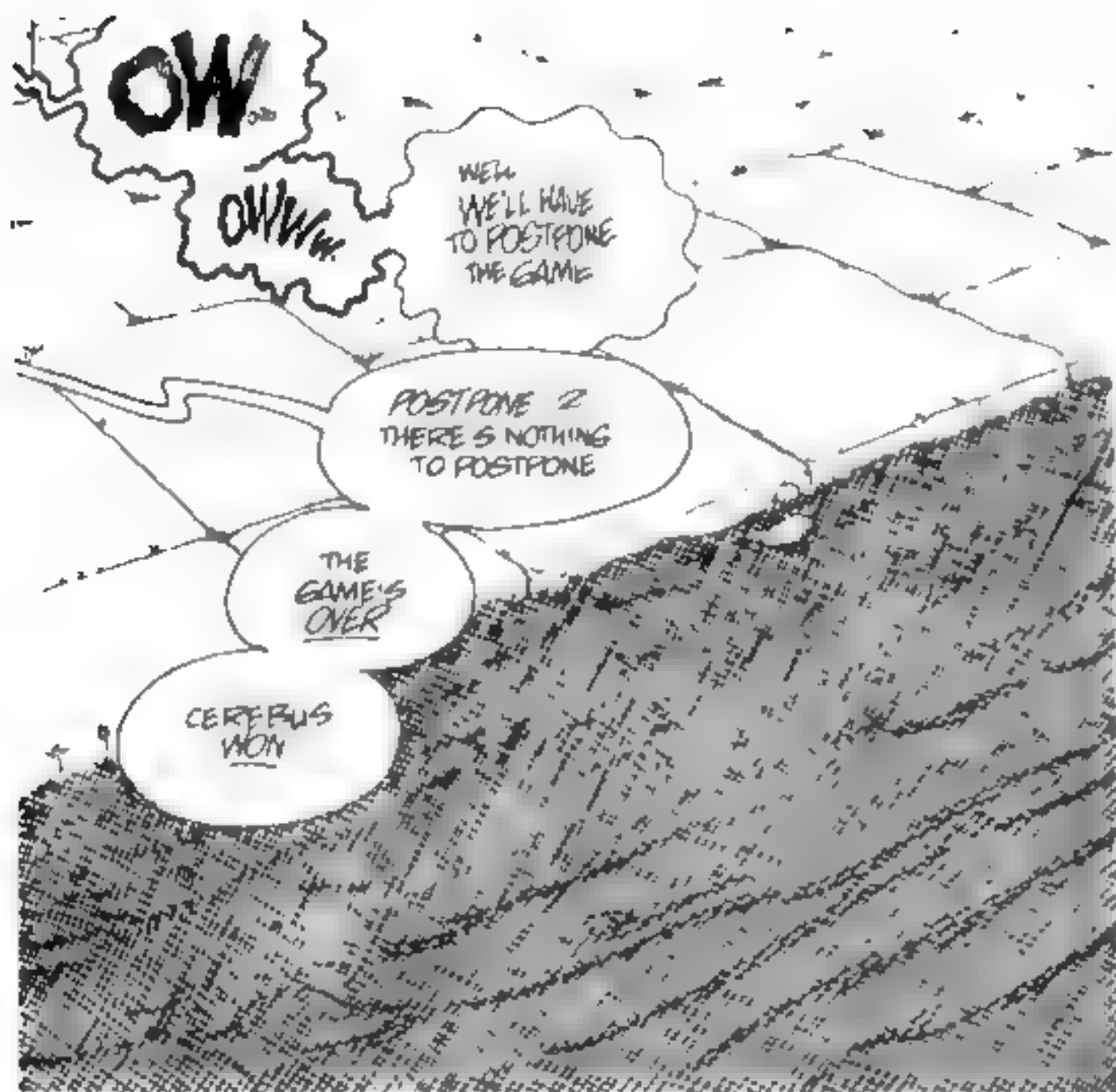




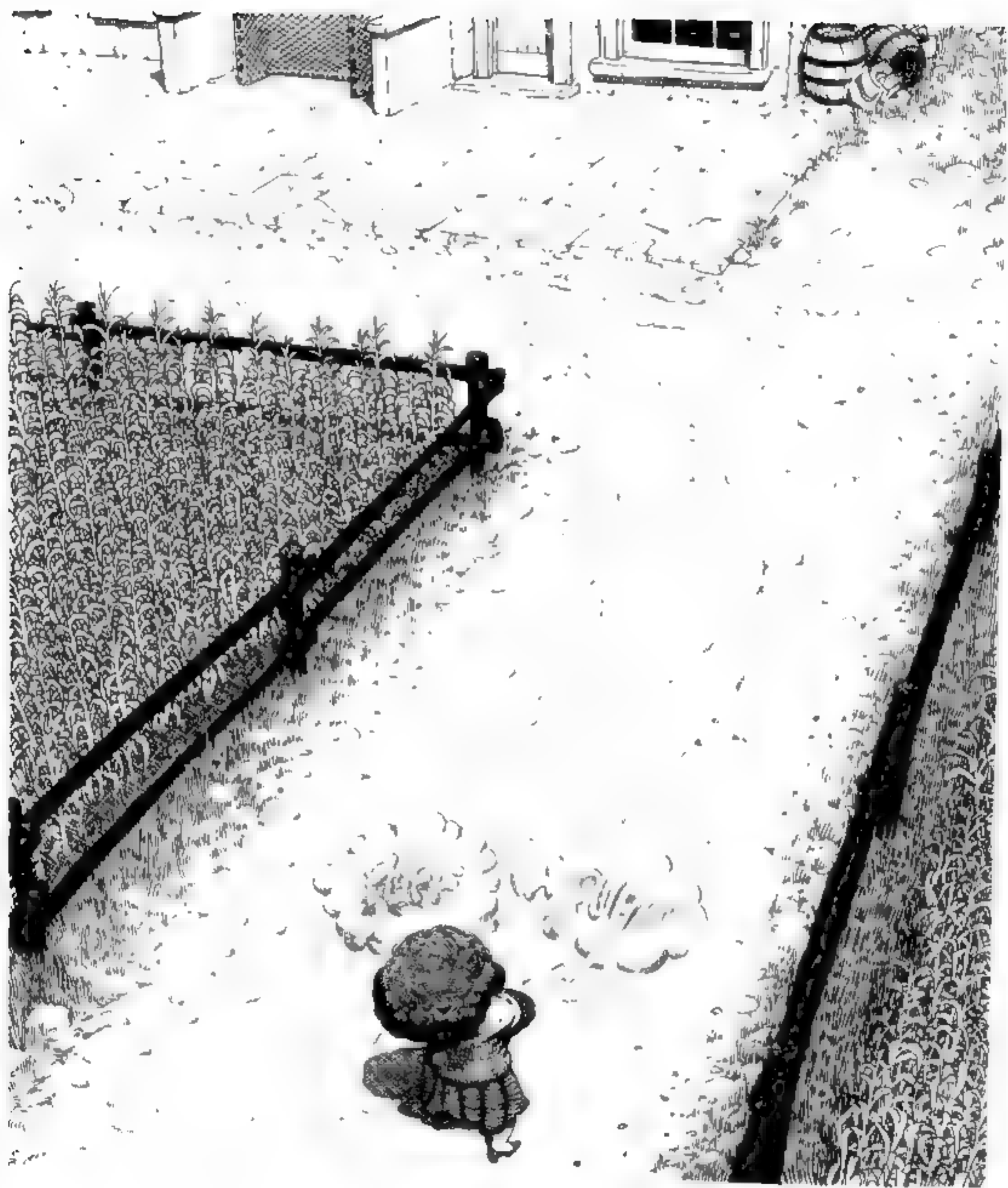


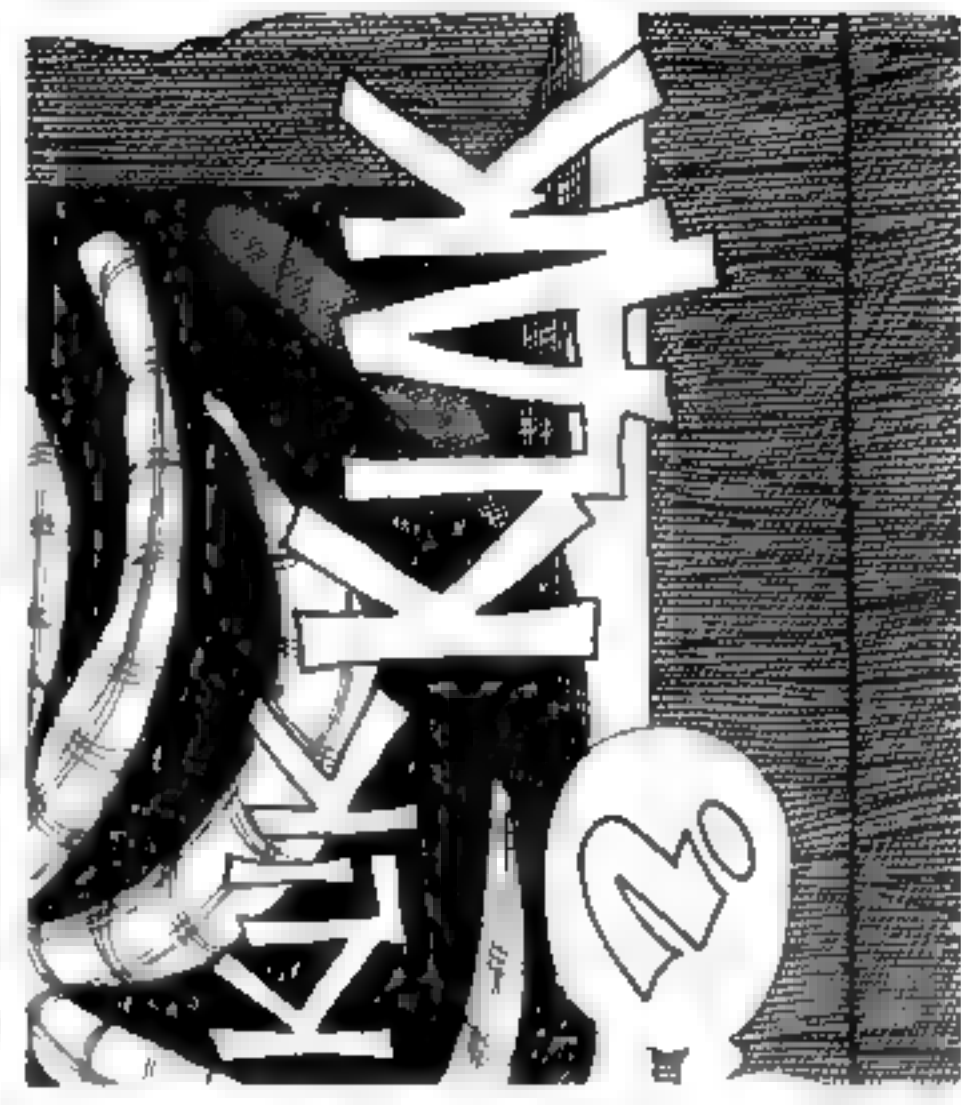
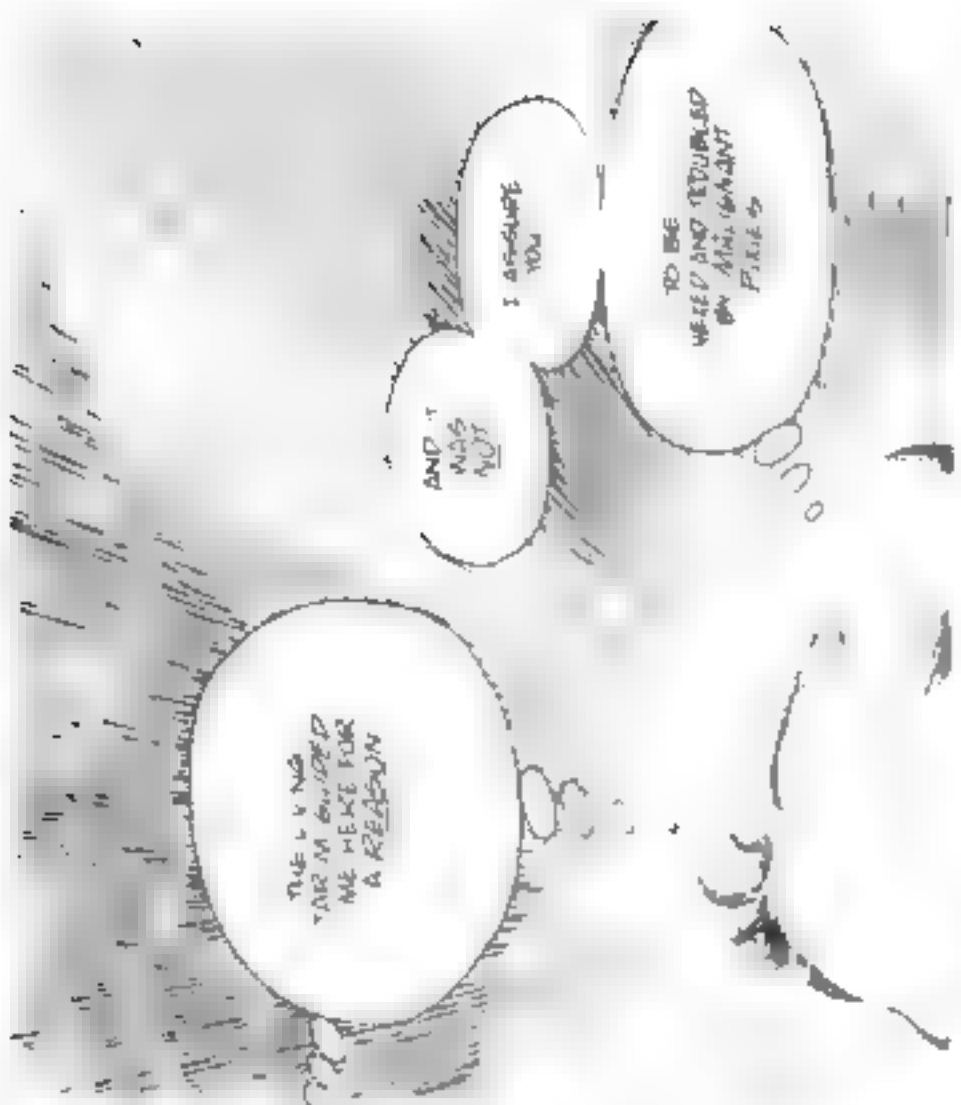
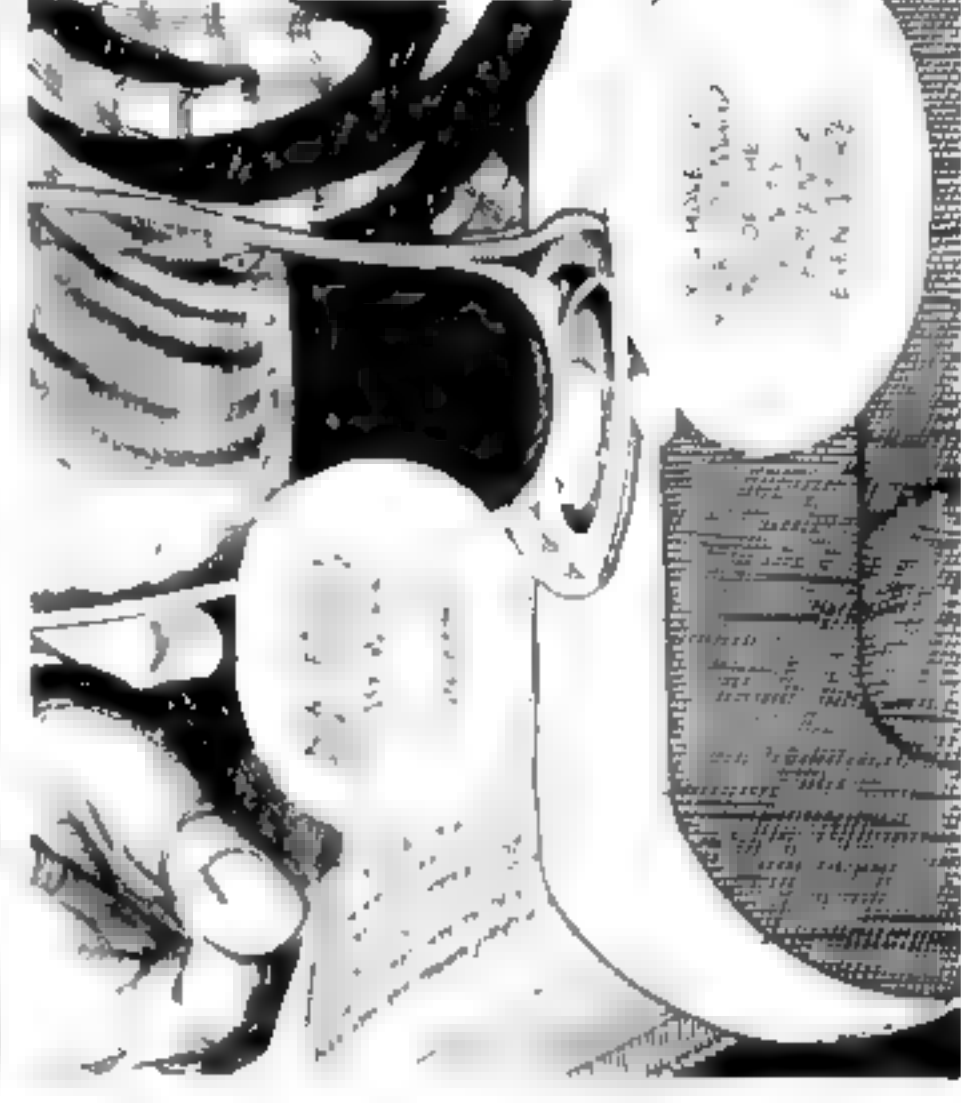
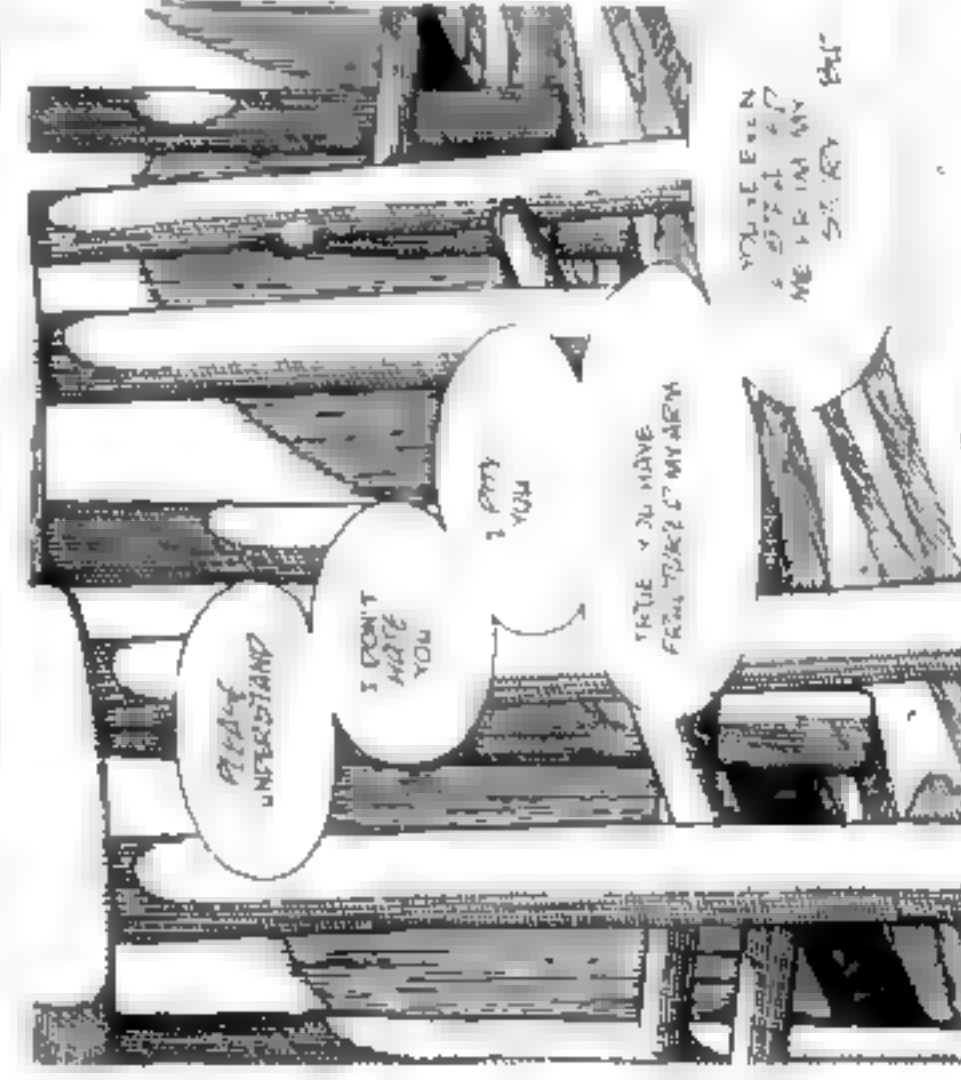
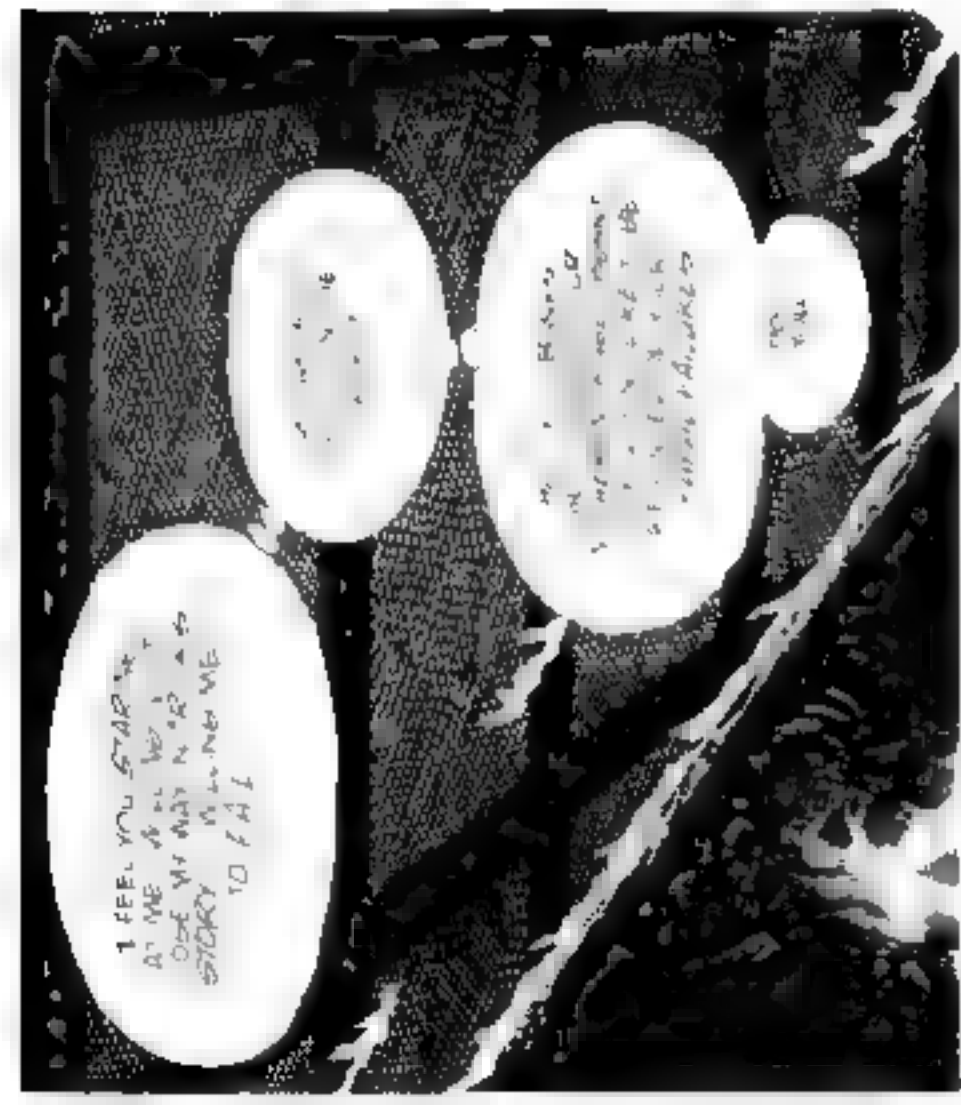
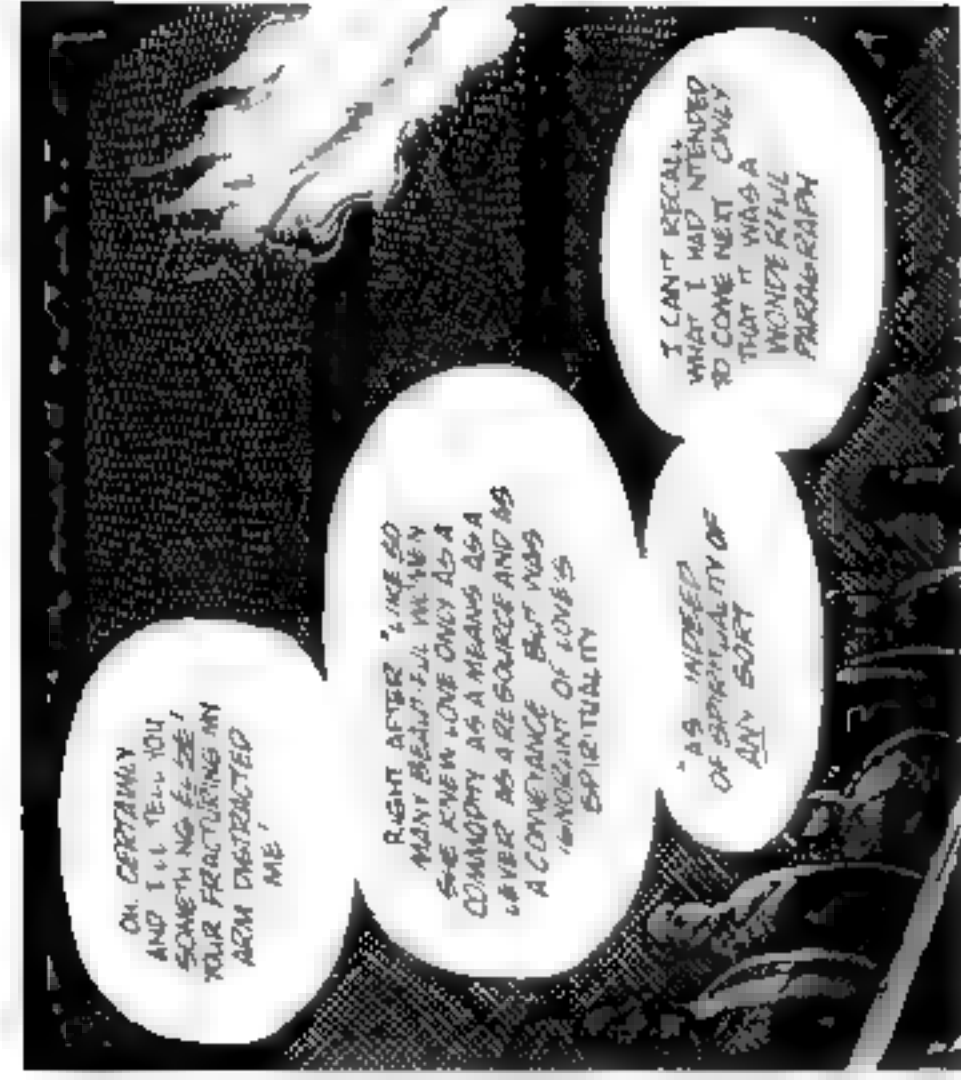


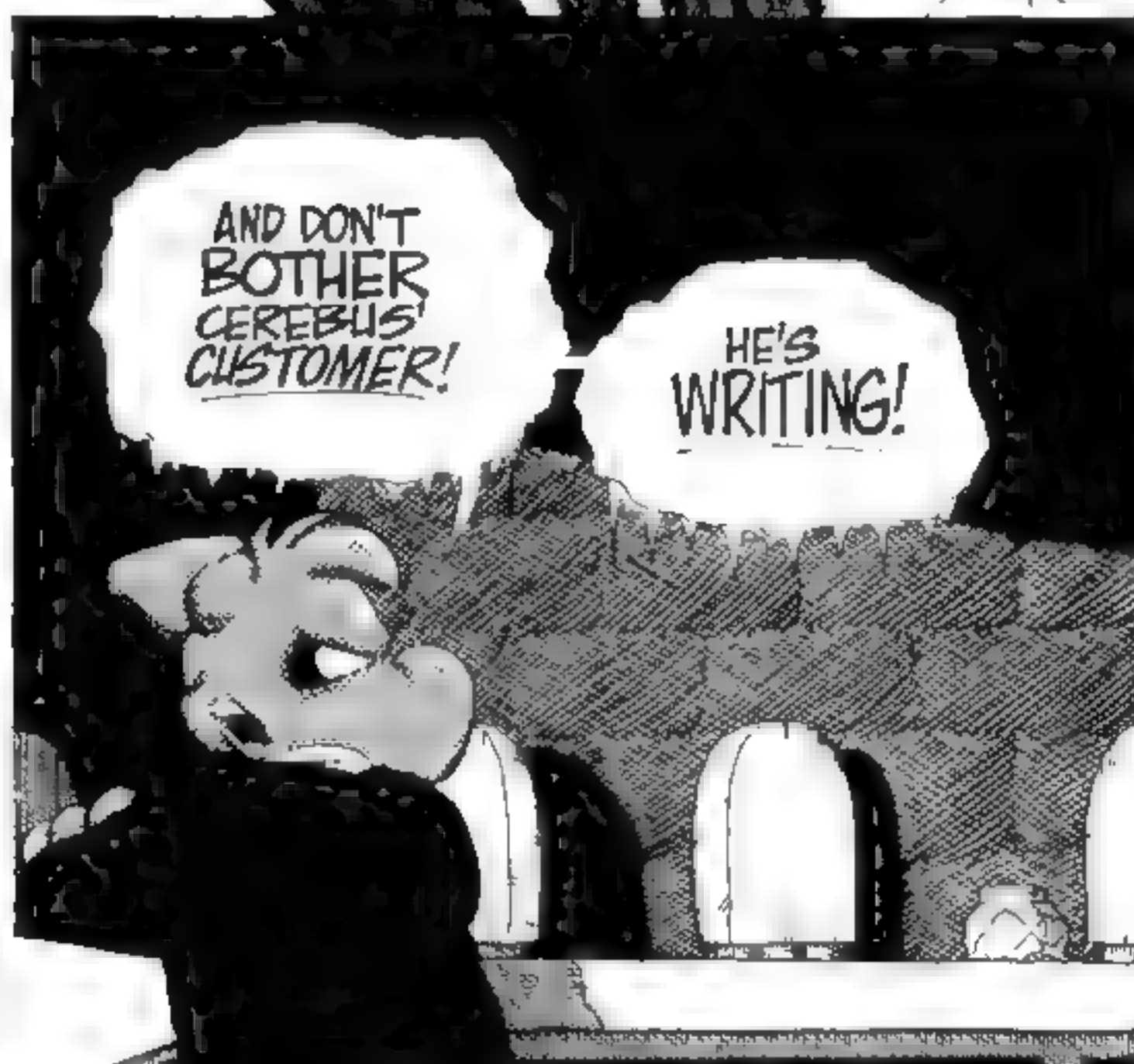
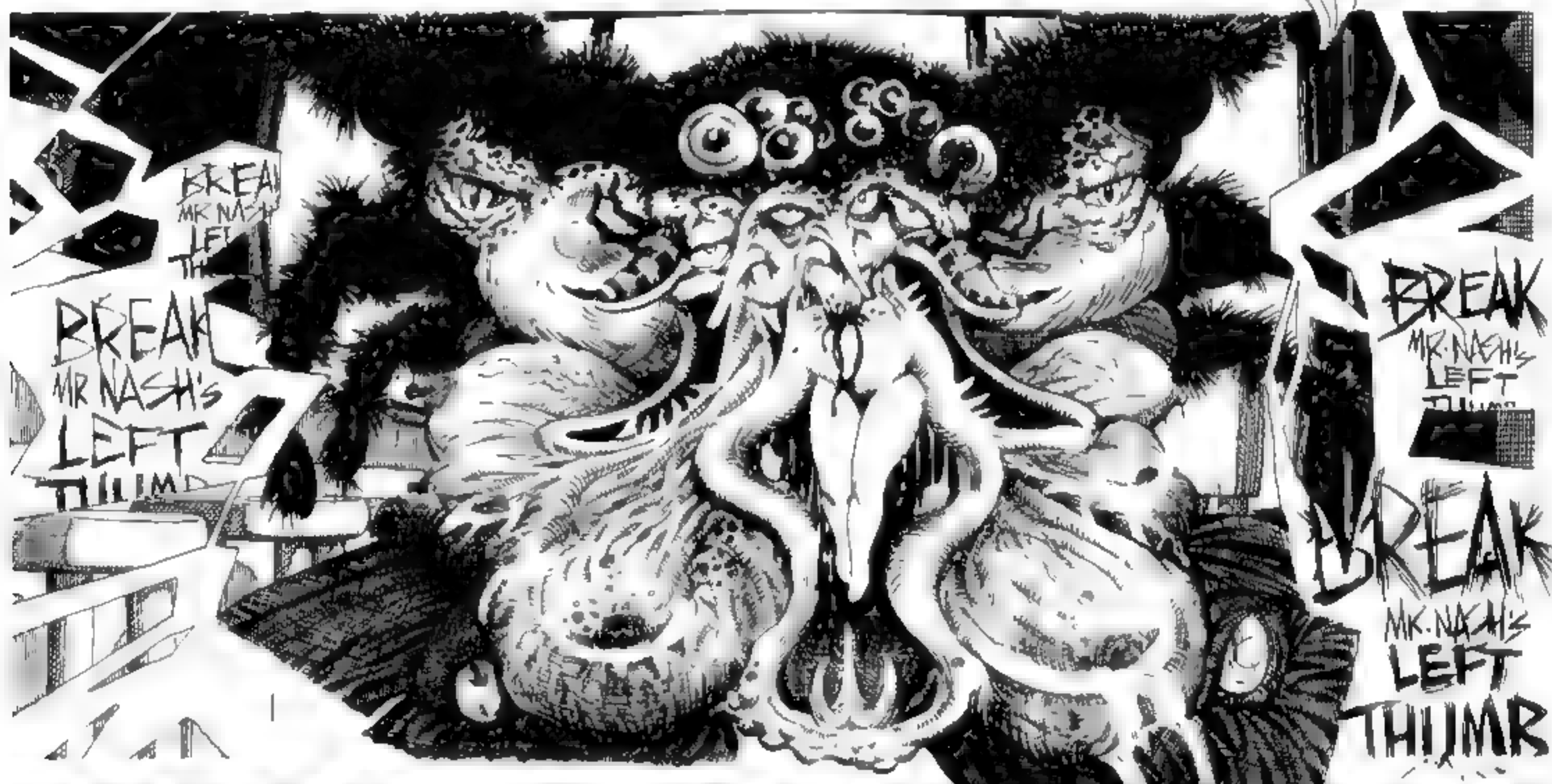


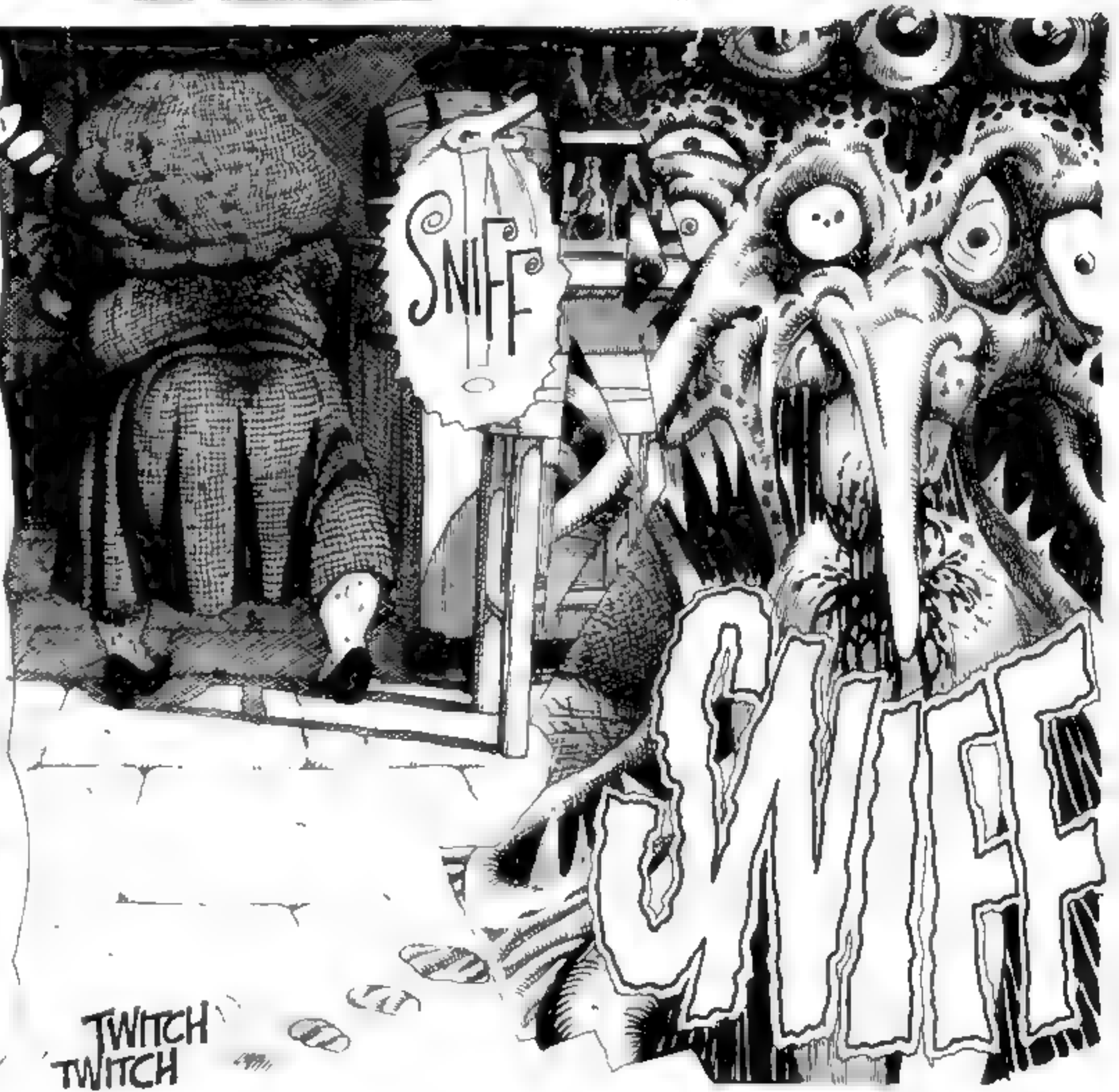


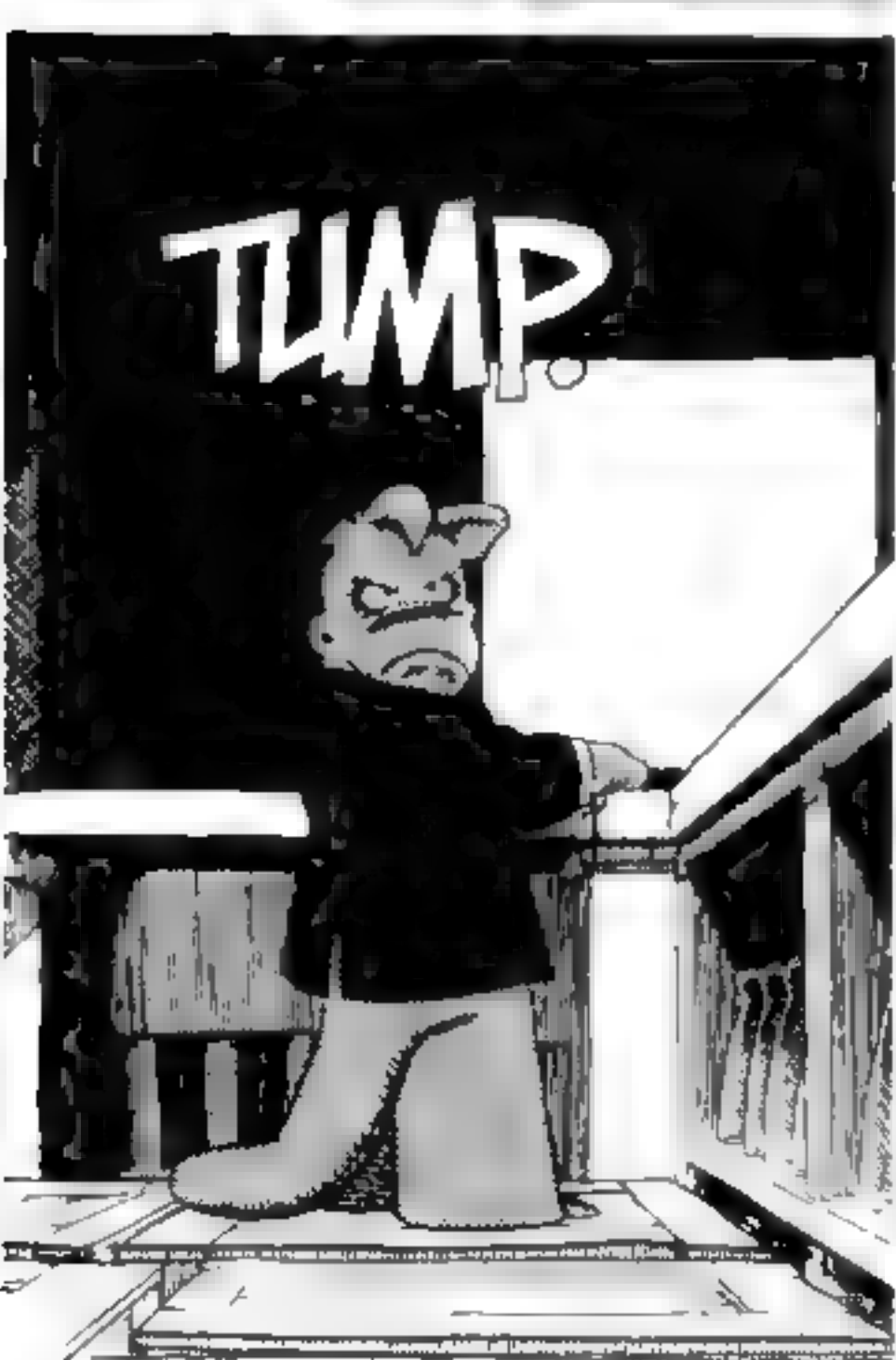


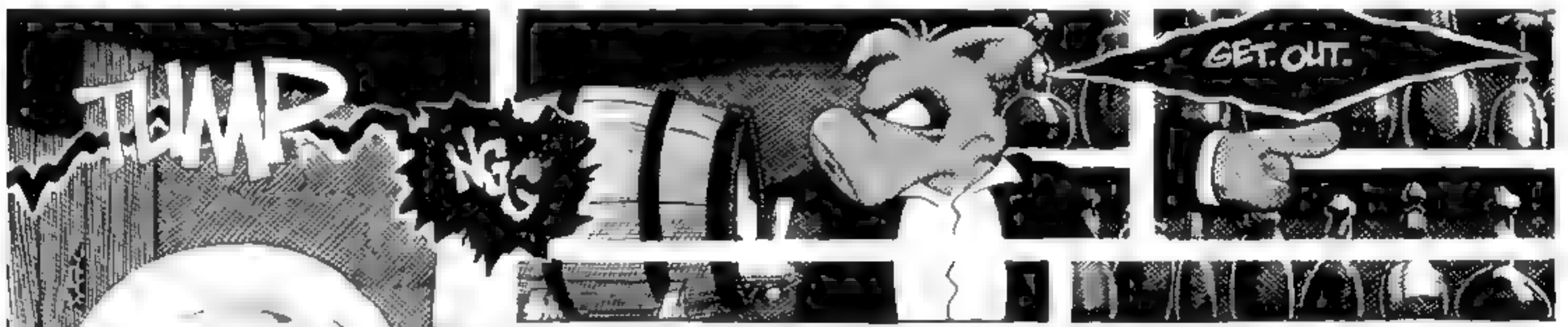
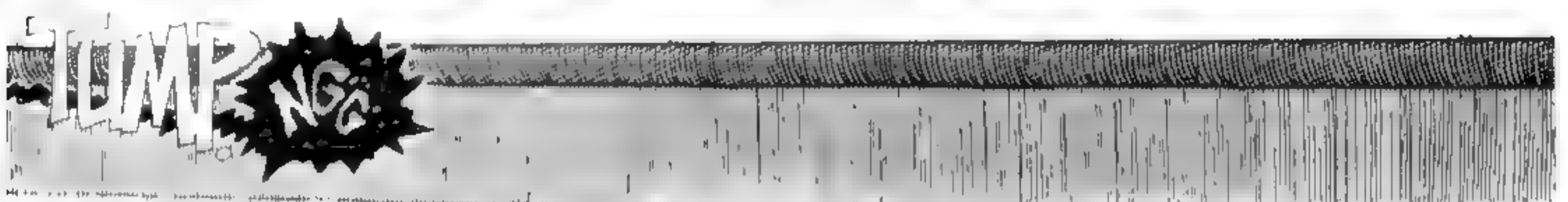


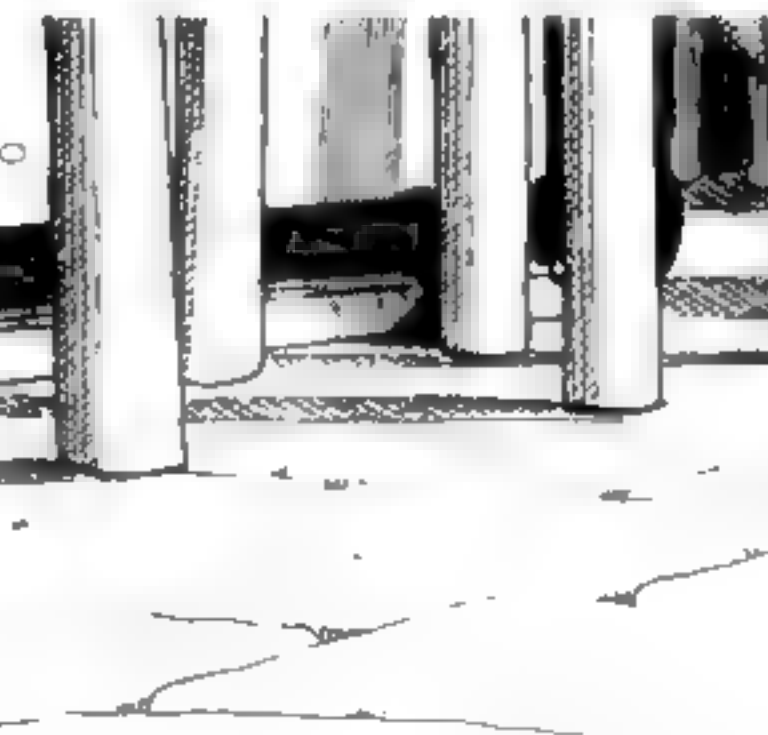
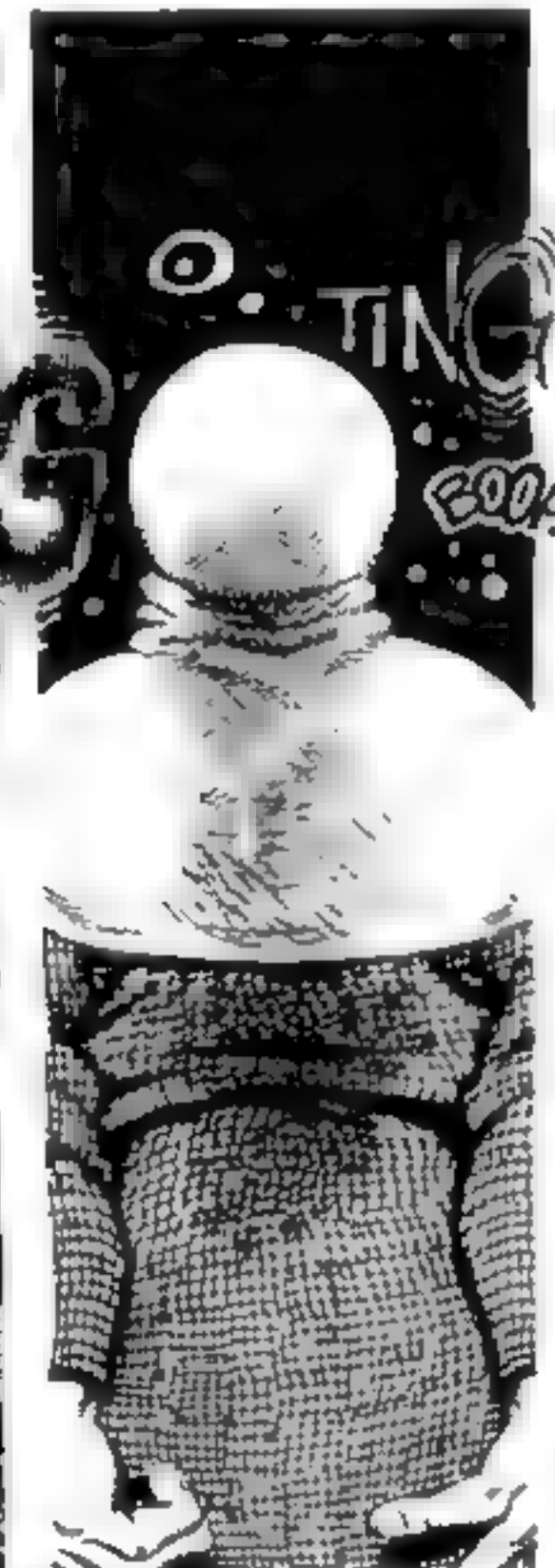
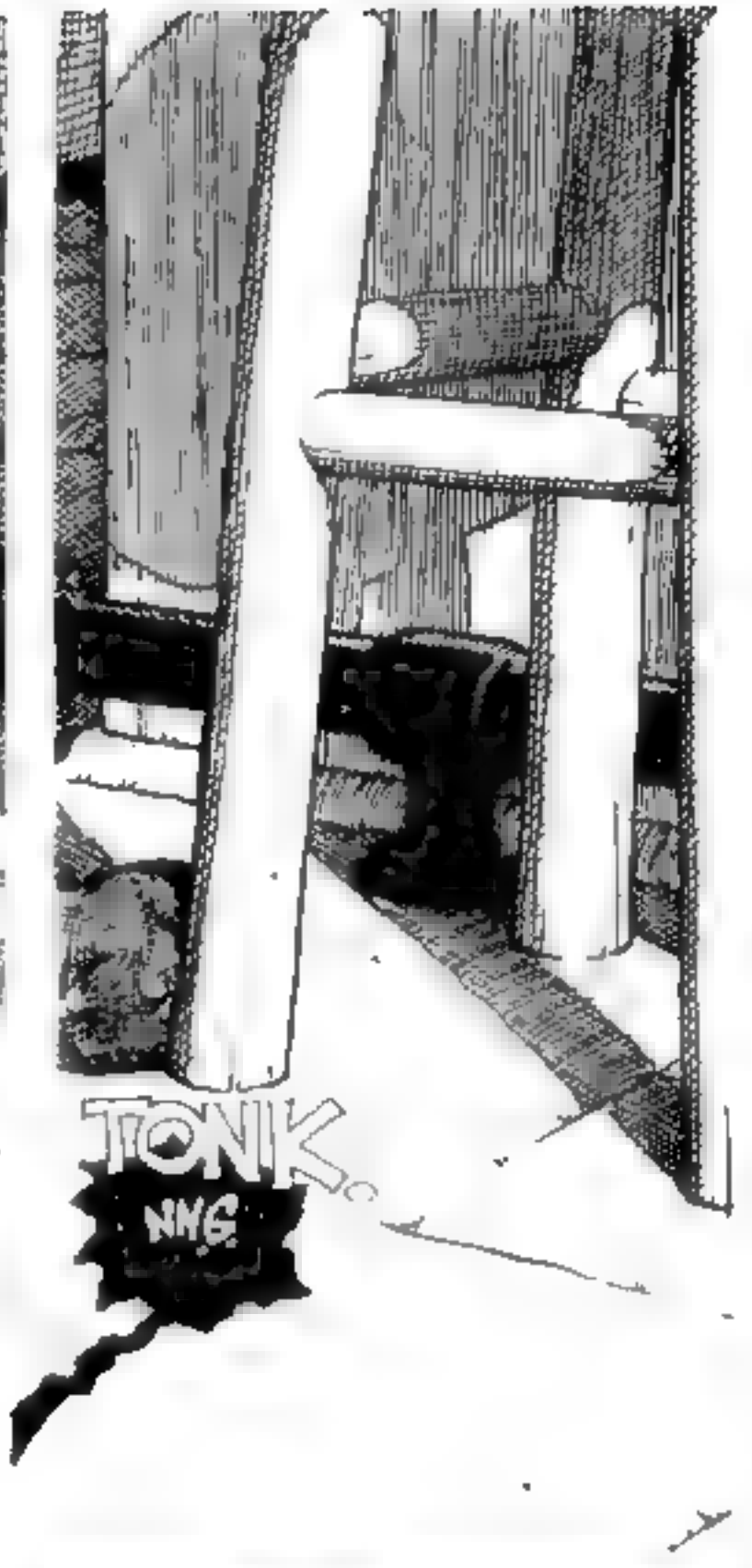


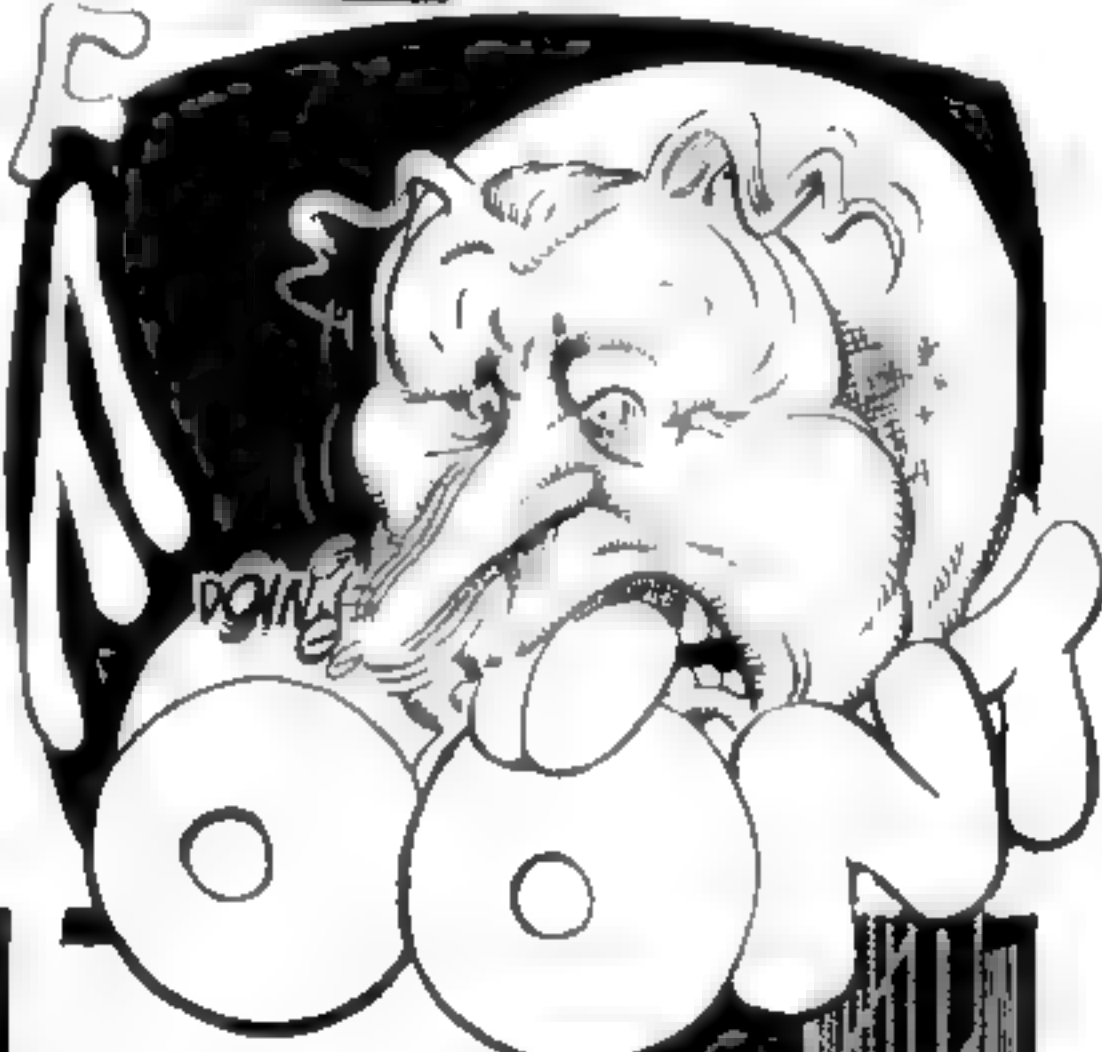
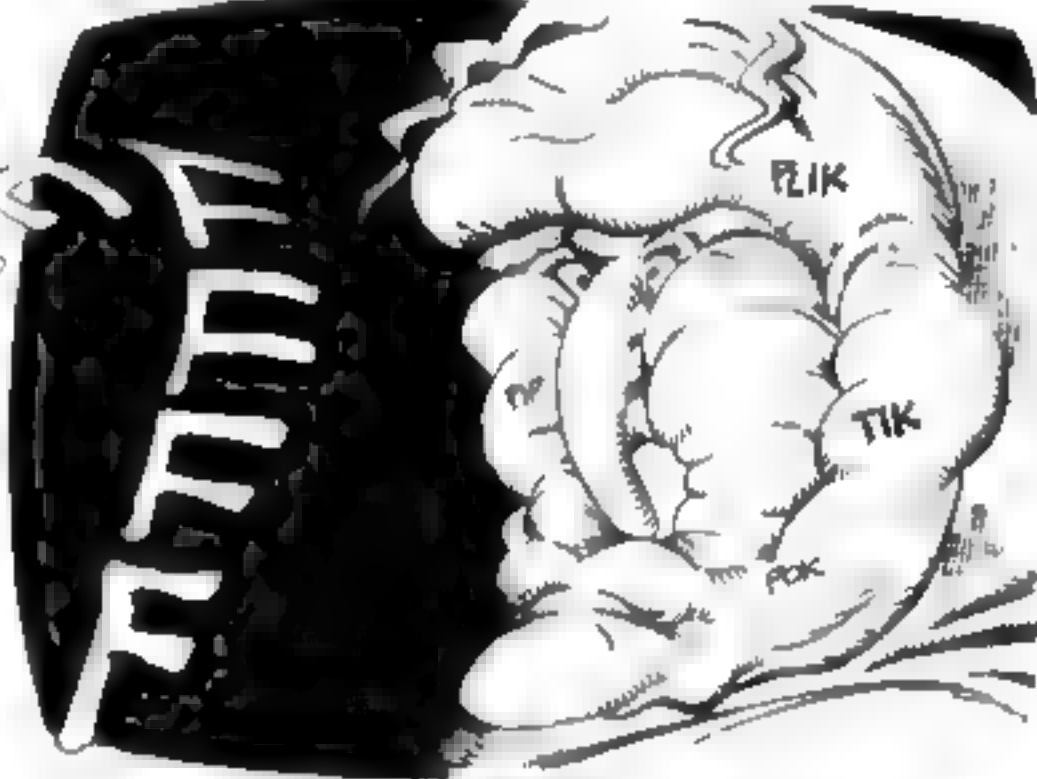
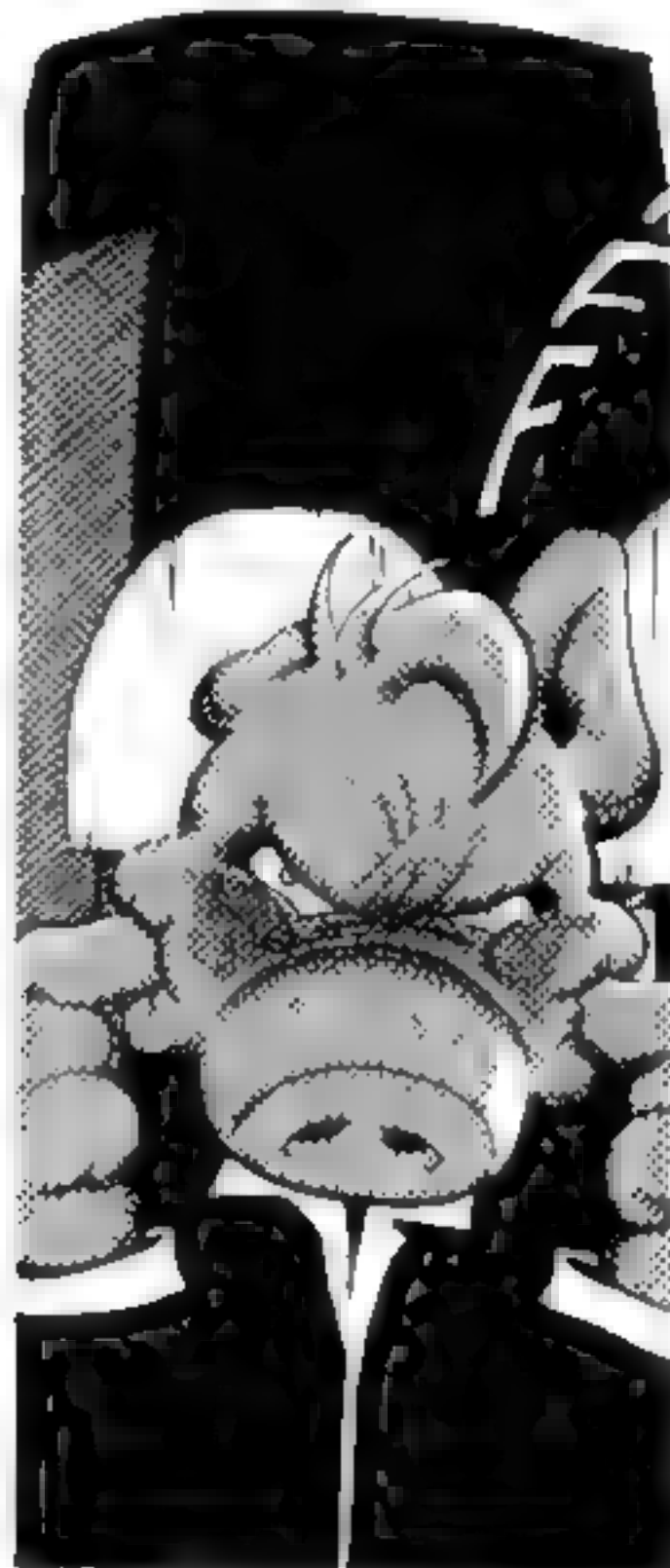




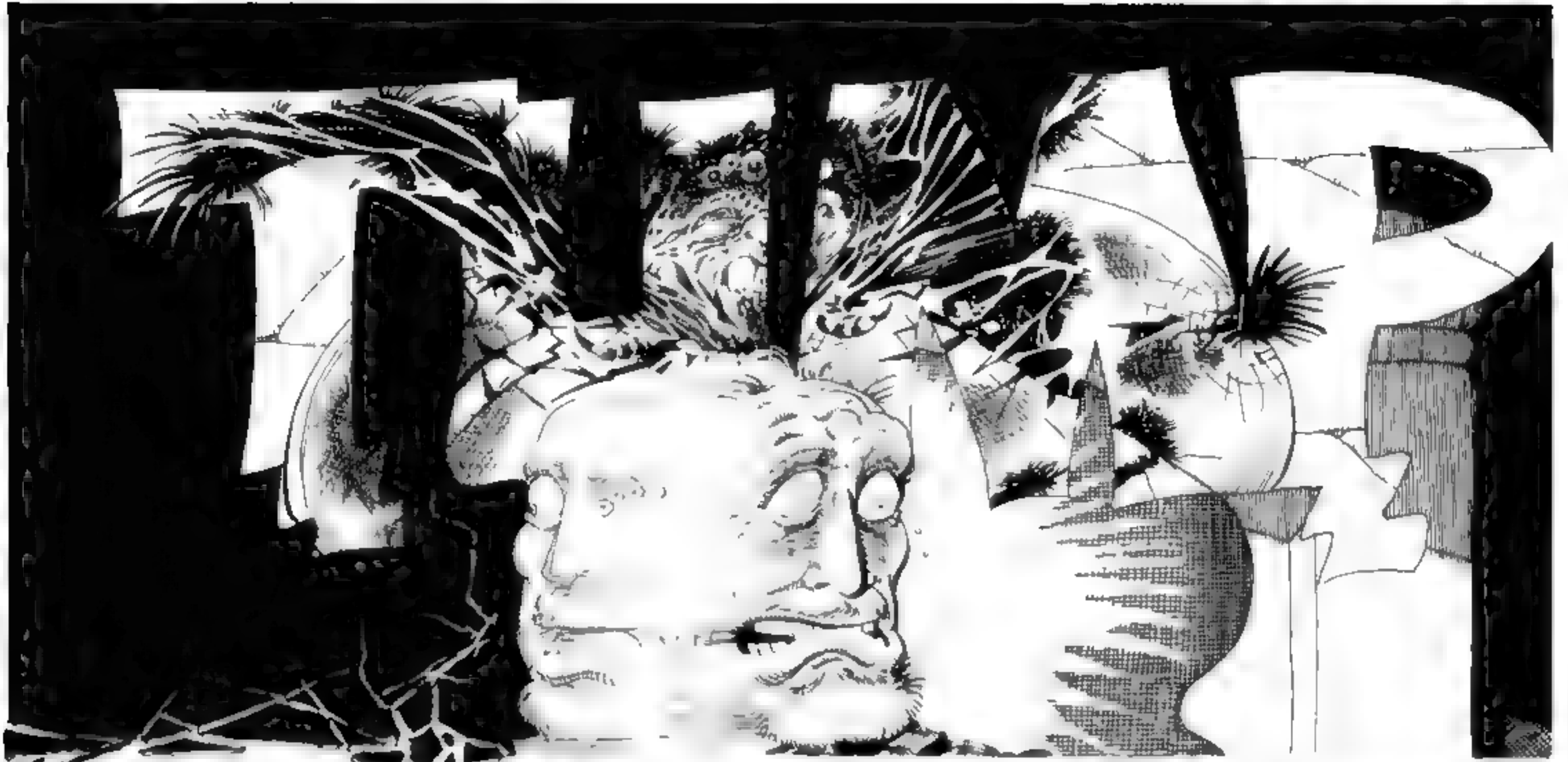








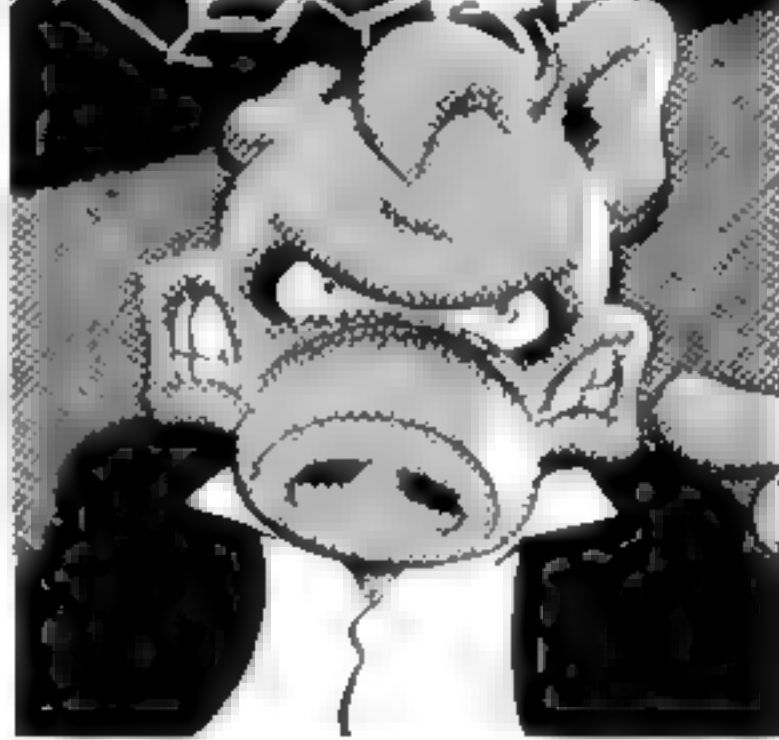
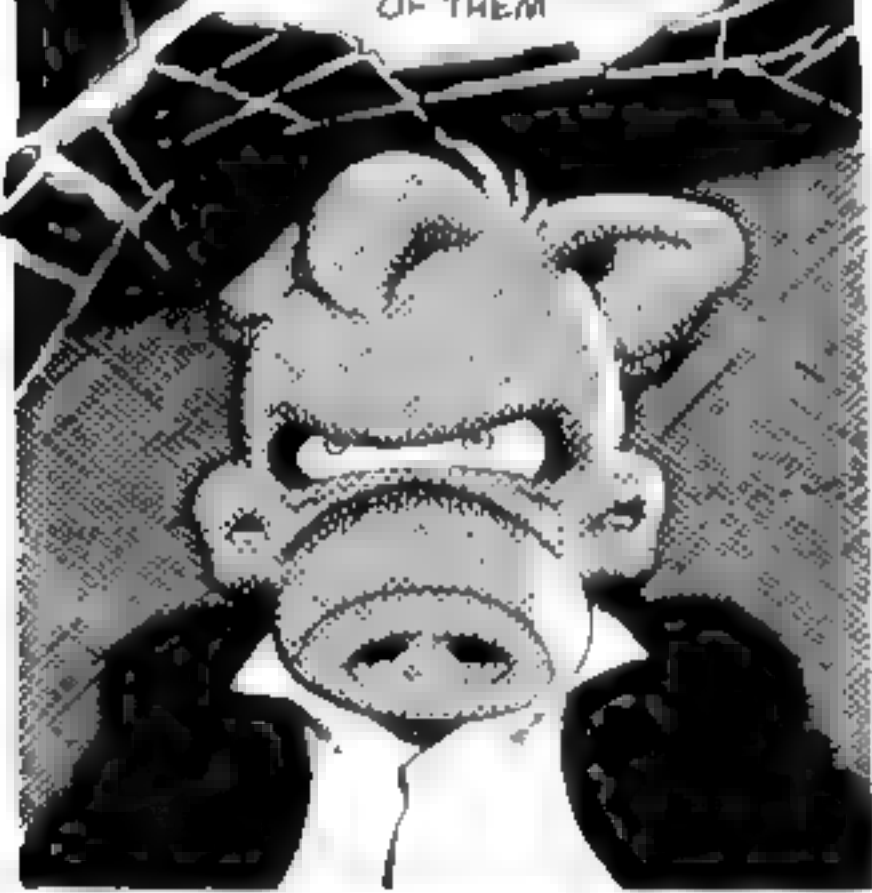


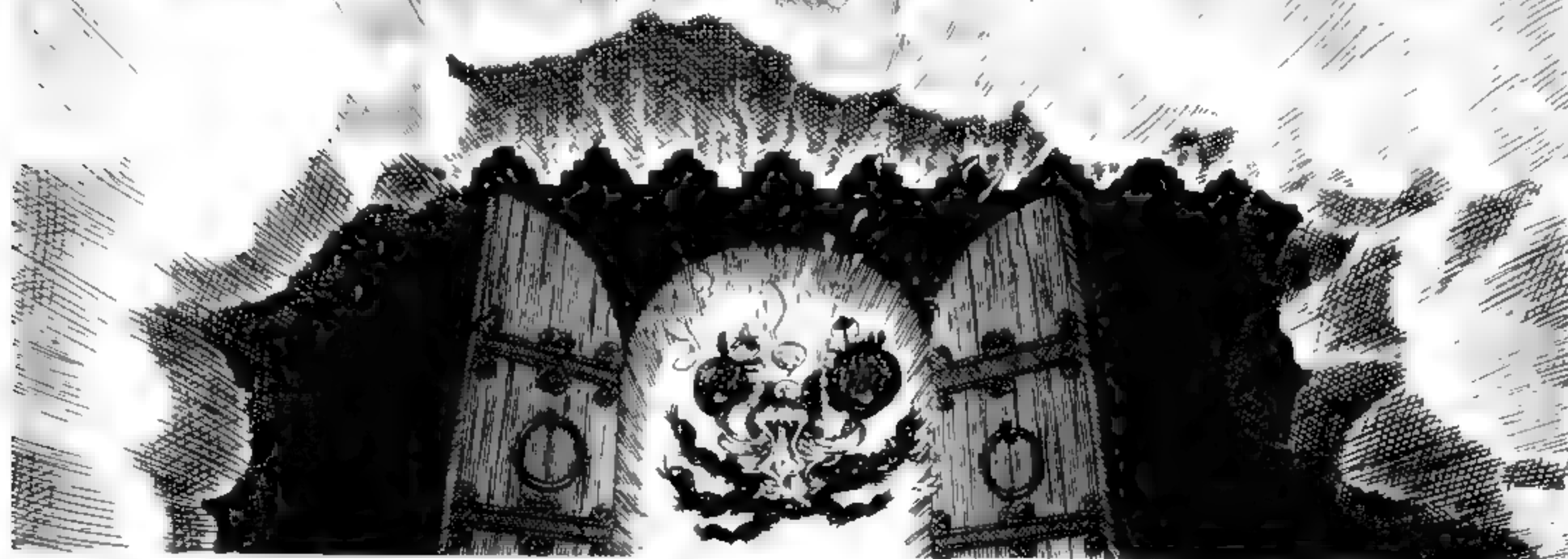
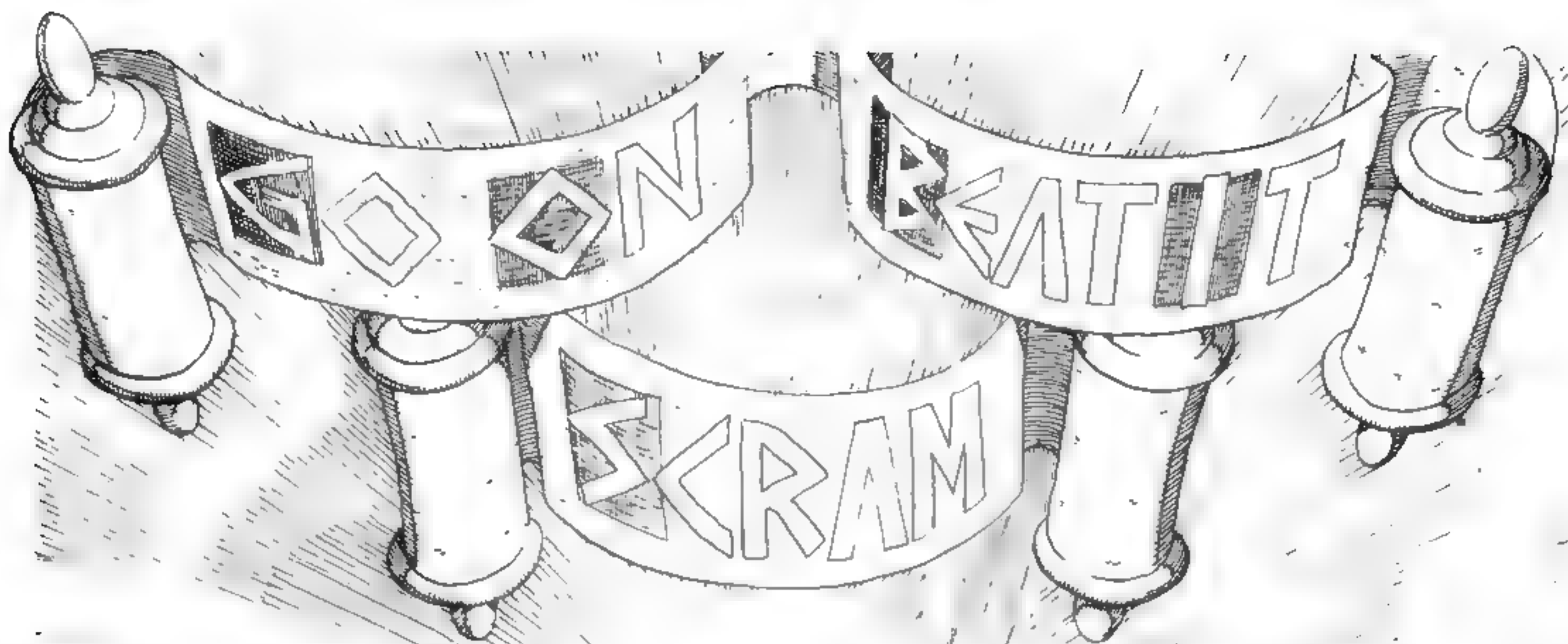


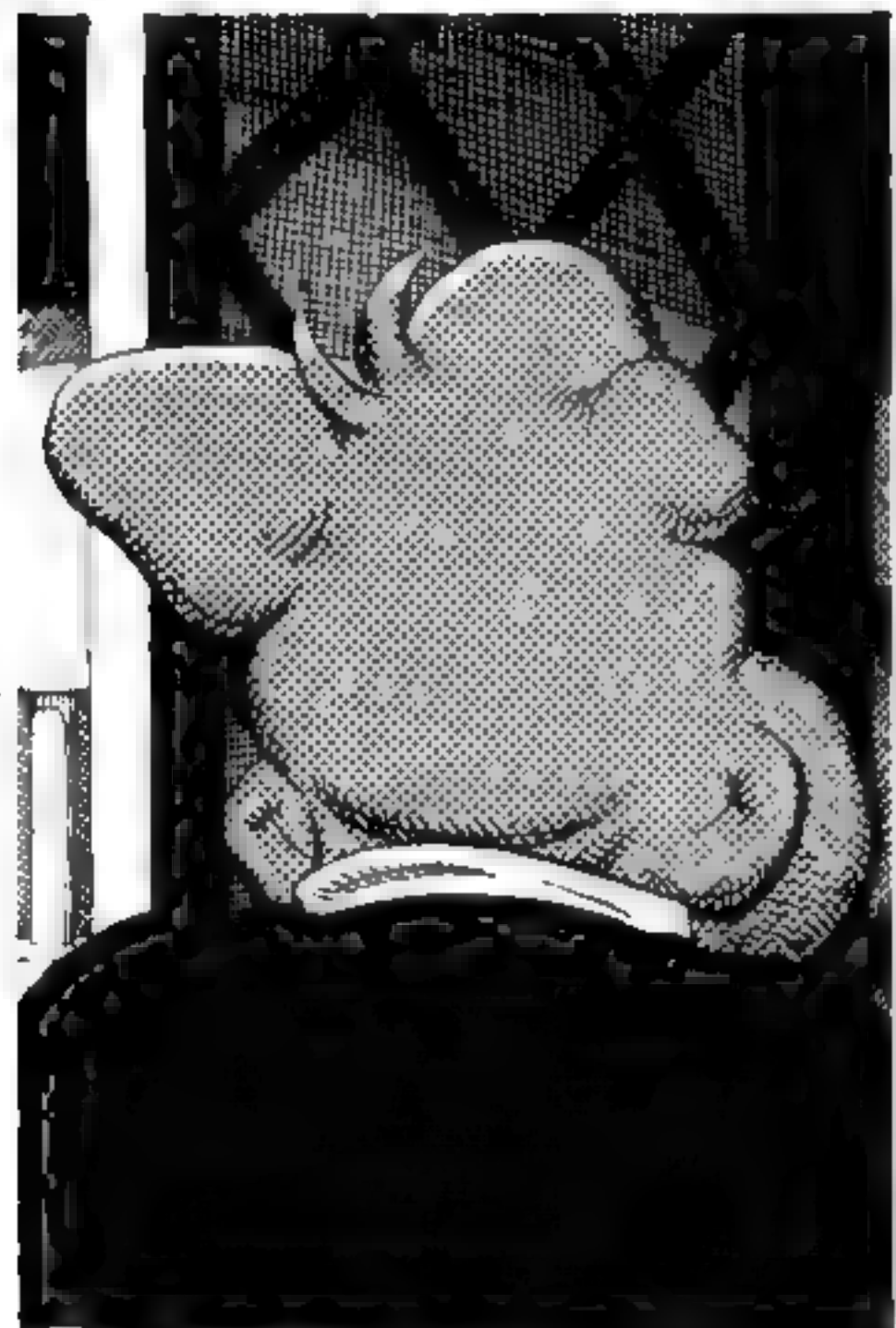
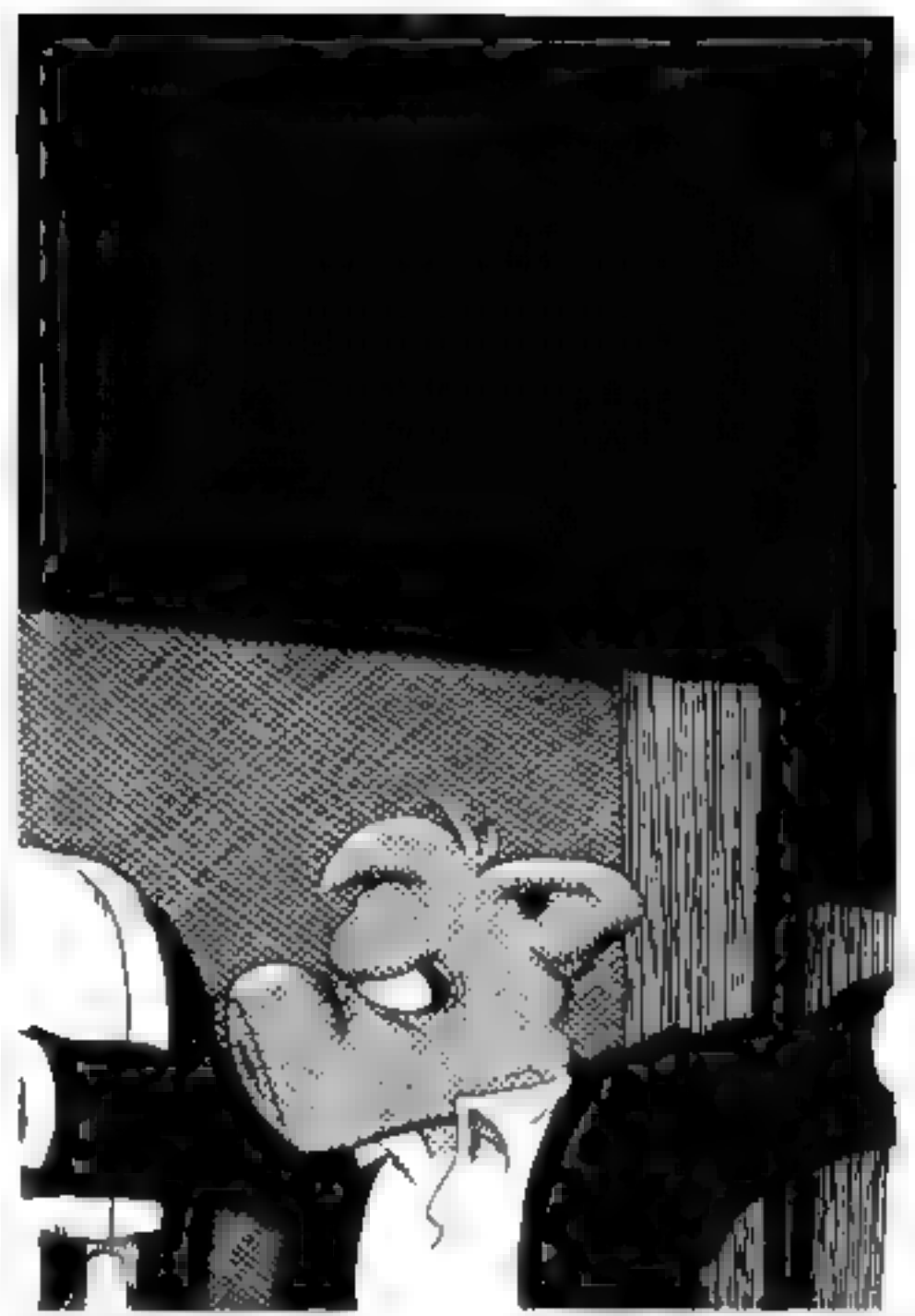
LOOK ALL CEREBUS IS
TRYING TO TELL YOU IS
IF YOU SHOW THEM
THAT YOU'RE AFRAID
OF THEM

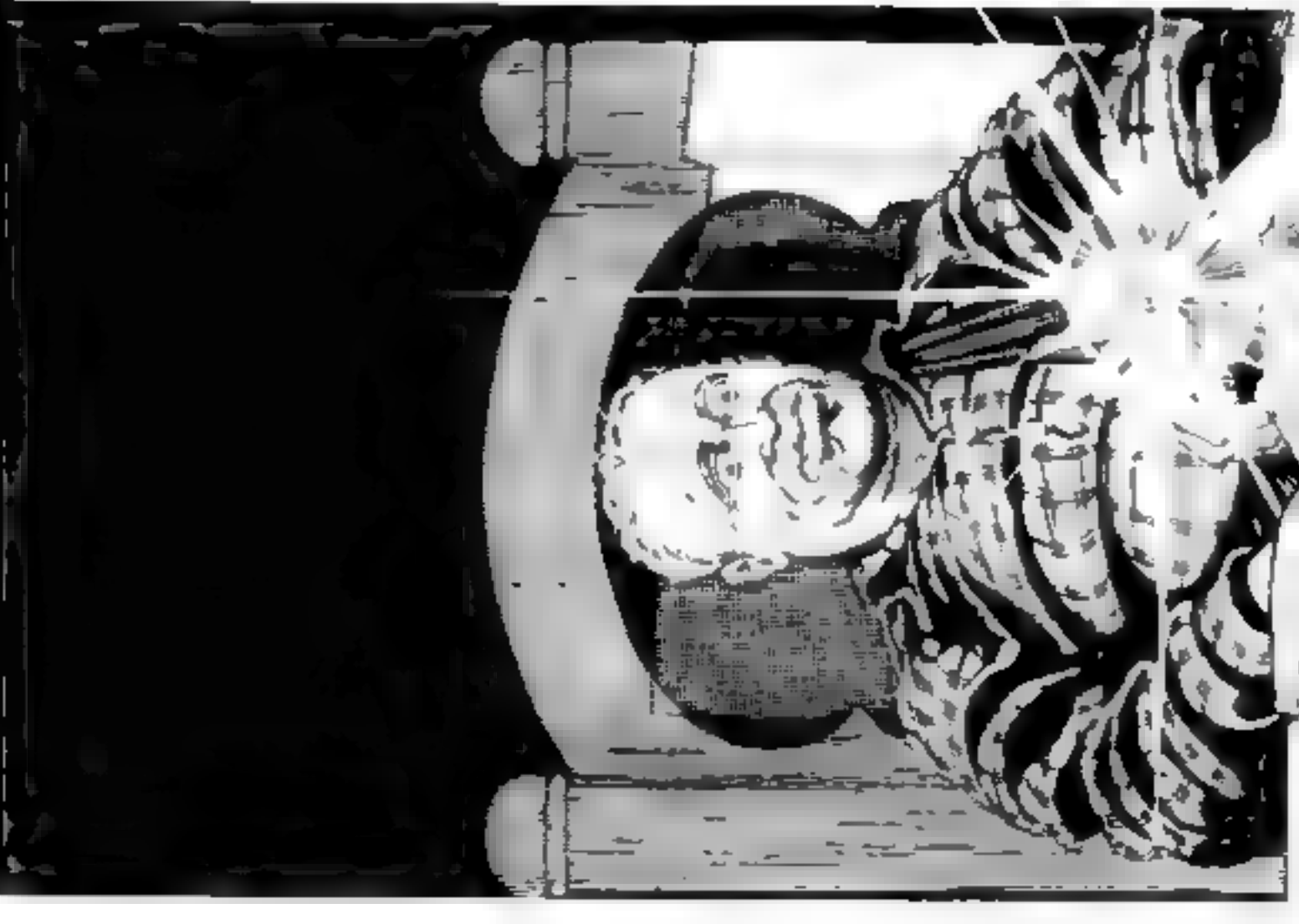
THEY'LL EAT
YOU ALIVE AND
USE THE BONE
SPLINTERS TO
PICK THEIR TEETH

JUST SAY "G'WAN--
BEAT IT!--
SCRAM!"





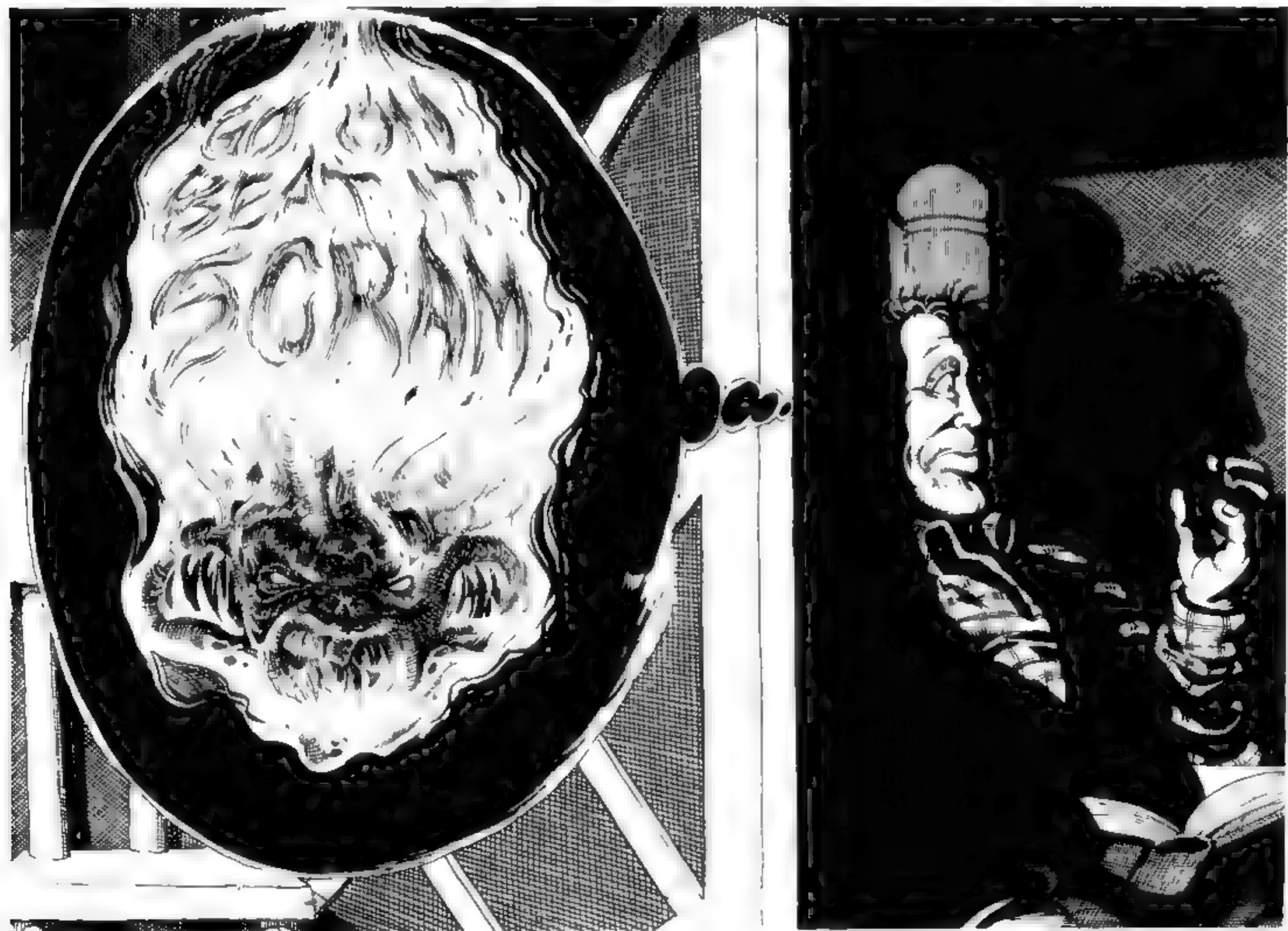




ARM

NOT

BROKEN.







HE CONSIDERED

herself to be a strong person. Her admiration for literature was confined to strong heroines. Her every conversation led — inevitably, as night follows day — to what she regarded as the irrefutable fact of her strength. To be in her company was to be faced with the unenviable choice of verbally sharing her admiration of her own strength at regular intervals or being cast out by the failure to do so. Women who failed to share her admiration of her strength were dismissed for their "jealousy" of it — men for their weakness in being "threatened" by it.

As a member of her ever-diminishing circle of friends, I saw her less and less frequently. We all felt a great love for her, first and primarily. It was an inexplicable kind of love. In conversation with one of the permanently exiled — the "jealous" and the "threatened" — we could only squirm in our places when the conversation turned to the Empress (as she was known). Wicked anecdotes about her more excessive exhibitions of her strength were a cause for great hilarity among the permanently exiled, and many were the evenings I spent smiling thinly, reduced to shrugging and making other diffident gestures as all eyes turned to me, challenging me to mount some manner of defense of my absent friend. How else to voice the inexplicable love at the center of our friendship?

If I had been forced to give an answer — and pain of death would not have dragged it from me — it would have been that I loved her for the person I caught glimpses of behind her iron mask of "strength." As the glimpses grew less frequent, it became a struggle to keep my love for her from eroding into compassion for the loneliness and isolation she brought on herself.

Finally, her perception of her own strength consumed her, mask and all. The intervals at which her friends were compelled to share in the admiration of her strength grew more frequent. On our last evening together in some tavern or other — after the third or fourth such interval had arrived with our latest round of drinks — I asked the question I had been framing for some weeks, if not months:

"But strength in service to what? In the name of what? To what purpose? And in the achievement of what end?"

Her eyes darkened as I had seen them darken so many times before.

"Get out," she said.

"This is a public place," I might have said. "I have as much right to be here as you do." As was always the case with her, suitable rejoinders flooded in a cascade through my mind. "I'm staying. Which do you think would require the greater strength on your part, given that I'm staying? For you to stay or for you to leave?"

But in that moment, like a knife in my heart, I realized that as love can erode into compassion, compassion can crumble into pity.

Without another word between us, I did what she had told me to do.

I never saw her again.



HAHAHAHA

YOU'RE
KIDDING



NAY THAT'S
WHAT YOU
SAID:

"VIKTOR GOT
REALLY MAD
AND HE HAD A
BIG KNIFE

VIKTOR?!
HAHAHA
SHIT

NONONONO --
I GOT IT
WHEN I WAS UN-
LOADING FREIGHT
ON A DOCK IN...

TEST# LOWER FELDA?
... I FORGET... DOESN'T
MATTER

THERE WAS A NAIL
STICKING OUT OF ONE
OF THE CRATES, SEE

BEDUIN...
THAT WAS IT.
BEDUIN...

THE DAMNED
THING ABOUT IT
HAHAHA

THE
DAMNEDEST
THING ABOUT
IT WAS

THERE WAS NO
DOCTOR FOR
MILES AROUND...
JUST THIS OLD
WICCA WOMAN

A WHAT?
WOMAN

A WICCA
WOMAN

OH! ? AYE.

MUNH! I HAVEN'T
THOUGHT ABOUT
THIS IN YEARS
ANYWAY

SHE TELLS THE GUYS
WHO BROUGHT ME TO
HER TO LEAVE... SO THEY
LEAVE... AND SHE DOESN'T
EVEN LOOK AT MY WOUND
SEE...

SHE JUST LOOKS IN MY
EYES

THEN SHE SPITS ON
THE GROUND. AN' SAYS
(REAL MEAN LIKE)

"SO OLD FOOLISH-
CHOICE!"

AS IF HA-HA
AS IF THAT'S
MY NAME 'R
SOMETHING

I'VE NEVER
MET HER BEFORE
IN MY LIFE SO
I FIGURE SHE'S
YOU KNOW

CALZ?

YEAH
FRAKTES

SO SHE SHOWS
ME THESE TWO FOOLISHES
THAT LOOKED LIKE
SEAWEED OR WEN-WEN-
BIG FURBALLS

AND SHE SHAKES
ONE AT ME AND SAYS
"THIS ONE HURT FOR
ONE DAY-- LEAVE
NO SCAR"

AND THEN SHE SHAKES
THE OTHER ONE AT ME AND SAYS
"NO PAIN, THIS ONE--
LEAVE BIG SCAR-- YOU
CHOOSE"

I TOLD HER I
WANTED THE "NO PAIN"
ONE

SHE SAYS

"KNOW
YOUR NAME"

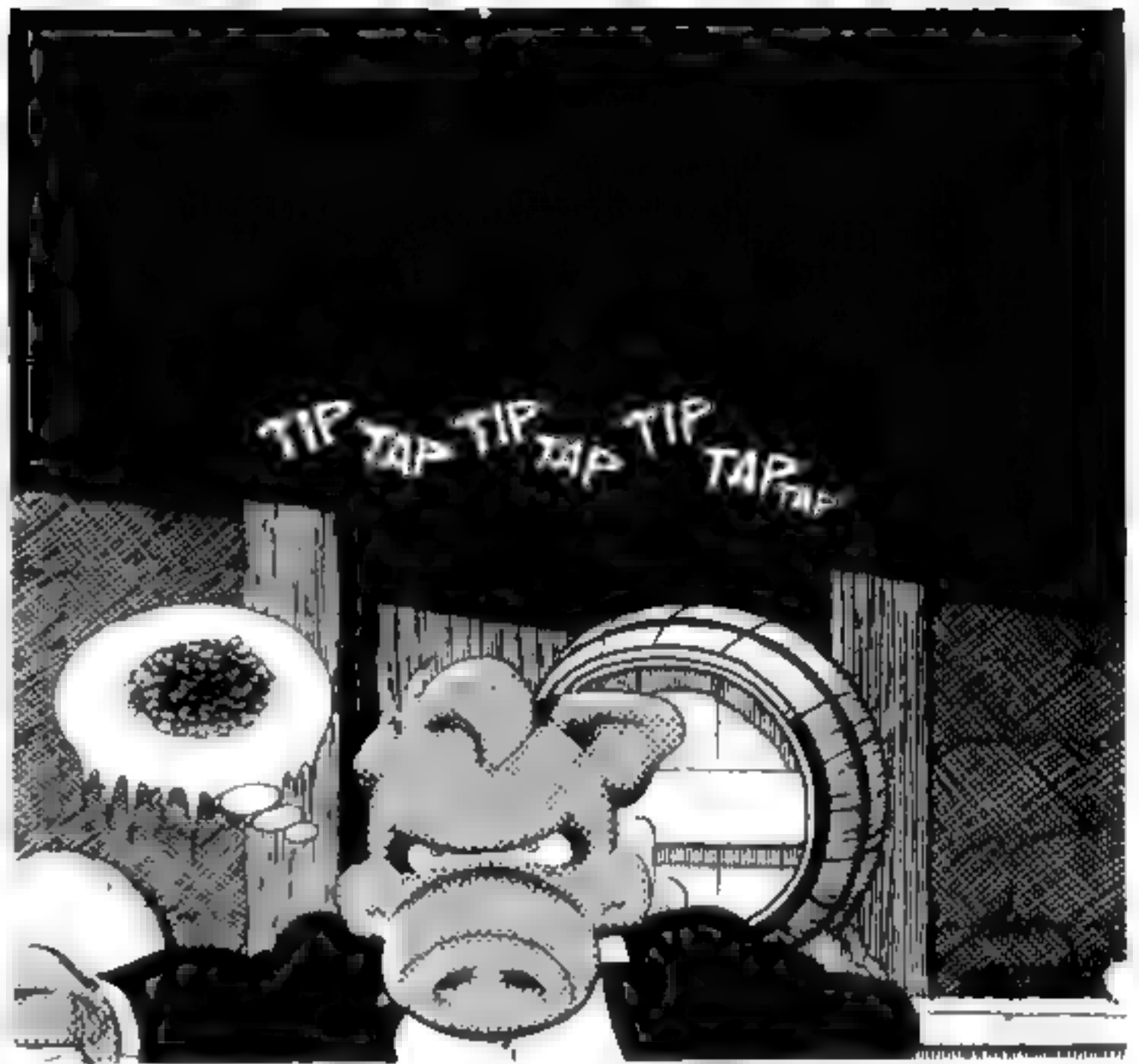
HEHEHEHEHEH! VIKTOR...?
HAHAHA

AND YOU SAY THAT
IT'S A LIE THAT SOME
PEOPLE SHOULDN'T
DRINK?

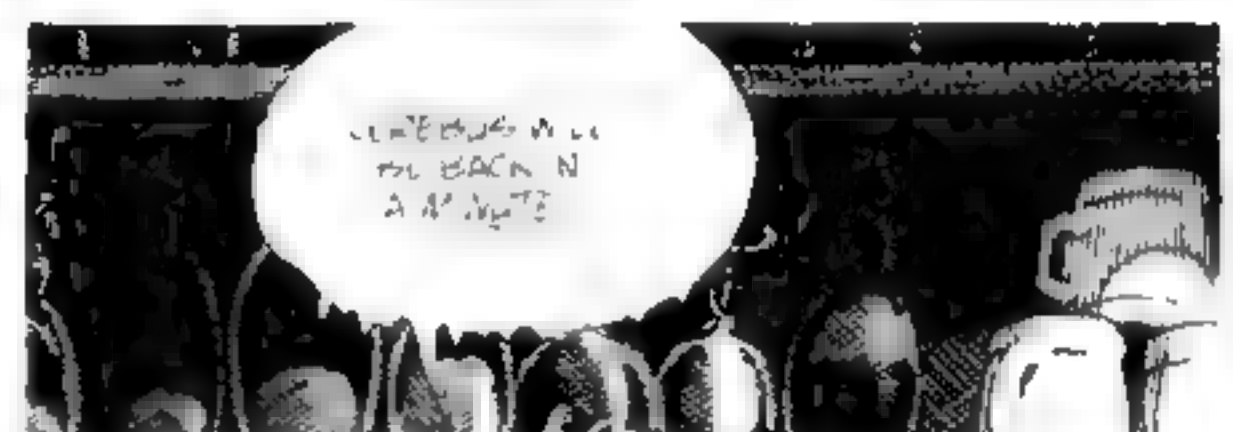
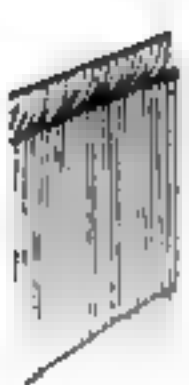
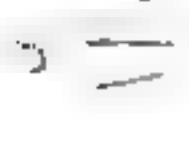
NAY CEREBUS
AGREED THAT
SOME PEOPLE
SHOULDN'T

KLIK KLAK

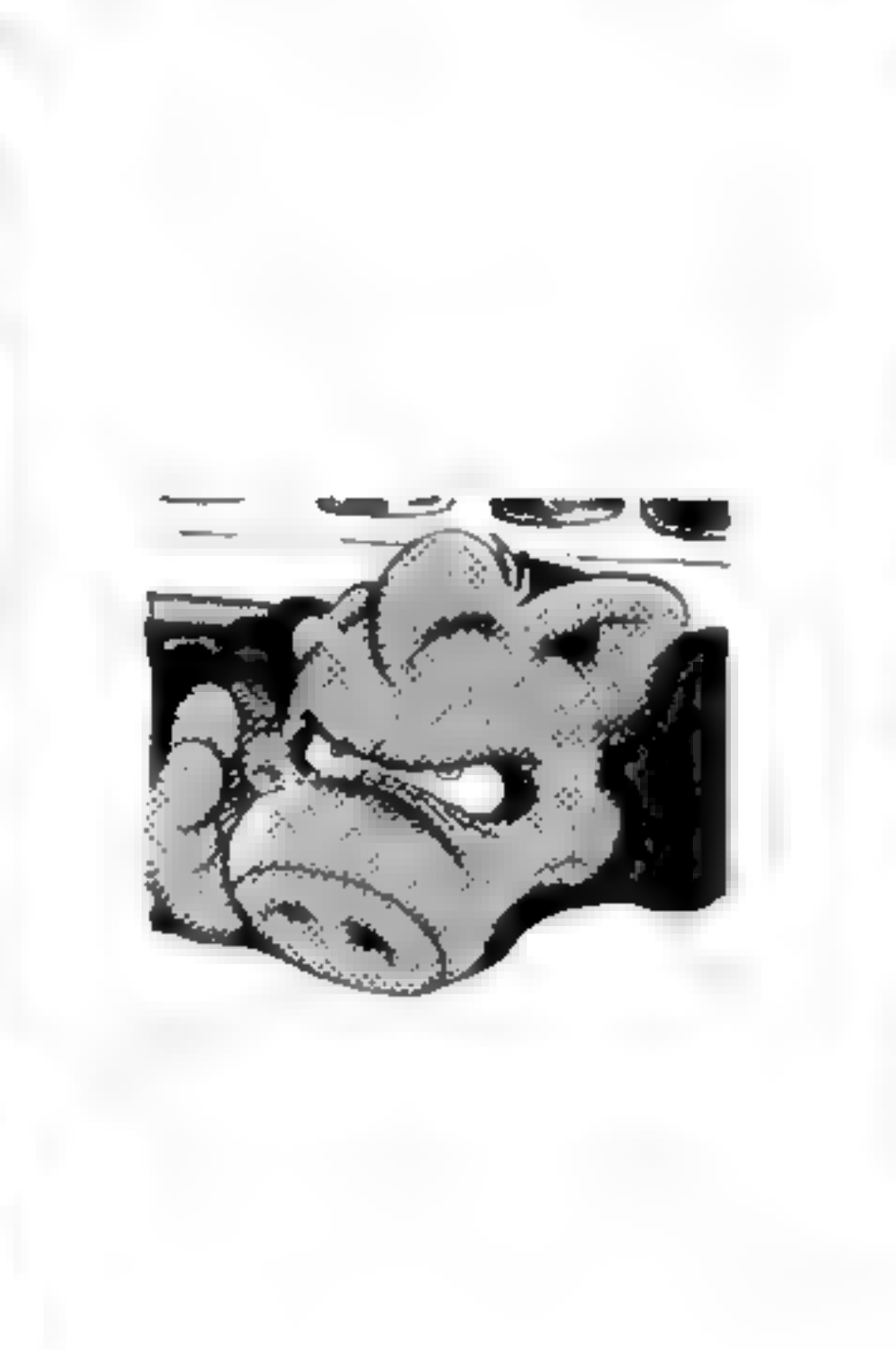
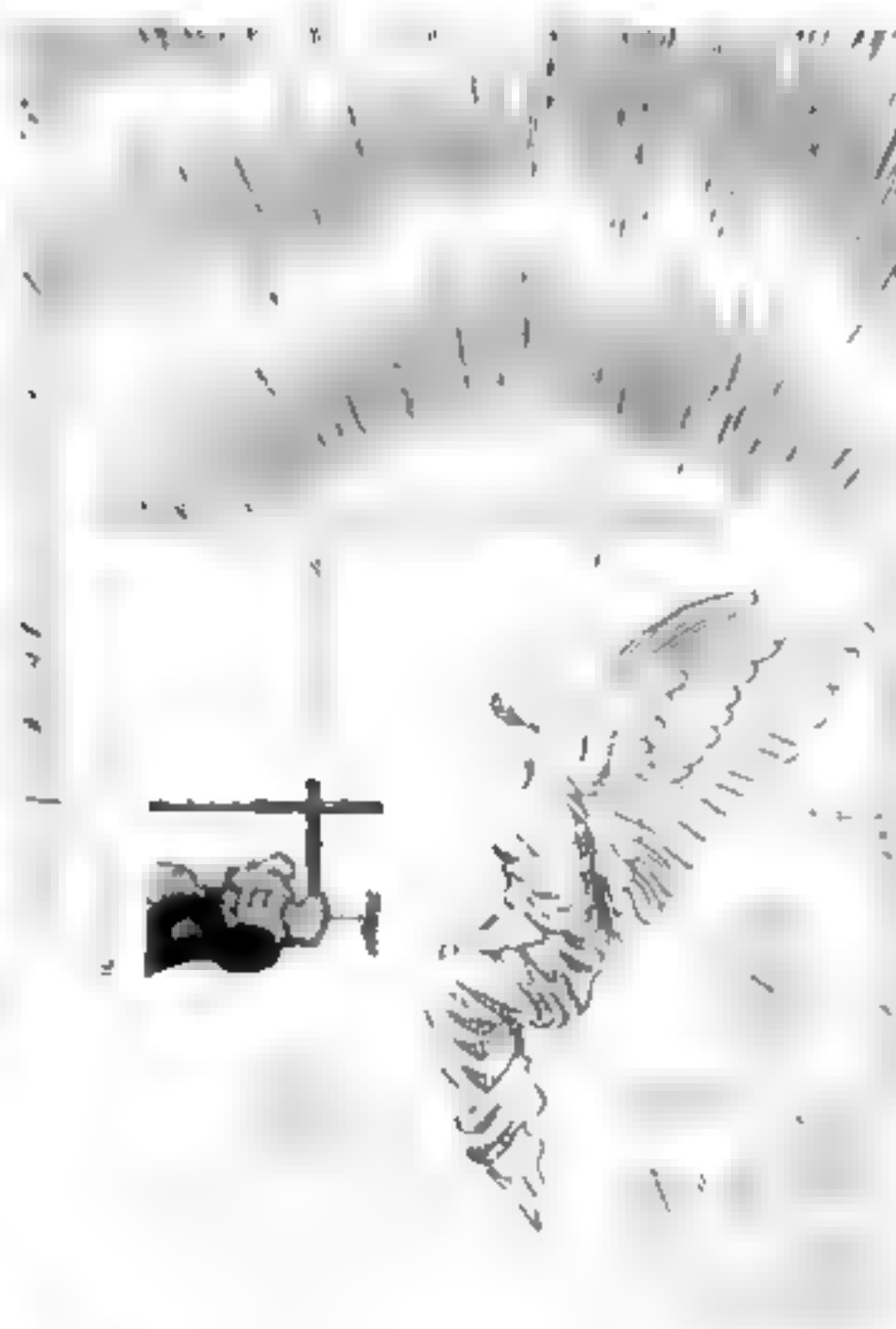
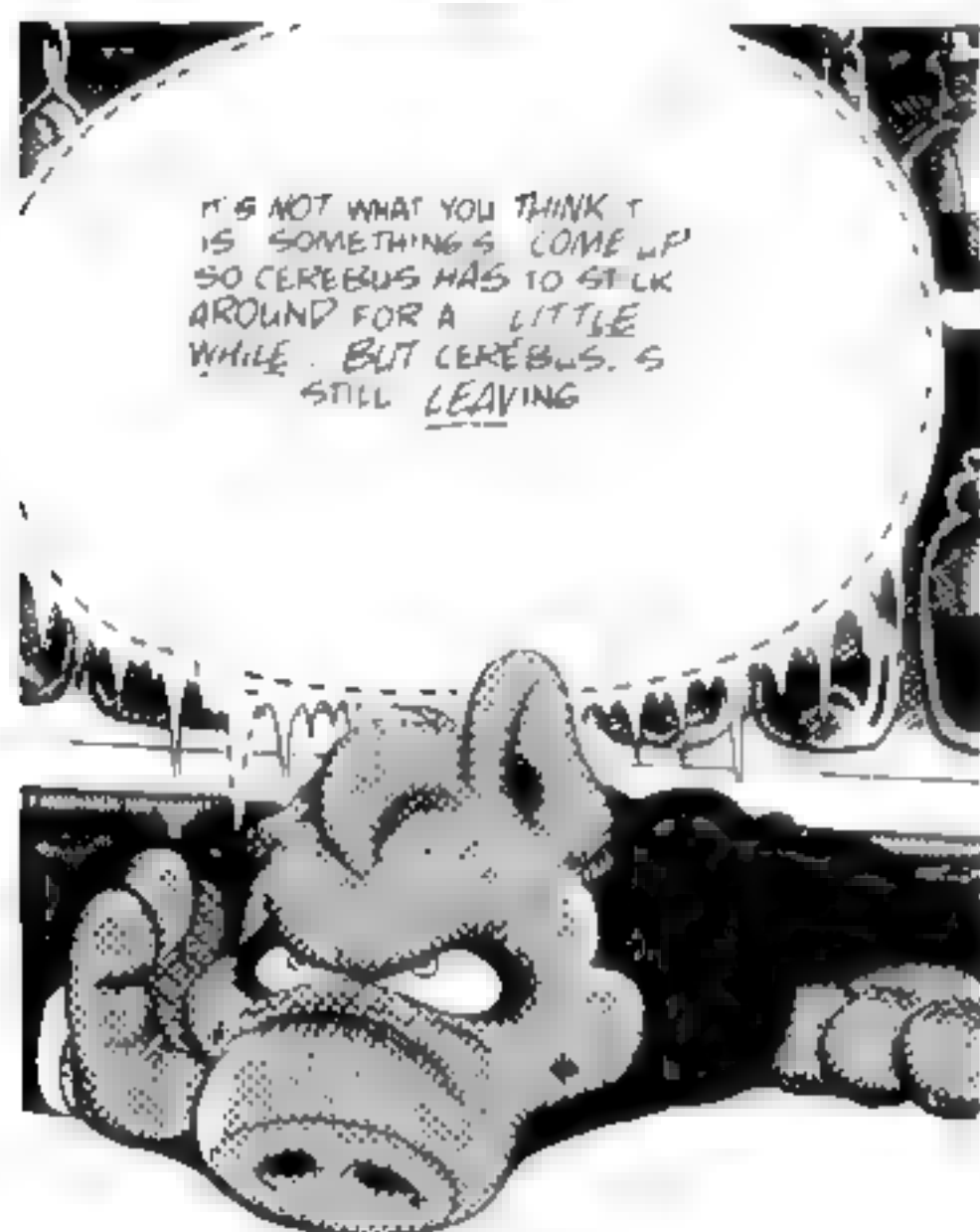




DRIP

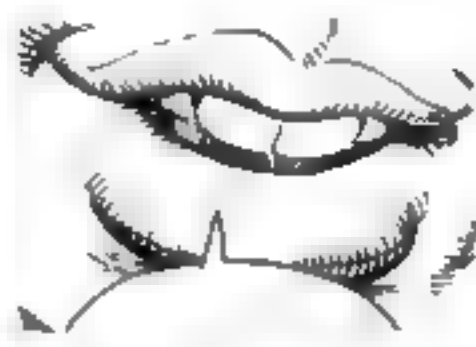


LET'S GO A LITTLE BACK N A MINUTE





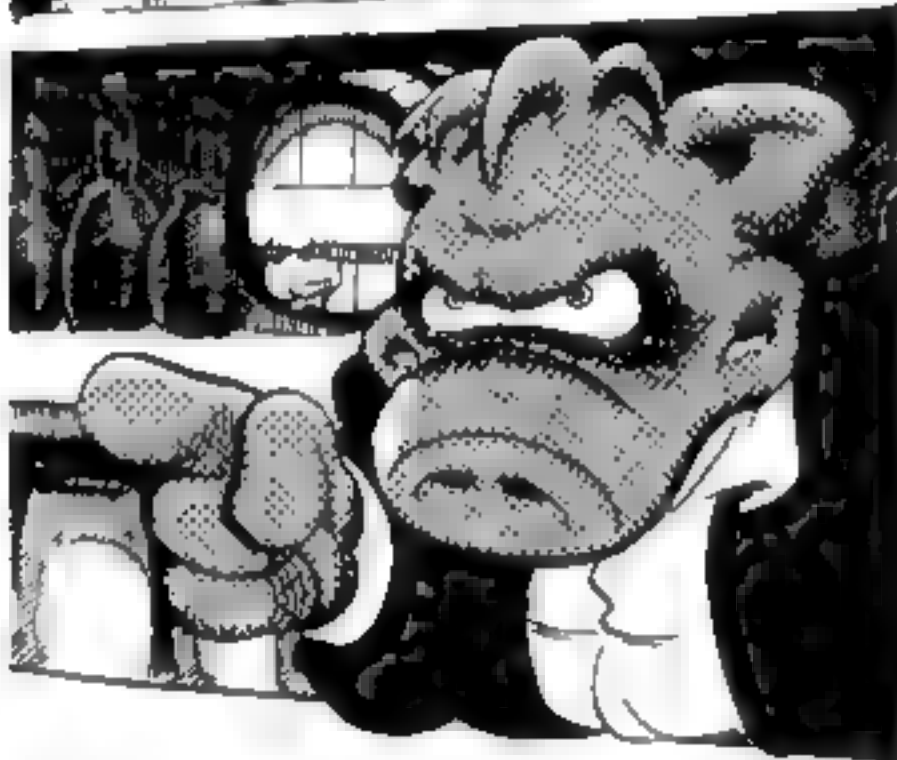
"OF WHITE WINE?"

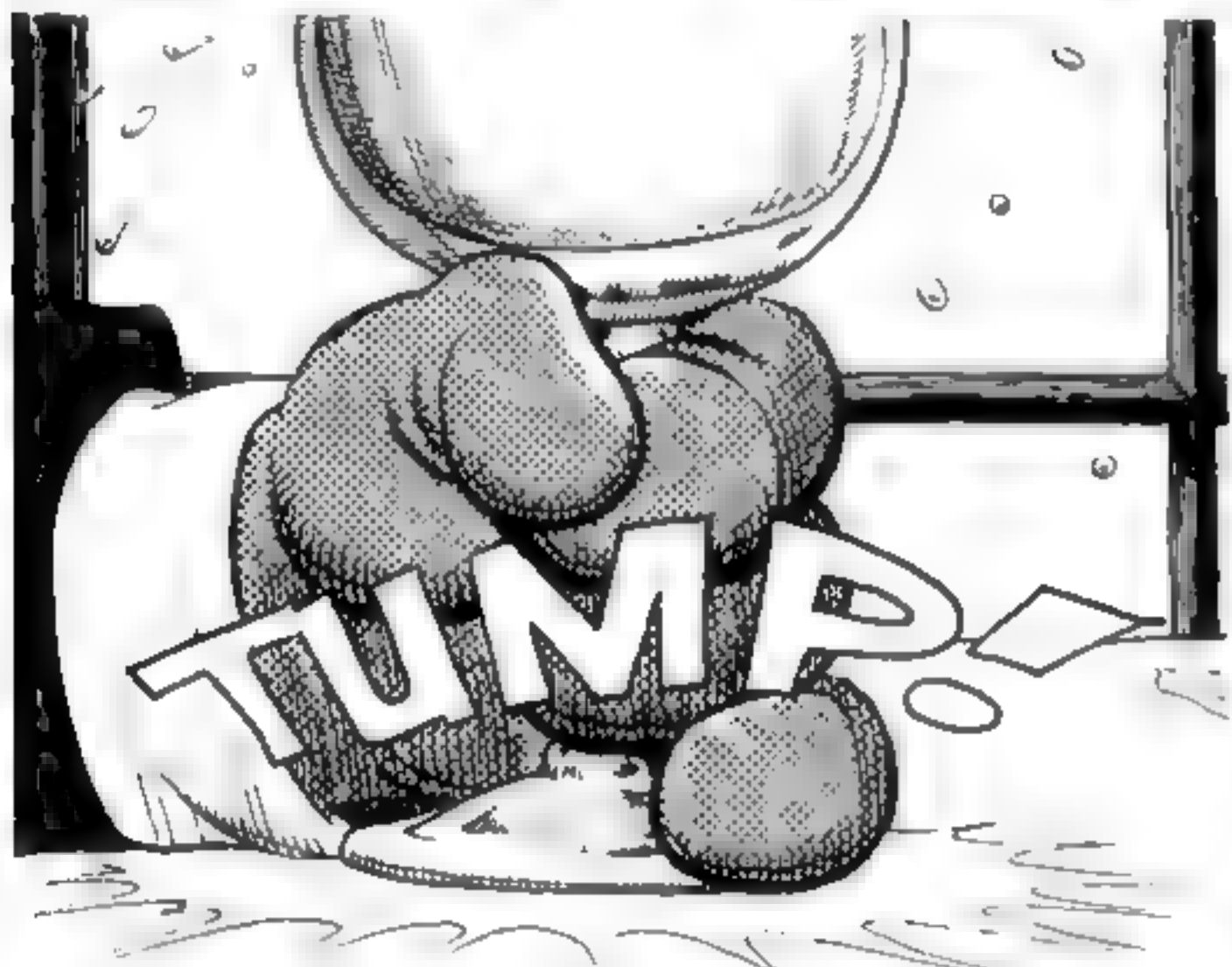
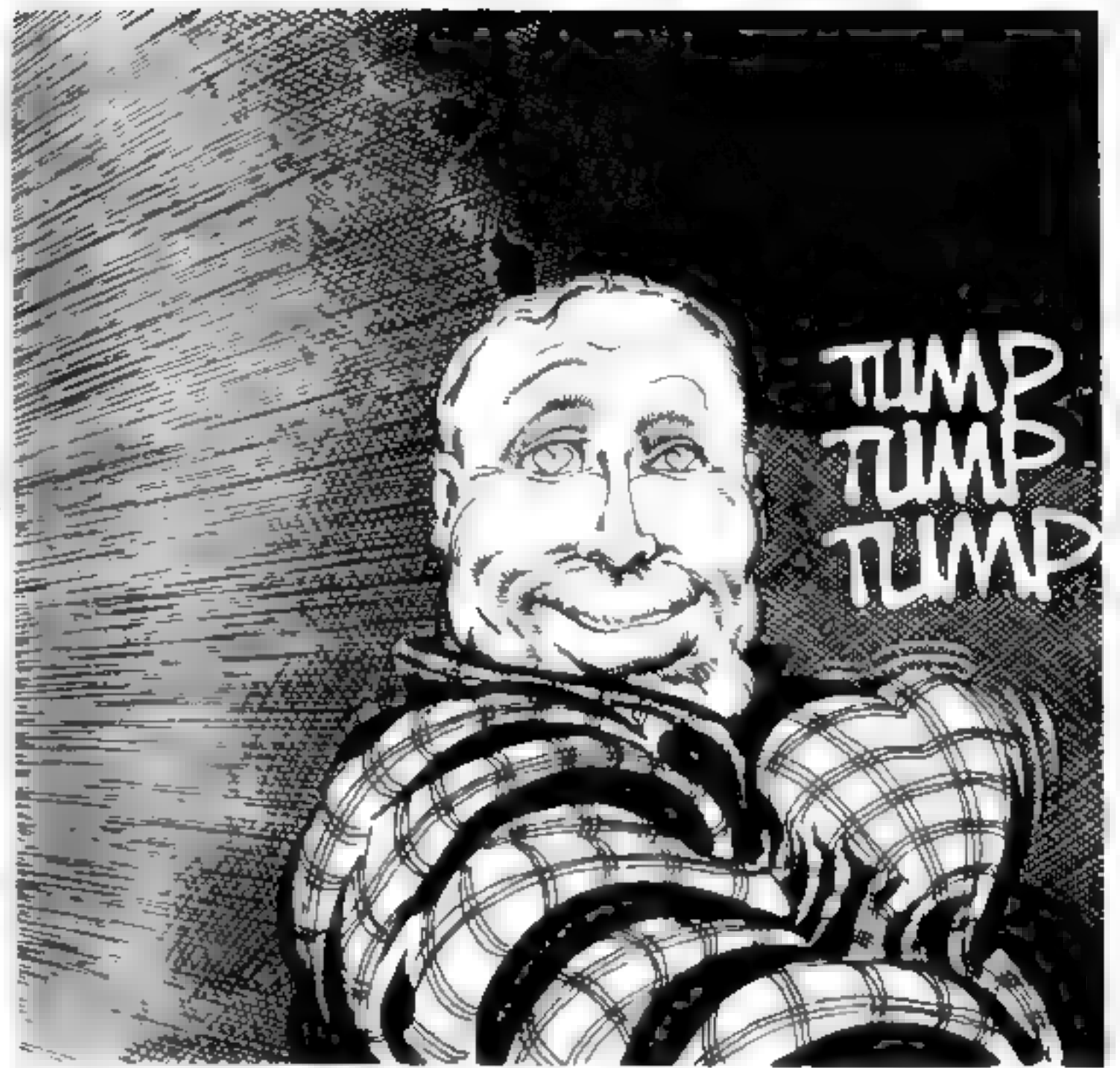


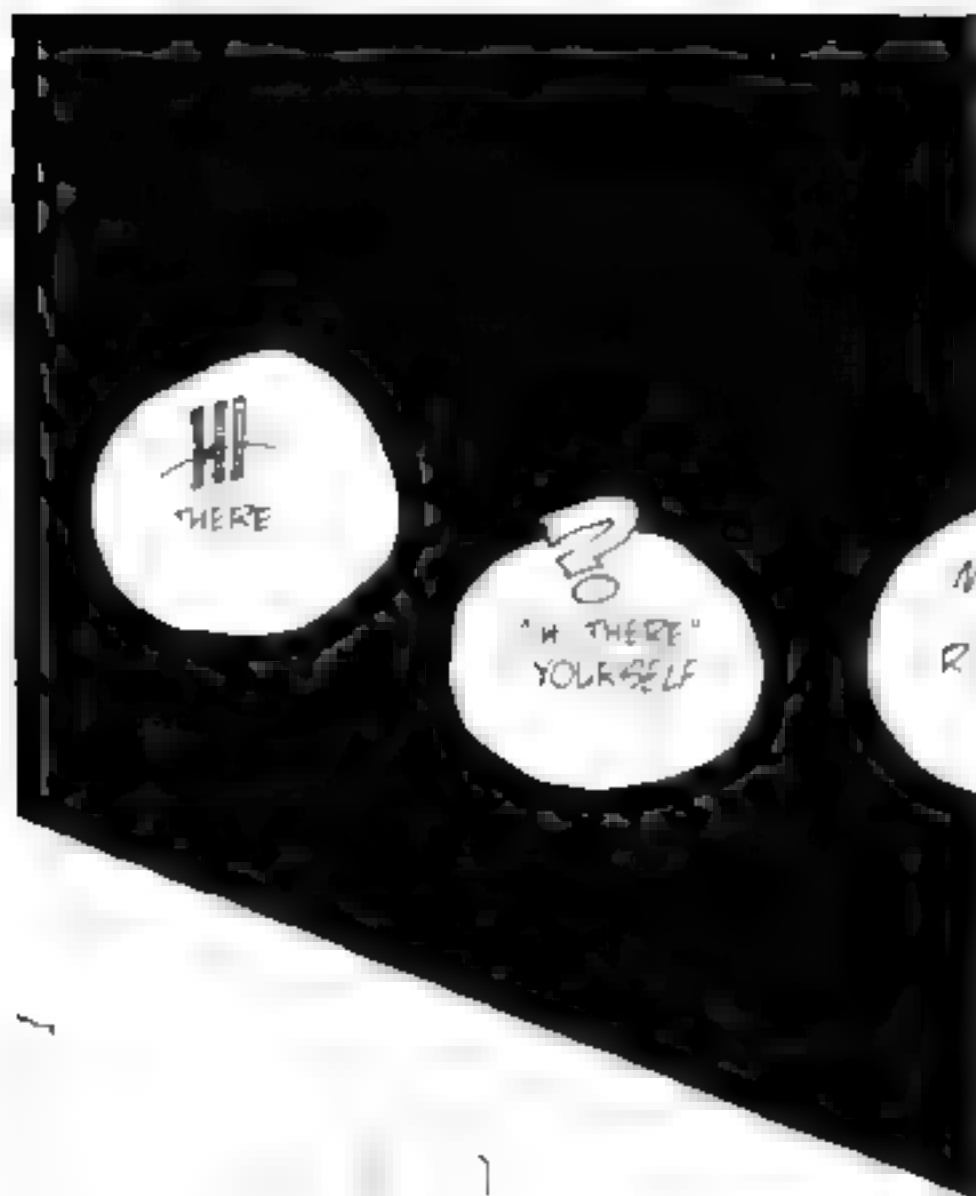
"PLEASE..."



"BAR...TENDER."









You must be new around here, Mr. Nash.

Please. Call me Rick.

All right...(trying it out) Rick.

I'm new everywhere.

(ironically) Oh, really.

Uh-huh. I'm a writer.

(imperious) I see. (patronizing) And what sorts of things do you write?

Romances, mostly.

(the little girl) Oh! I love romance. Are you going to put me into one of your stories?

I wouldn't have come over here if I weren't going to.

Well! (now that that's settled) What sort of character will I be?

Divine Radiance.

(laughing) Now, that's an odd name.

It's not a name. It's a...(pretending to be at a loss for words) (looking deeply into her eyes) It's an essence. I always start with the essence of the character (smiles) and build from there.

(coy) And what's Divine Radiance going to be like? (digging deeper) What's she going to do?

She...illuminates. (offering depth) She's the original connotation of Terim from antiquity...she's Tarim's Wisdom.

(laughing) (retreating to the shallows) That doesn't sound like much fun.

(laughing in turn) Possibly not. (maintaining the depth) But that's who she is.

(sulking) I was hoping she'd have a grand adventure.

(immediately) Oh, she's much too wise for grand adventures.

(considering it) She has little adventures. (knowingly) So she doesn't get hurt.

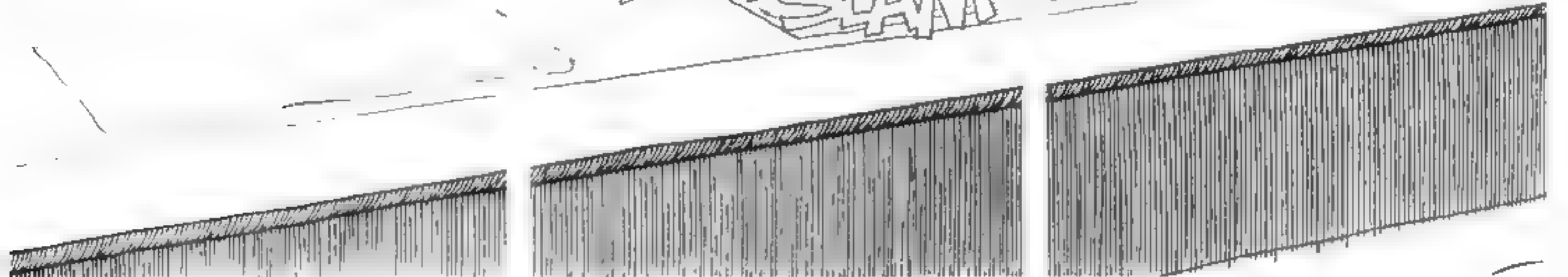
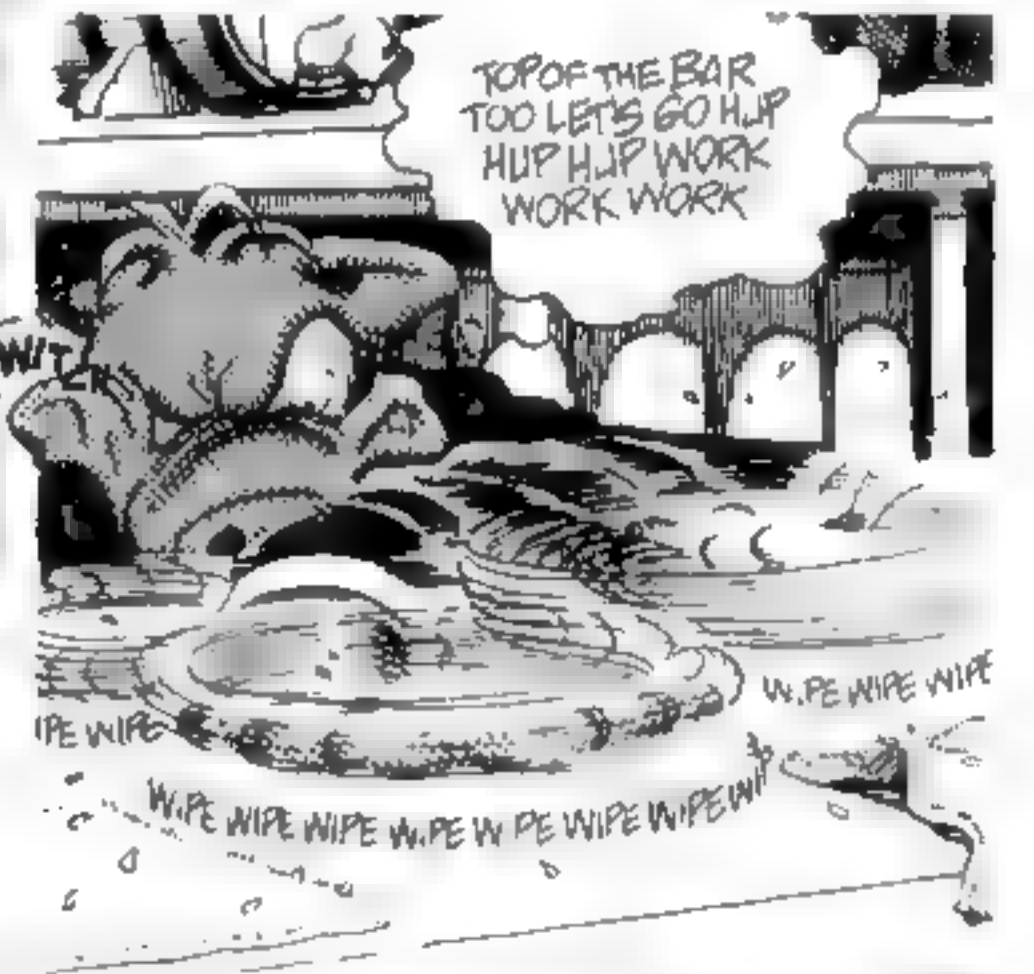
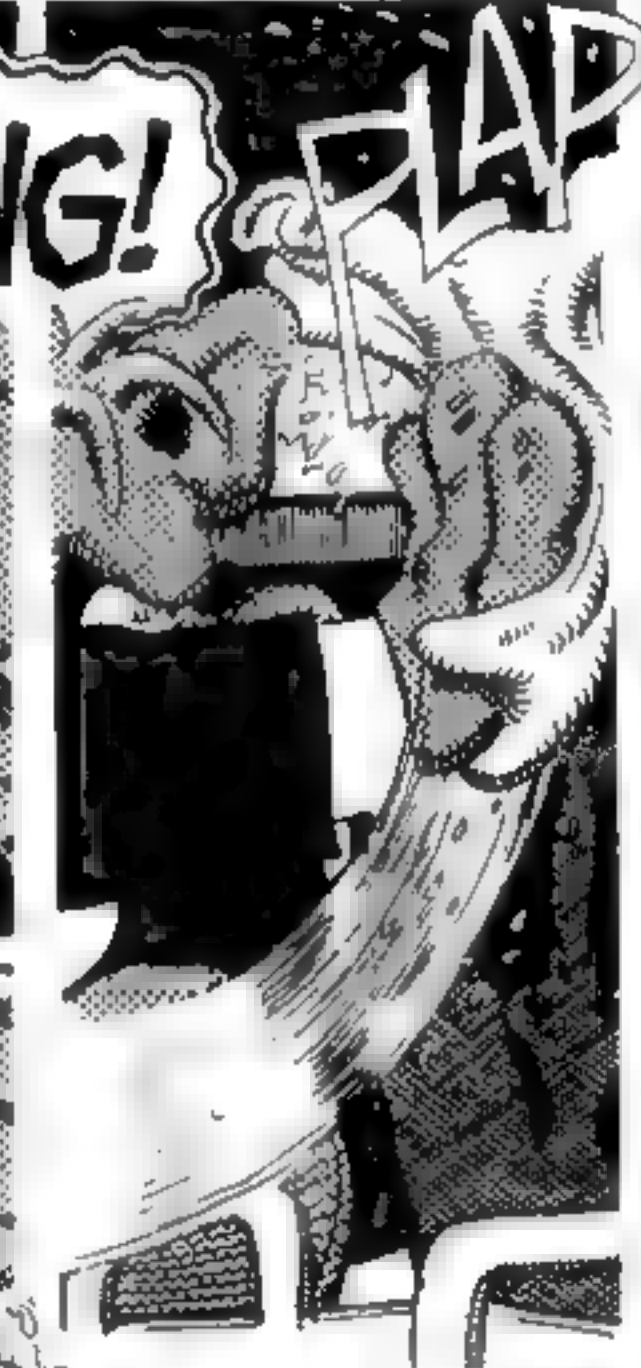
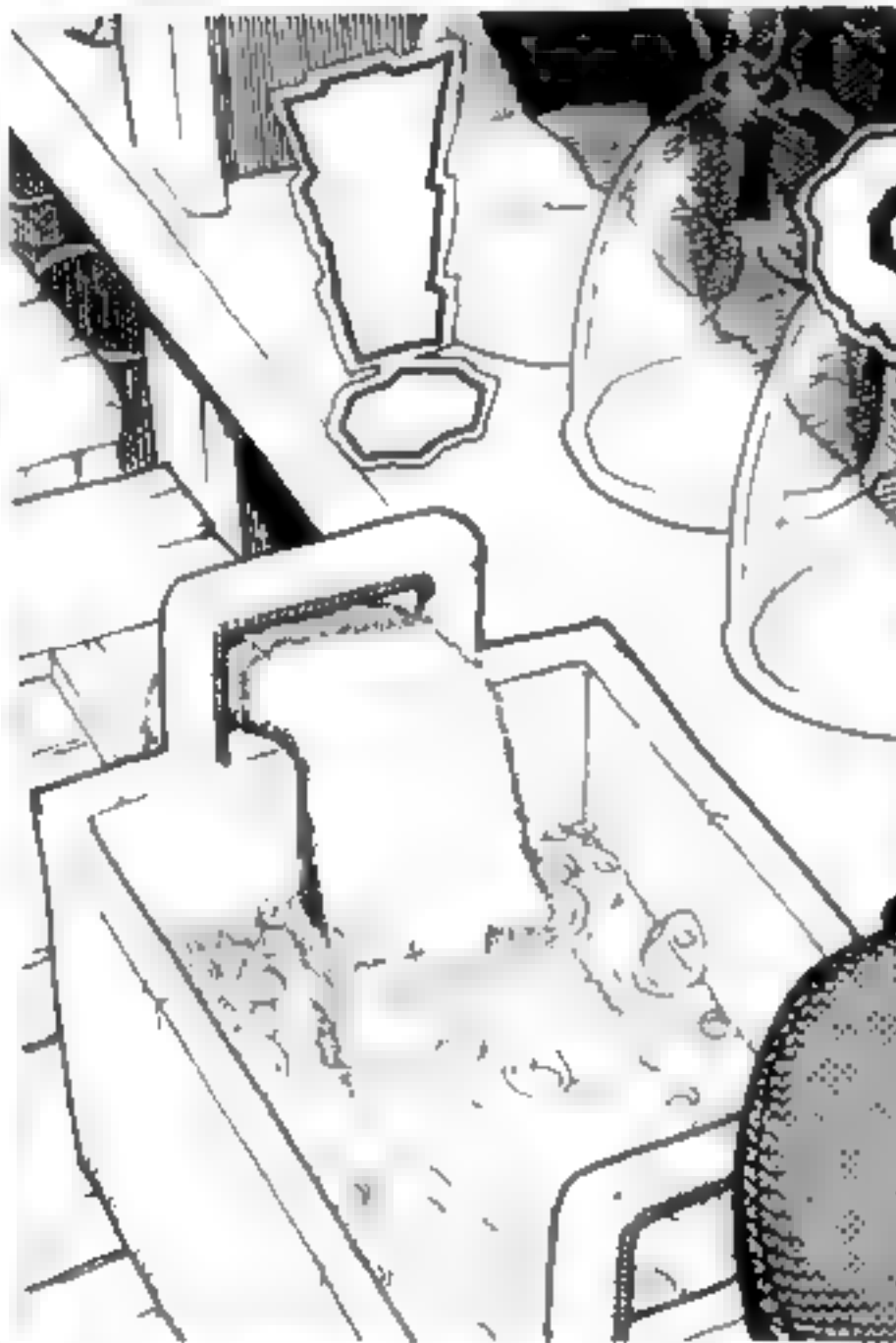
(a little too close to home) (rueful) She sounds like a big coward

(to the rescue) Actually, she's very, very brave. (conspiratorial) She's really only afraid of one thing.

(drawn in) And what's that?

Her own strength. (wink)









They're always
some kind of
been a
other.
The cat

So
Beats his
thing
laugh

New
would notice
Then how do you e.

Well, the clothing hut people
that ... (realizing what he

(pretending he's thinking
course, that doesn't explain
his trump card

(irritated) Hemlines? H-

Well, you can certainly sh
clothes, but (pretending to be
how can

You could just .

(staring into his glass and keeping his
neutral) See, I think (pretending to wrestle
idea)...I think the Mothers have changed their

(pre-empting her objection) about some thing
Clothes being one of them. (sips from his glass as if
he has exhausted the subject,
allowing her time to mull it over)

(hook, line, and sinker) Well, I think you're wrong. (by
rote) The reason the Mothers took over from the old
patriarchal system is that they were wiser and they had
fewer rules, better rules, and unchanging rules

(pretending to consider her words, nodding slowly)
Mmm. (frowning his brow and smiling at her)
You're probably right. Still...(pretending to be
confounded by a great mystery)...those hemlines.

(confounded by the great mystery) (thinking the
unthinkable) You really think they changed their minds?

(offhandedly to maximize the impact) Oh, I think
they do it all the time. What they don't do (wink) is
admit they were wrong.

(severely disoriented by the impact)

(smiling, playful, but closing in for the
mother ever admitted

(pre-empt)

(seeking
seem to

THERE
HAS TO BE
A WAY
TO

pants, sweaters,

CEREBUS CAN'T
CUT HIM OFF
HE ISN'T DRUNK

AYE AYE AYE

THAT NO PICK
SWEARING
FIRED
FIRST HE GETS
JAKA--AND
NOW HE GETS

SHUT UP
HE HASN'T
GOT HER
YET.

YES NO HE

YES NO HE

HE HASN'T

SHUT.
UP!

CEREBUS
HAS TO CALM
DOWN. BREATHE!

MUCH
BETTER

PRETTY
CLEVER OF HIM
TO GET CEREBUS TO
POUR HIS DRINKS

MAKES IT
LOOK AS IF
HE'S IN CHARGE

AYE. AYE. AYE

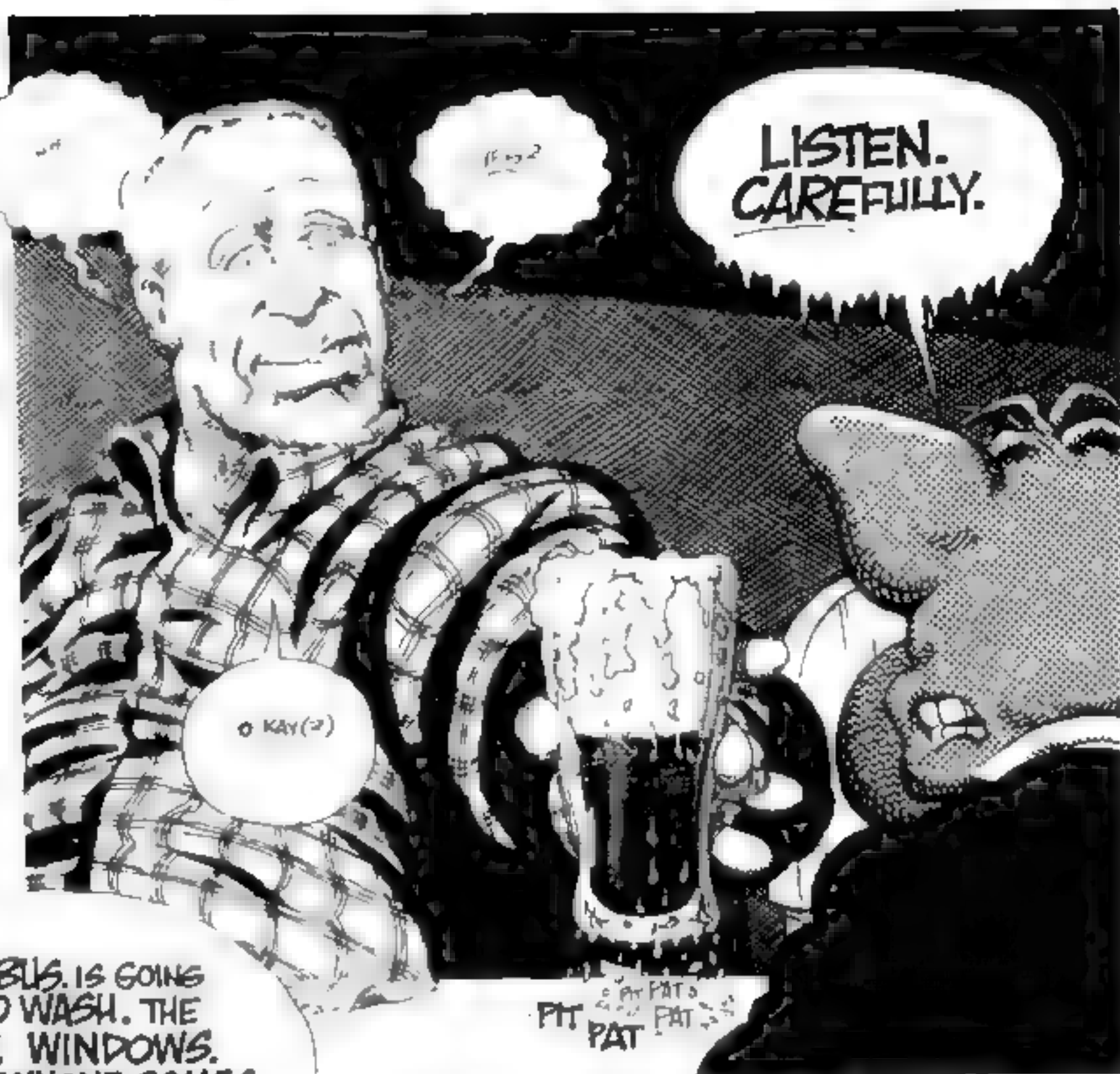
CEREBUS
HAS TO GET
CONTROL
OF HIS TAVERN
BACK

AYE!
AYE!
AYE!

BUT
HOW?

CUT
HIM
OFF!





CEREBUS. IS GOING OUT. TO WASH. THE FRONT. WINDOWS. SO! IF ANYONE COMES IN...

BE SURE AND TELL THEM WHERE. CEREBUS. IS.

BUT

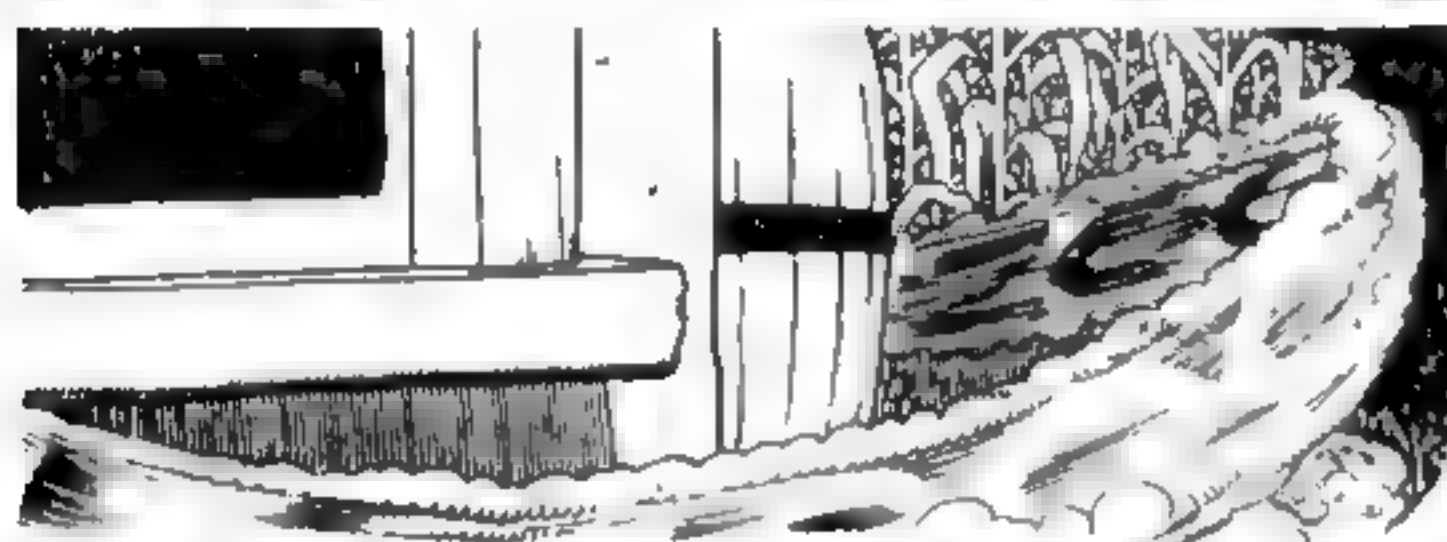
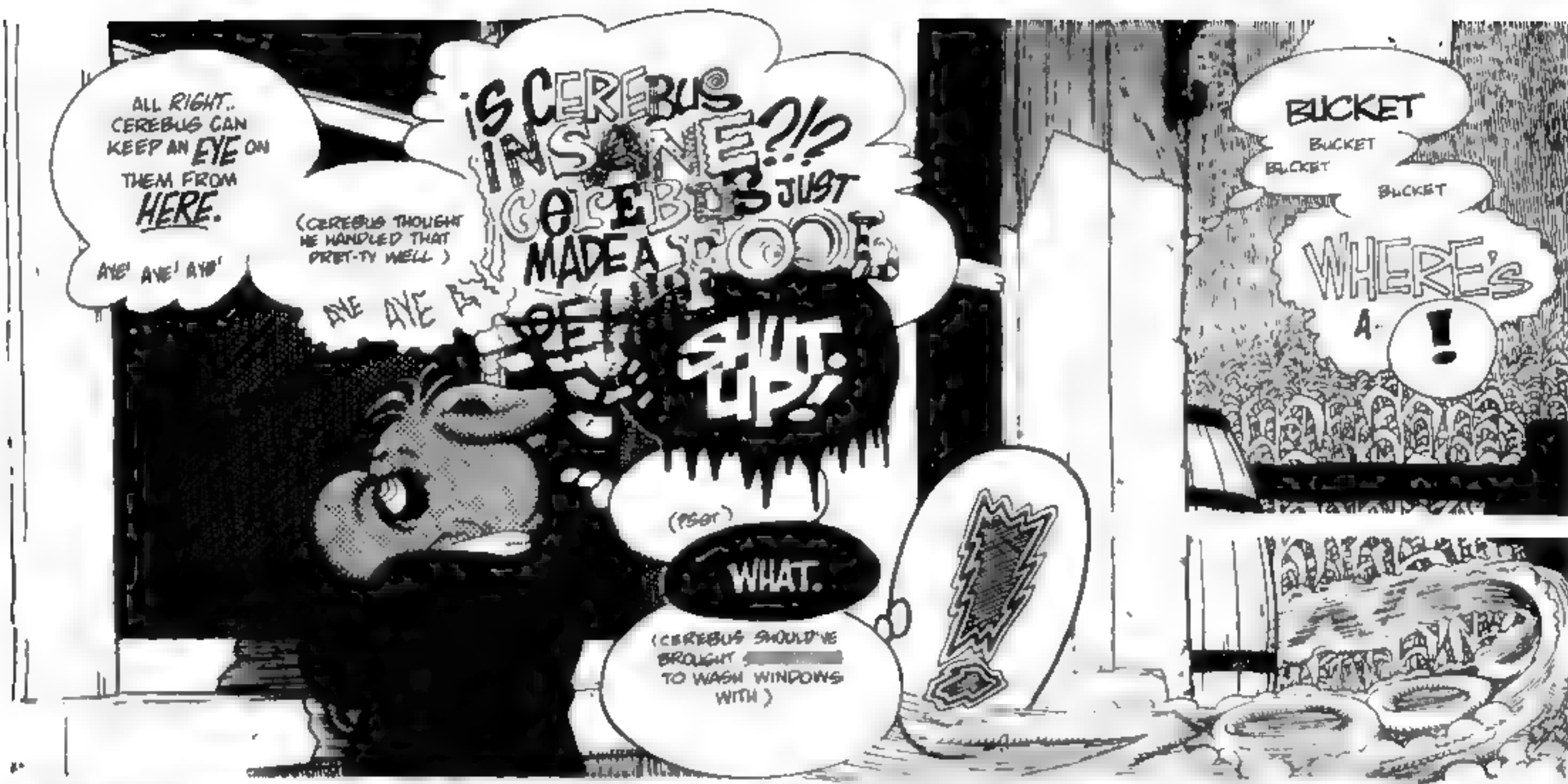
? BUT

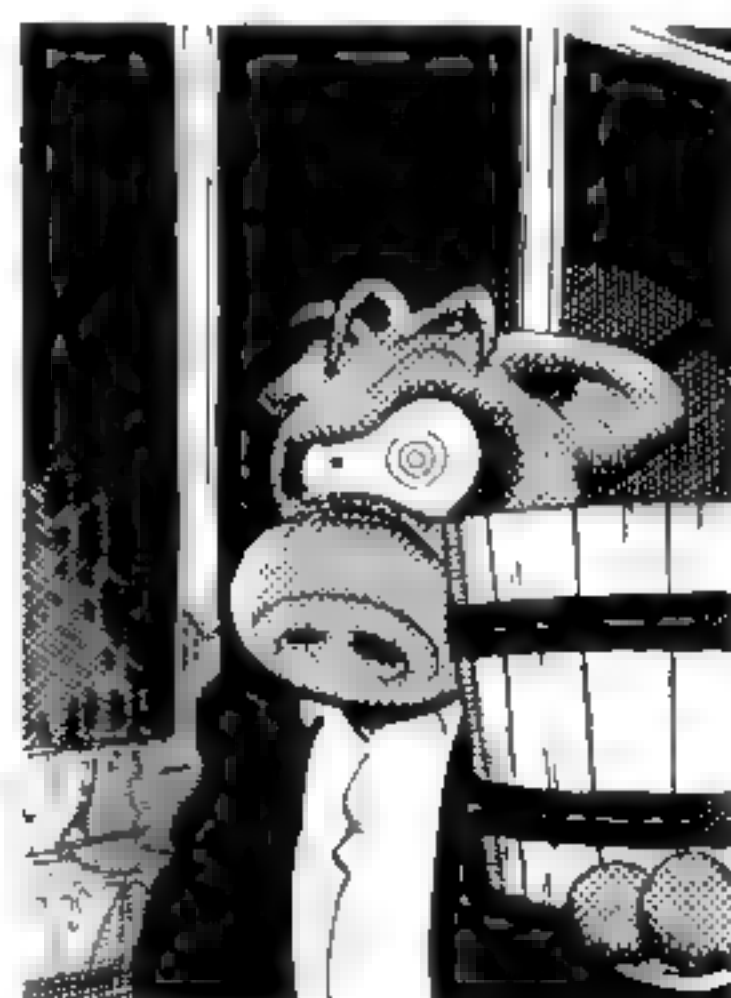
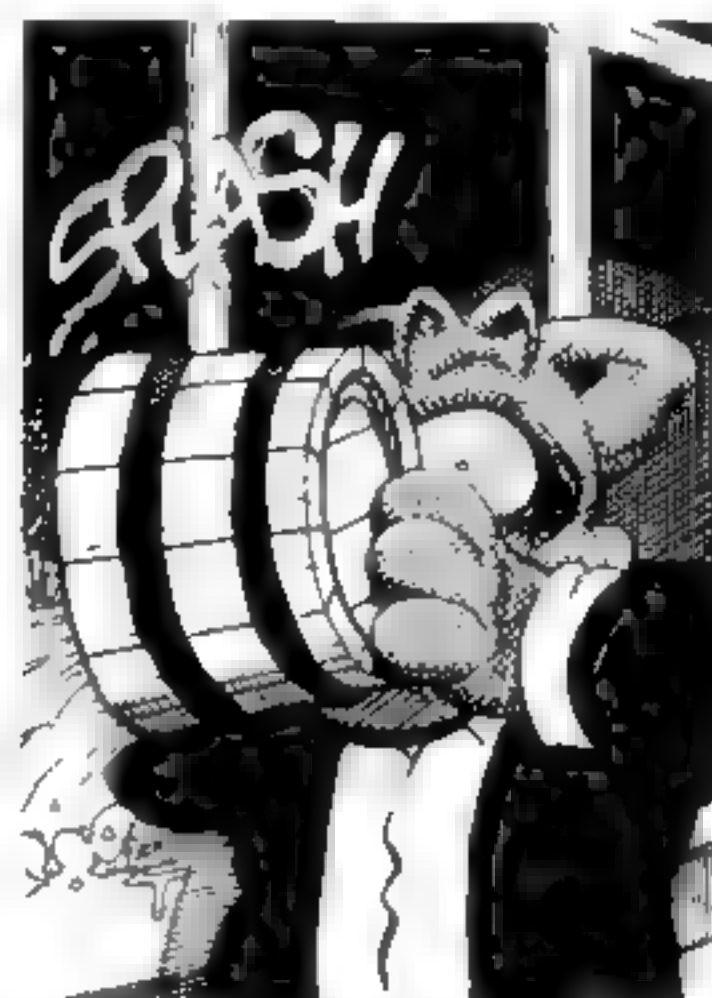
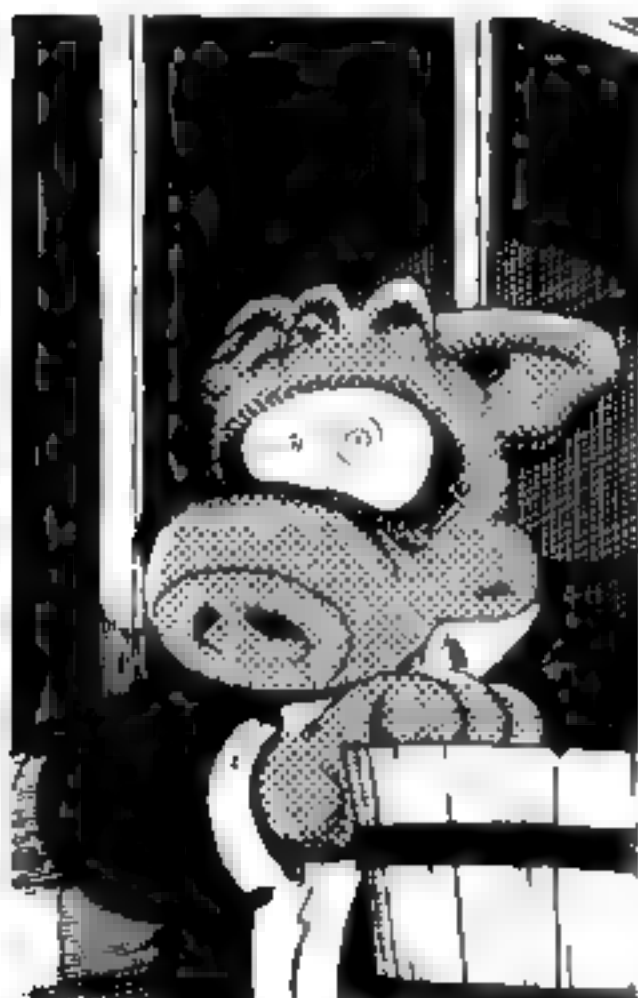
SKRCH SKRCH

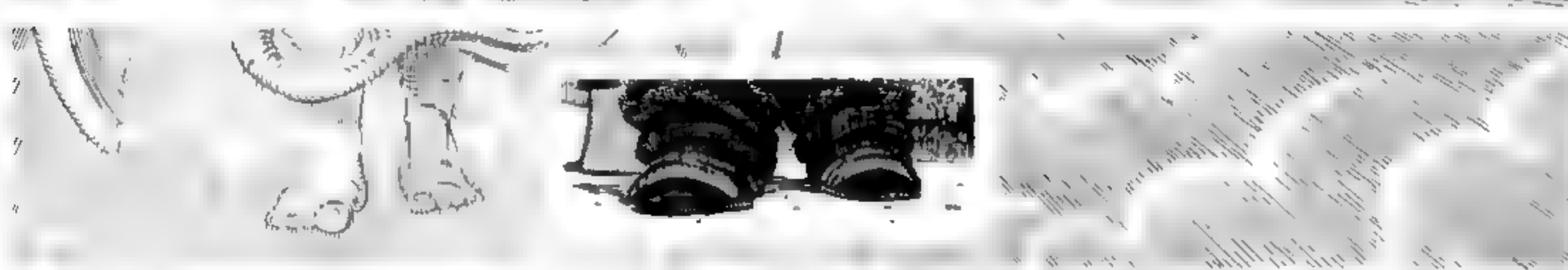
IF YOU'RE WASHING THE FRONT WINDOWS THEY'LL SEE YOU ON THE WAY IN...

WON'T THEY?





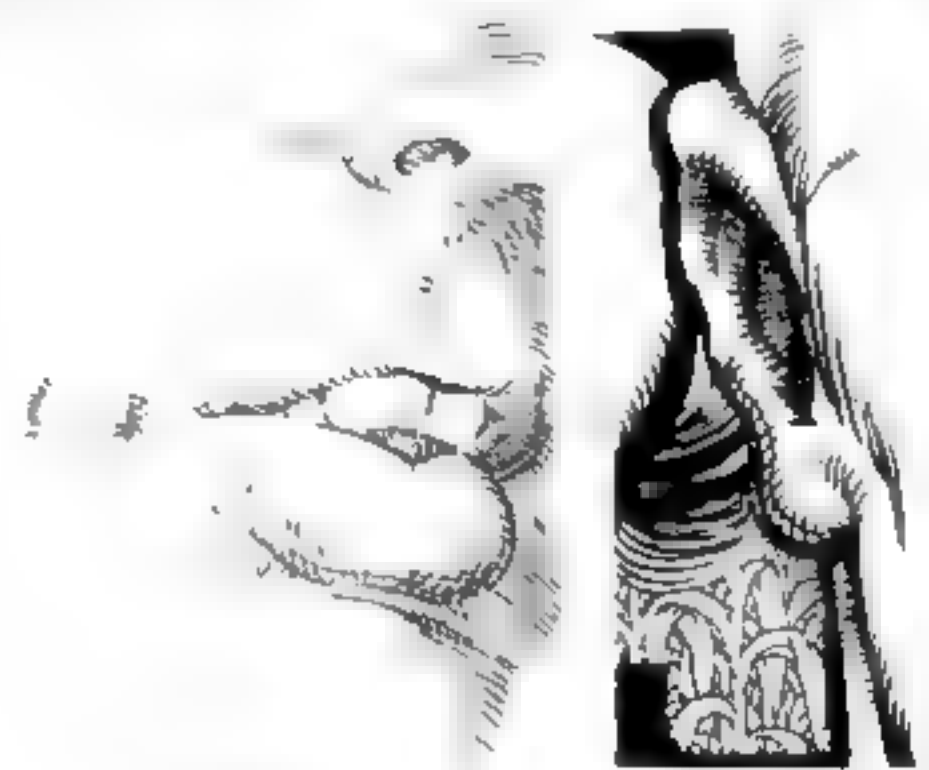




YOU SMELL REALLY
BAD. IF YOU'LL TAKE
A BATH - USING LOTS
OF SOAP - AND GET SOME
CLEAN CLOTHES FOR
TONIGHT, I'LL MEET YOU
BY THE FENCE AT THE
BACK OF THE FIELD...

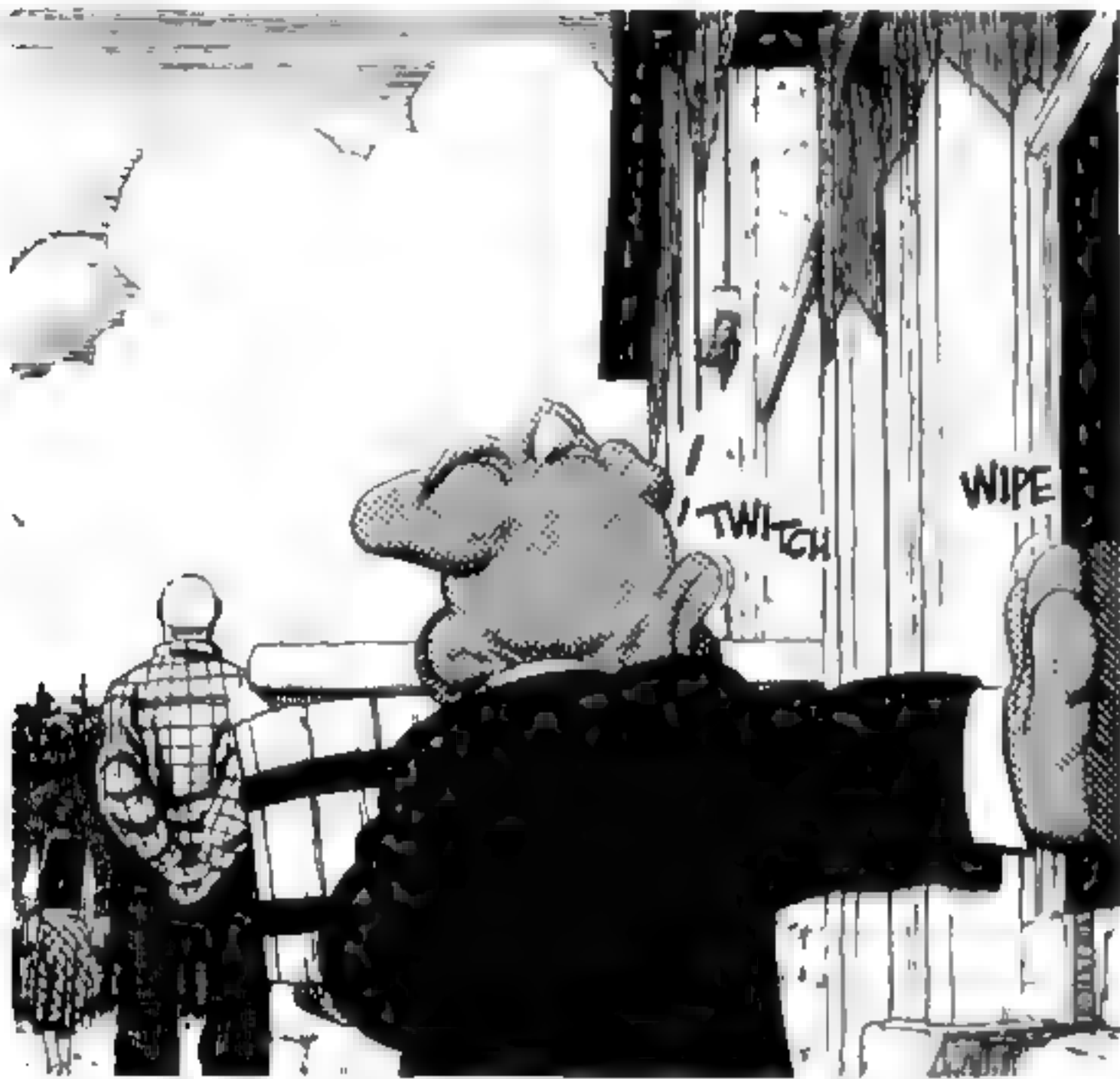
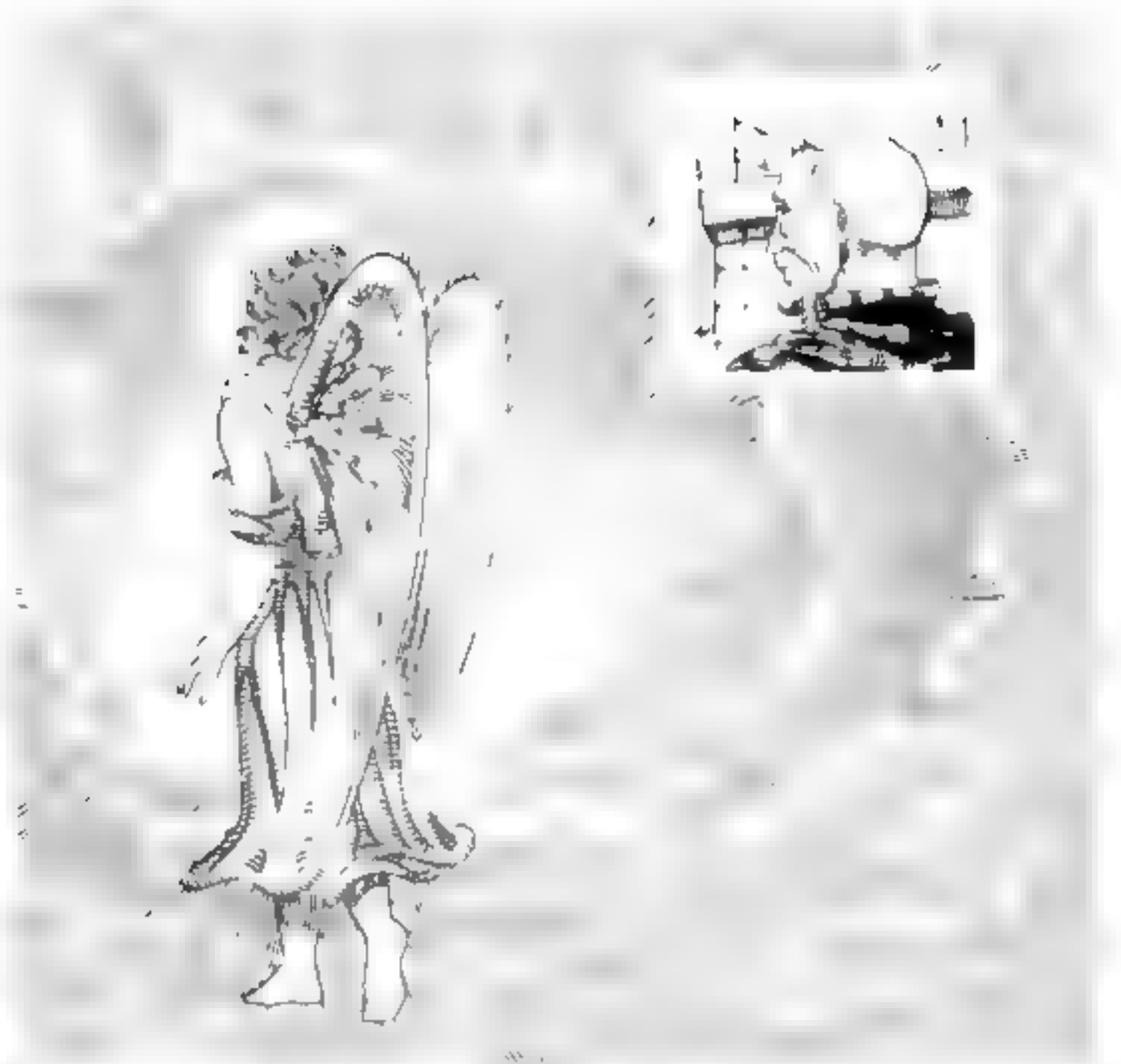
BECAUSE I
REALLY
LIKE YOU

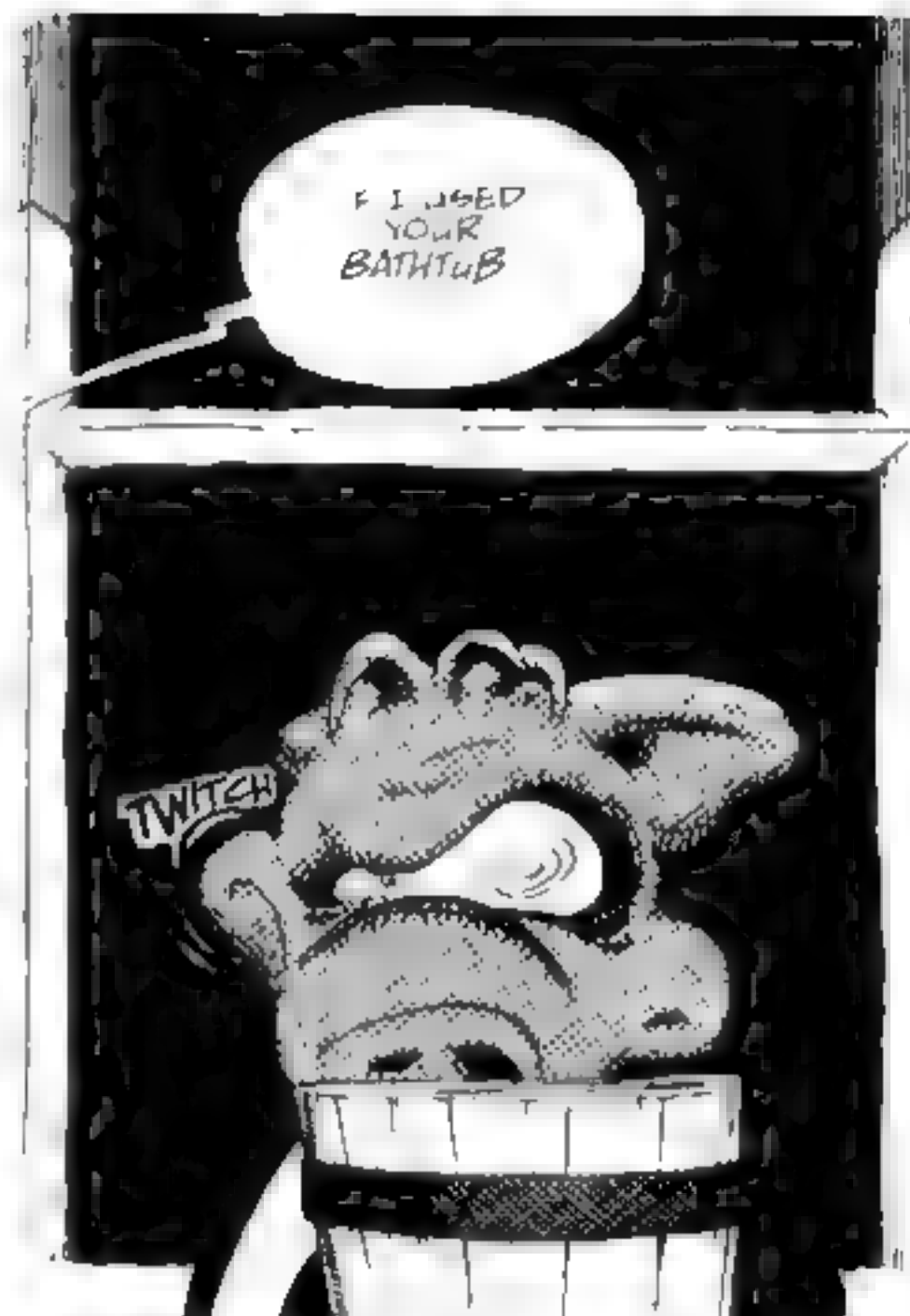
OKAY?

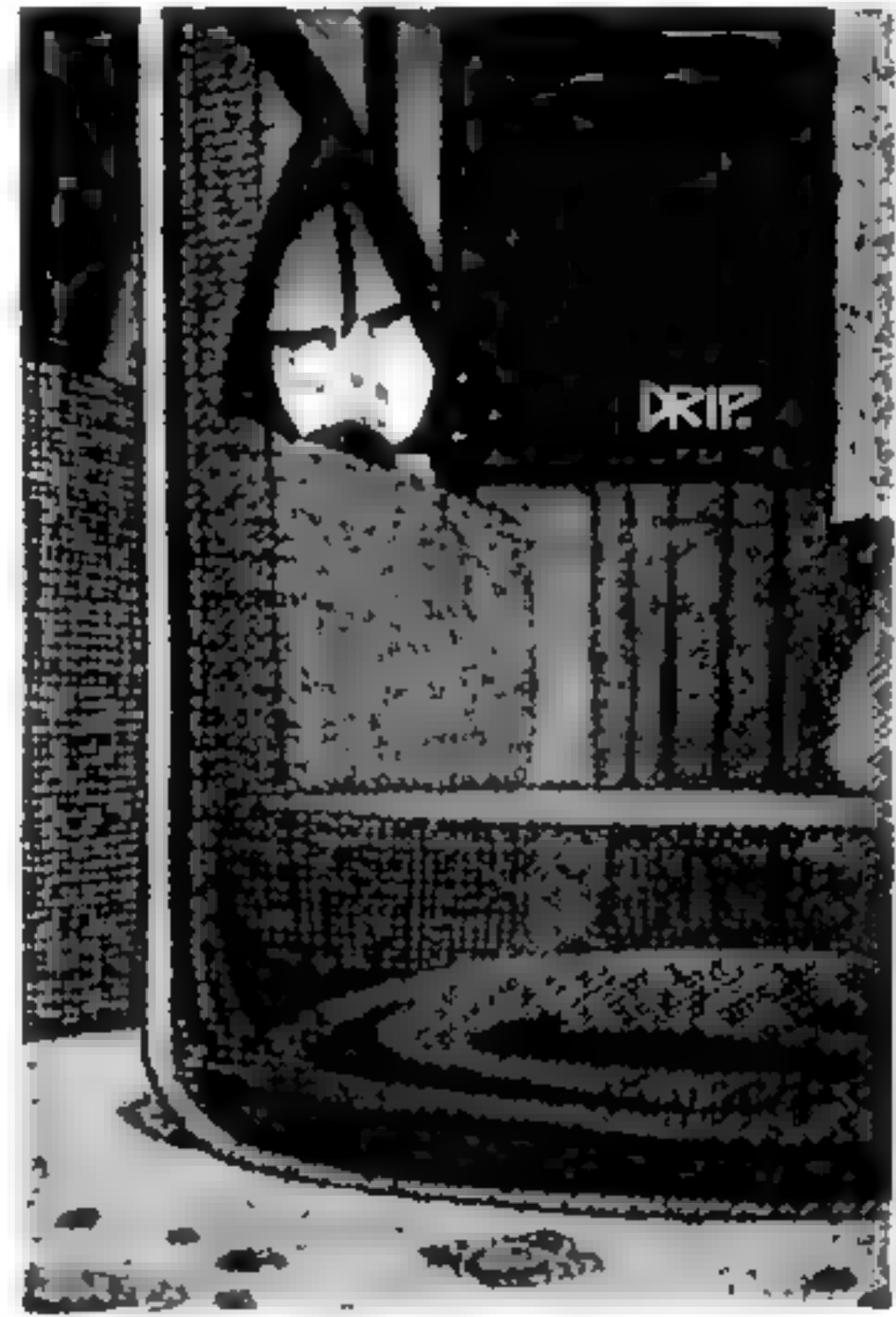
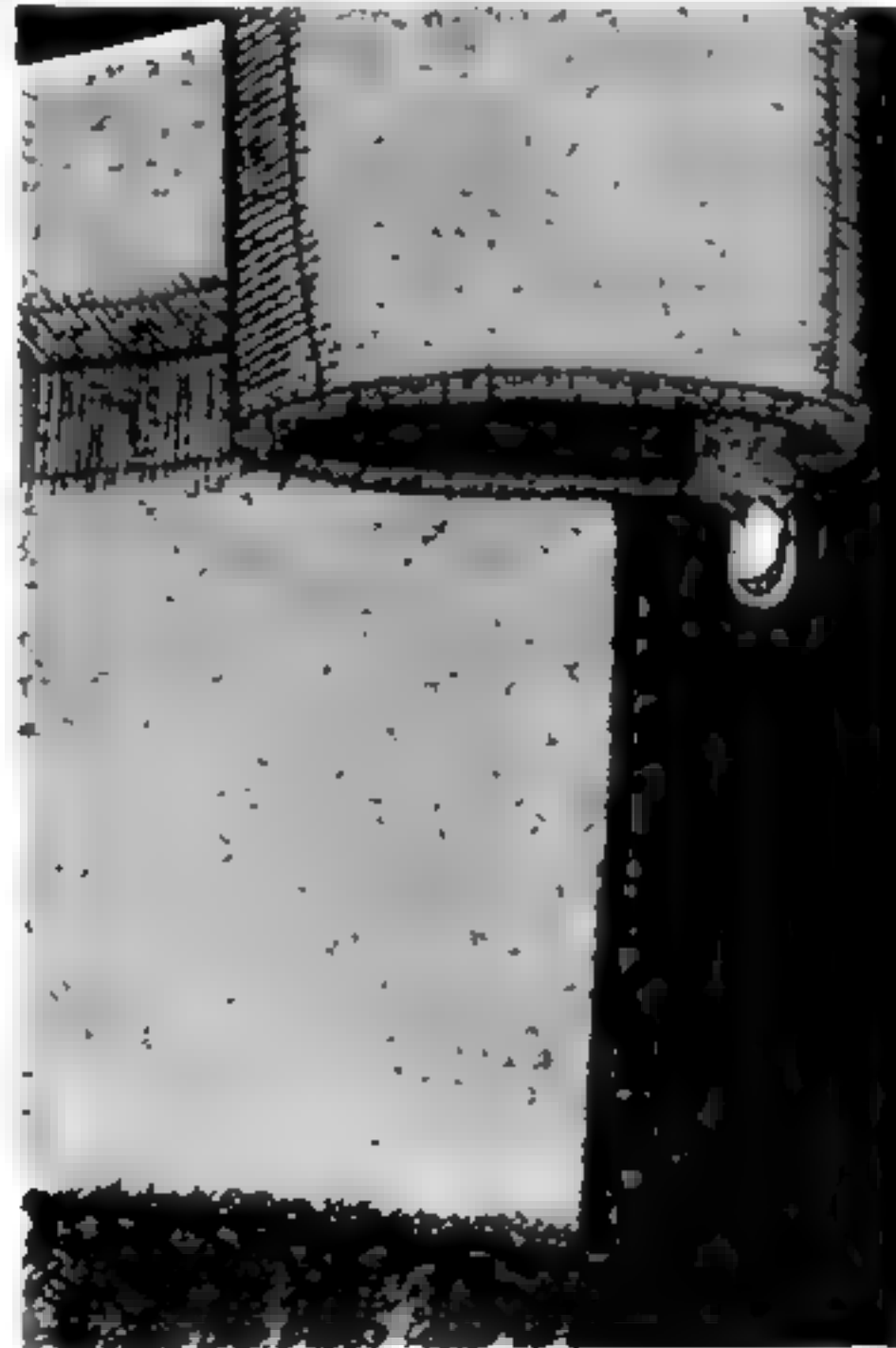
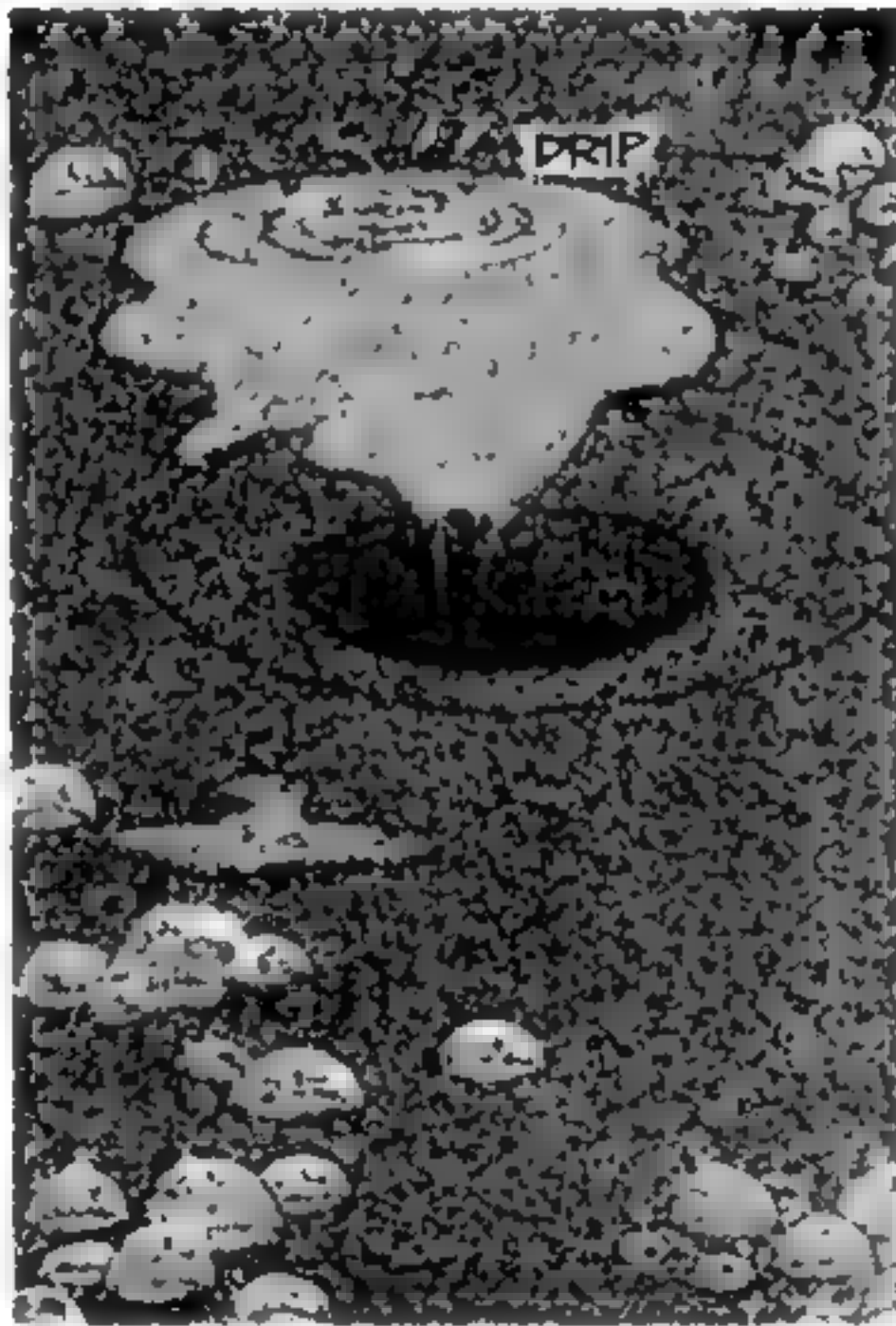
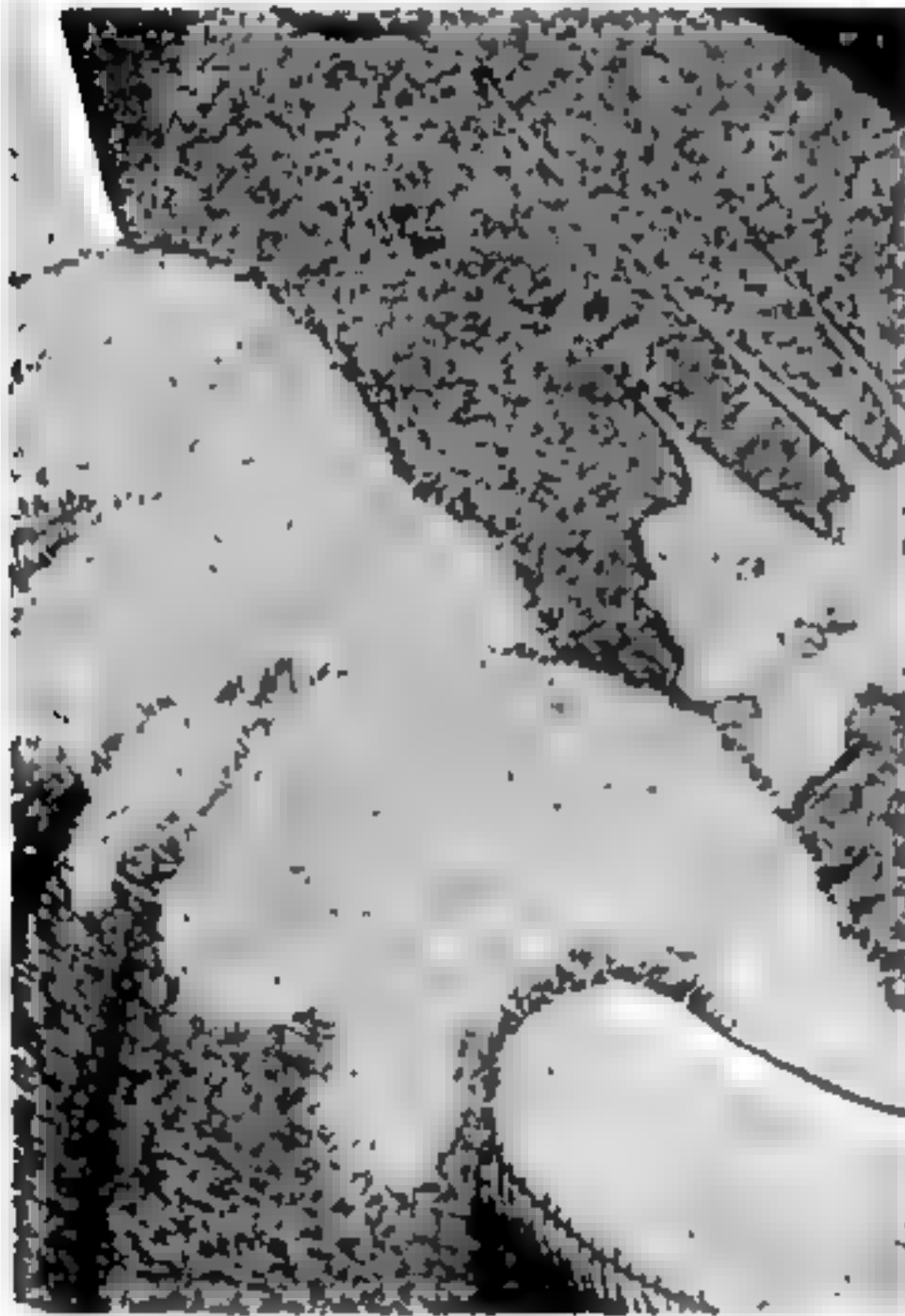
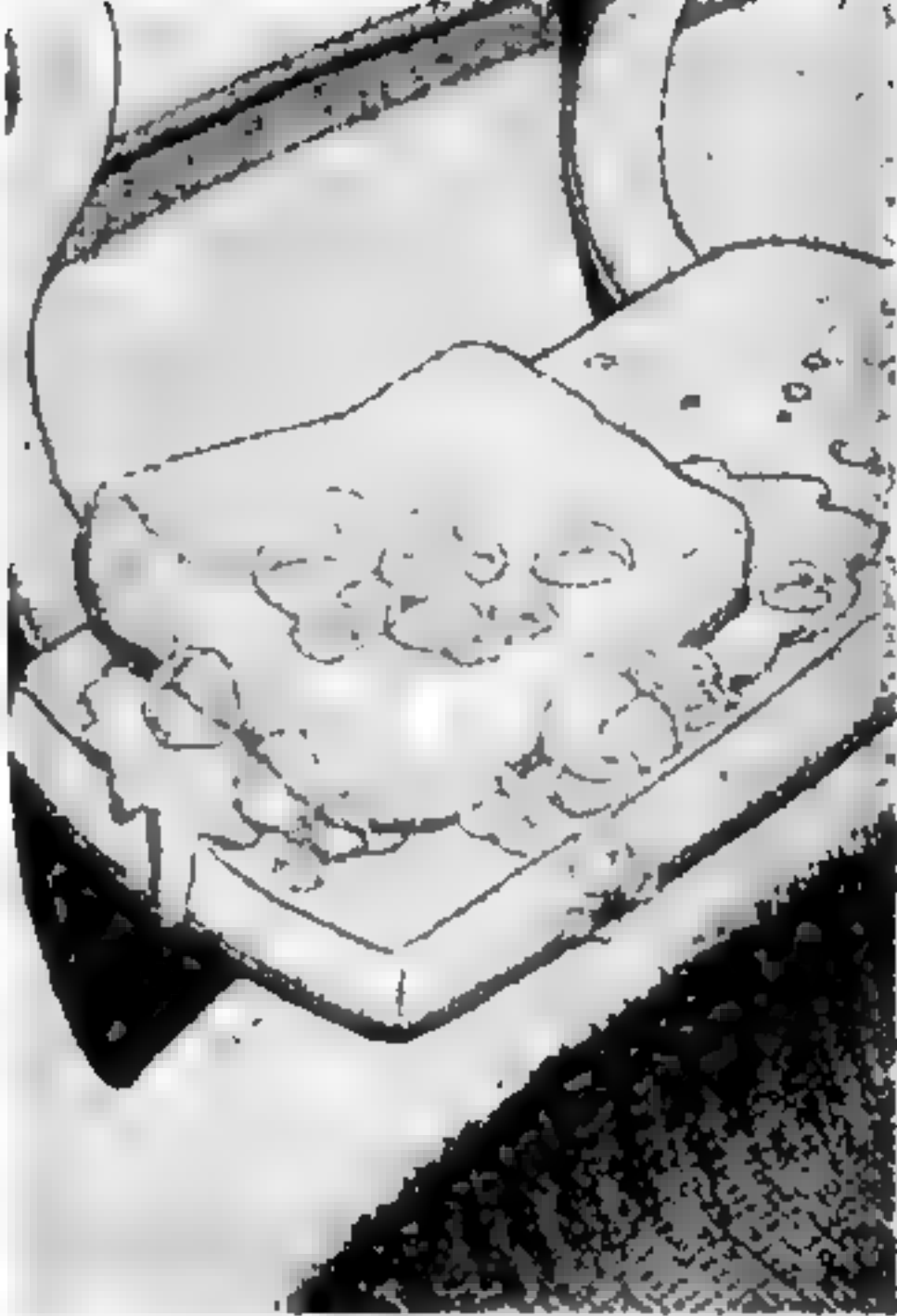


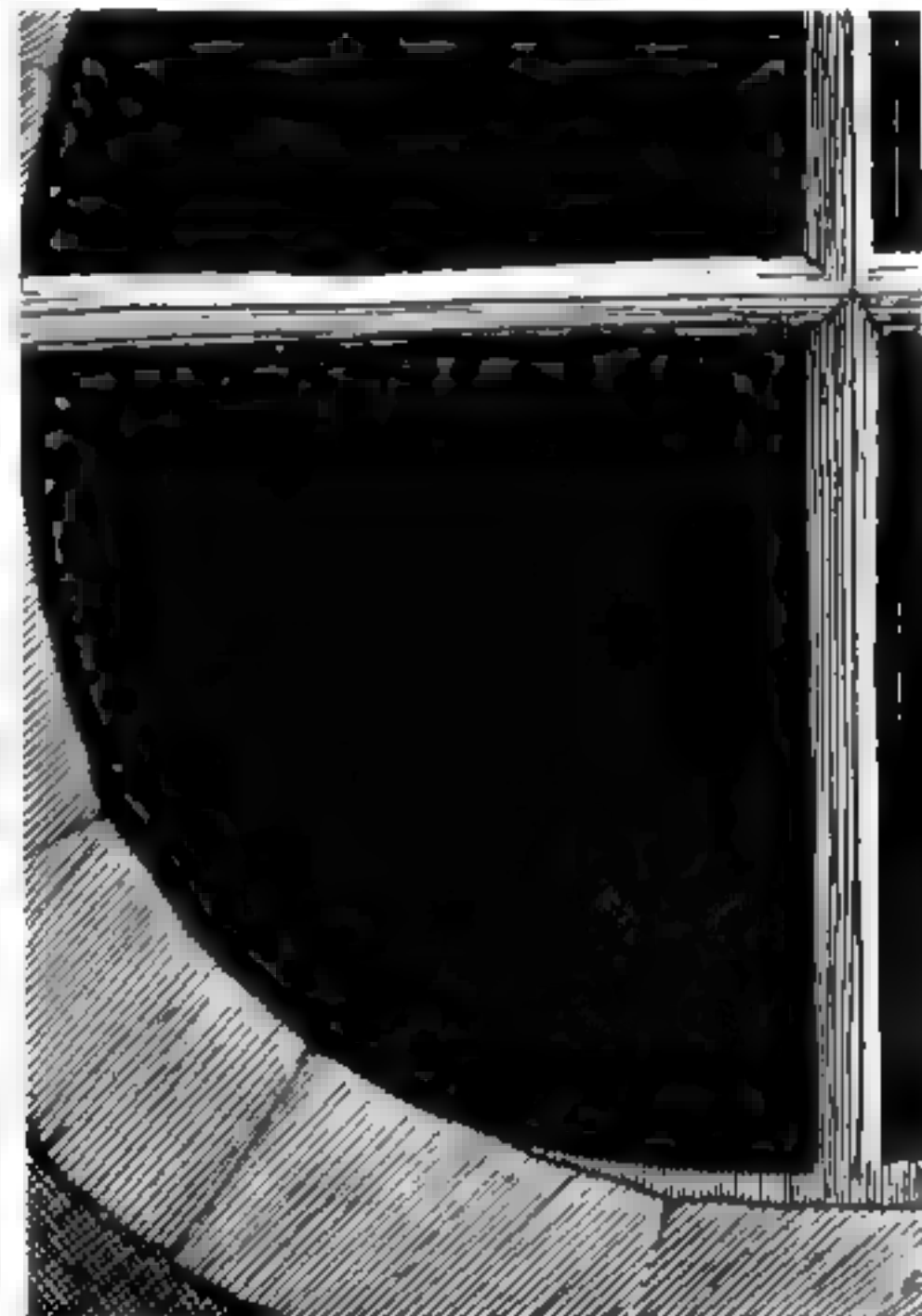
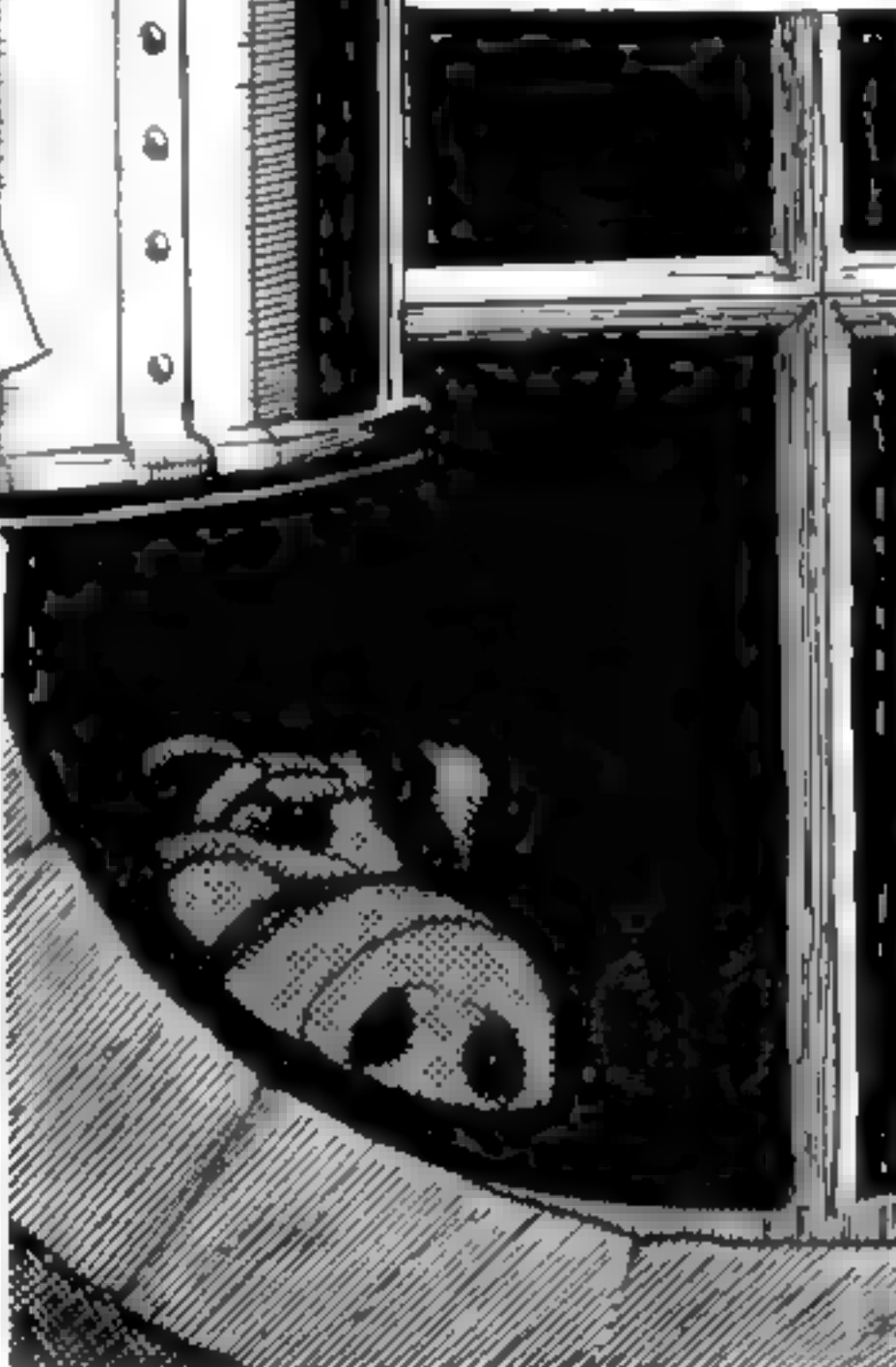
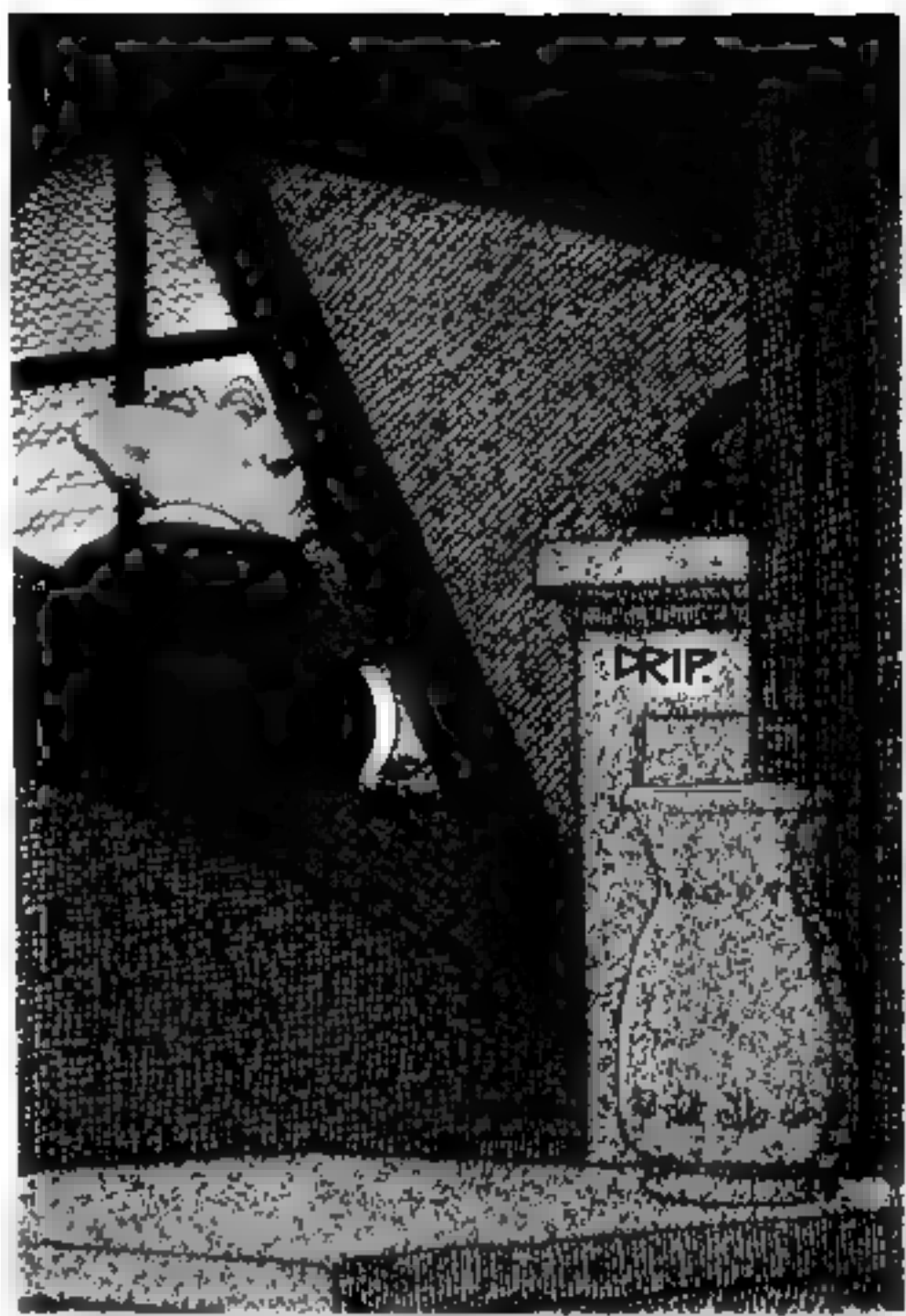
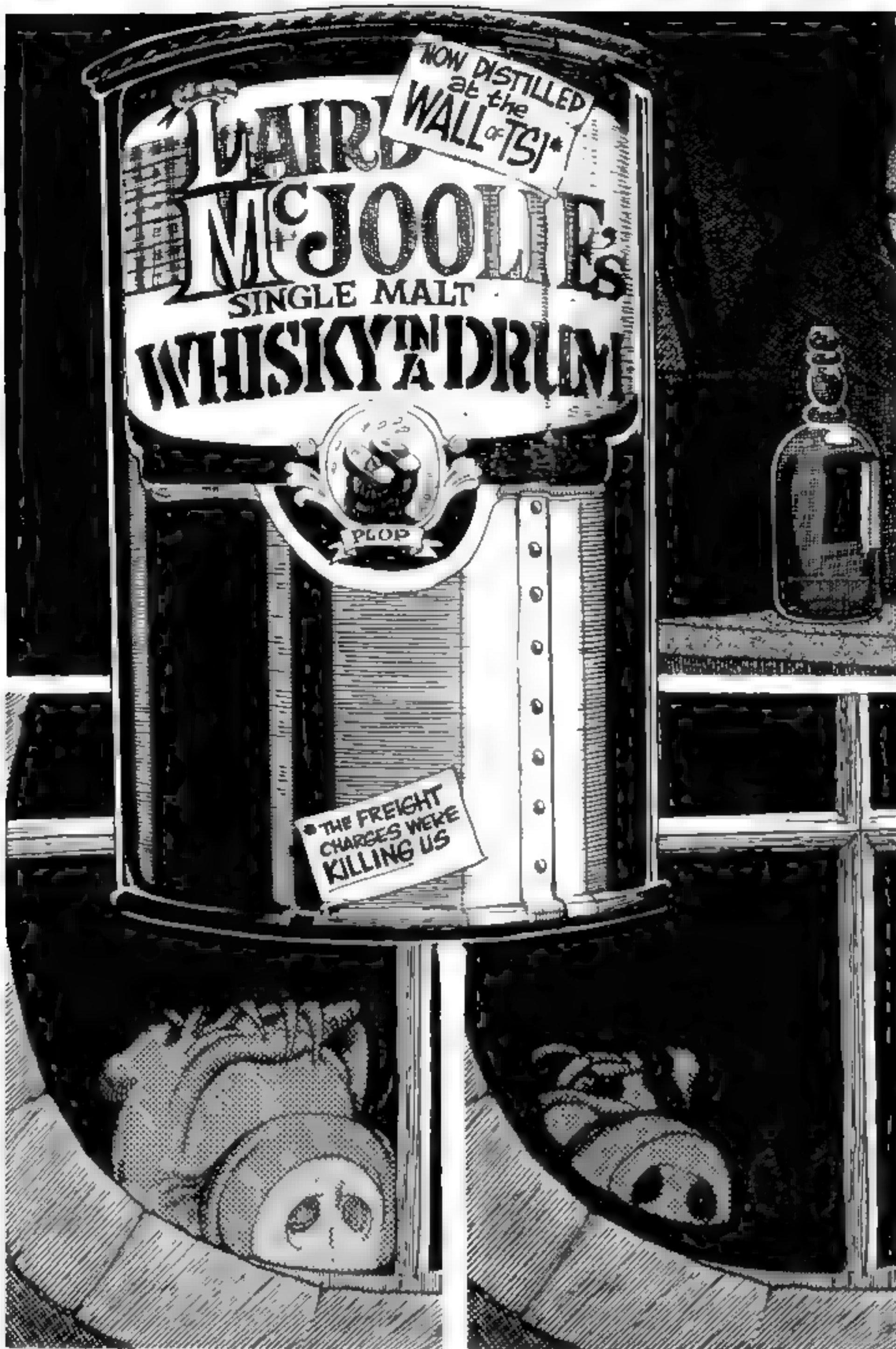
O-O-KAY.

I...uh...
I MEAN











CEREBUS WILL GET HER BACK

WHAT?!

WAIT! LET CEREBUS FINISH CEREBUS WILL GET HER BACK TO PUNISH GIRLY-BOY AND THEN CEREBUS WILL DUMP HER AGAIN TO PUNISH HER!

THAT'S CRAZY!!

WAIT! LET CEREBUS FINISH CEREBUS WILL GET HER BACK TO PUNISH GIRLY-BOY!!

WHAT?!

SHE'S JUST TRYING TO MAKE CEREBUS JEALOUS

(IT SEEMS TO BE WORKING)

(SHUDDUP.)

OTHERWISE WHY WOULD SHE PREFER GIRLY-BOY TO CEREBUS?

GOOD POINT

GOOD POINT

GOOD POINT

SO? HOW DOES CEREBUS GET CRAZY JOANNE TO COME BACK?

CEREBUS HAS TO DO SOMETHING CRAZY...

AYE! AYE! AYE!

(LIKE WHAT?) CEREBUS COULD ASK HER TO MARRY HIM...

NAY CEREBUS ALREADY TOLD HER SHE COULD MAKE CURTAINS FOR HIS TAVERN AND ALL IT DID WAS MAKE HER MAD.

(AYE THAT'S TRUE SHE

?)

WHY DID IT MAKE HER MAD?

BECAUSE SHE'S CRAZY THAT'S WHY

AYE! AYE! AYE!

HOW SO?

"HOW SO?!"

(HM "HOW SO?")

(SEE? IT COULD WORK) AYE AYE AYE

BUT HOW WILL CEREBUS GET HER BACK?

(CEREBUS WILL...)

(WILL WHAT?)

CEREBUS WILL LET HER MAKE CURTAINS FOR HIS TAVERN

WHOA! NOT THAT CRAZY!!

OKAY FORGET CRAZY WHEN THEY COME IN CEREBUS WILL CHALLENGE GIRLY-BOY TO A GAME OF FIVE BAR GATE

(AYE?)

AYE! AND WHEN CRAZY JOANNE SEES THAT GIRLY-BOY CAN'T EVEN HIT THE NET AND THAT CEREBUS CAN STOP ANY OF GIRLY-BOY'S SHOTS THAT DO HIT THE

THAT WON'T WORK

CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW WHY THAT WON'T WORK, BUT

THAT WON'T WORK

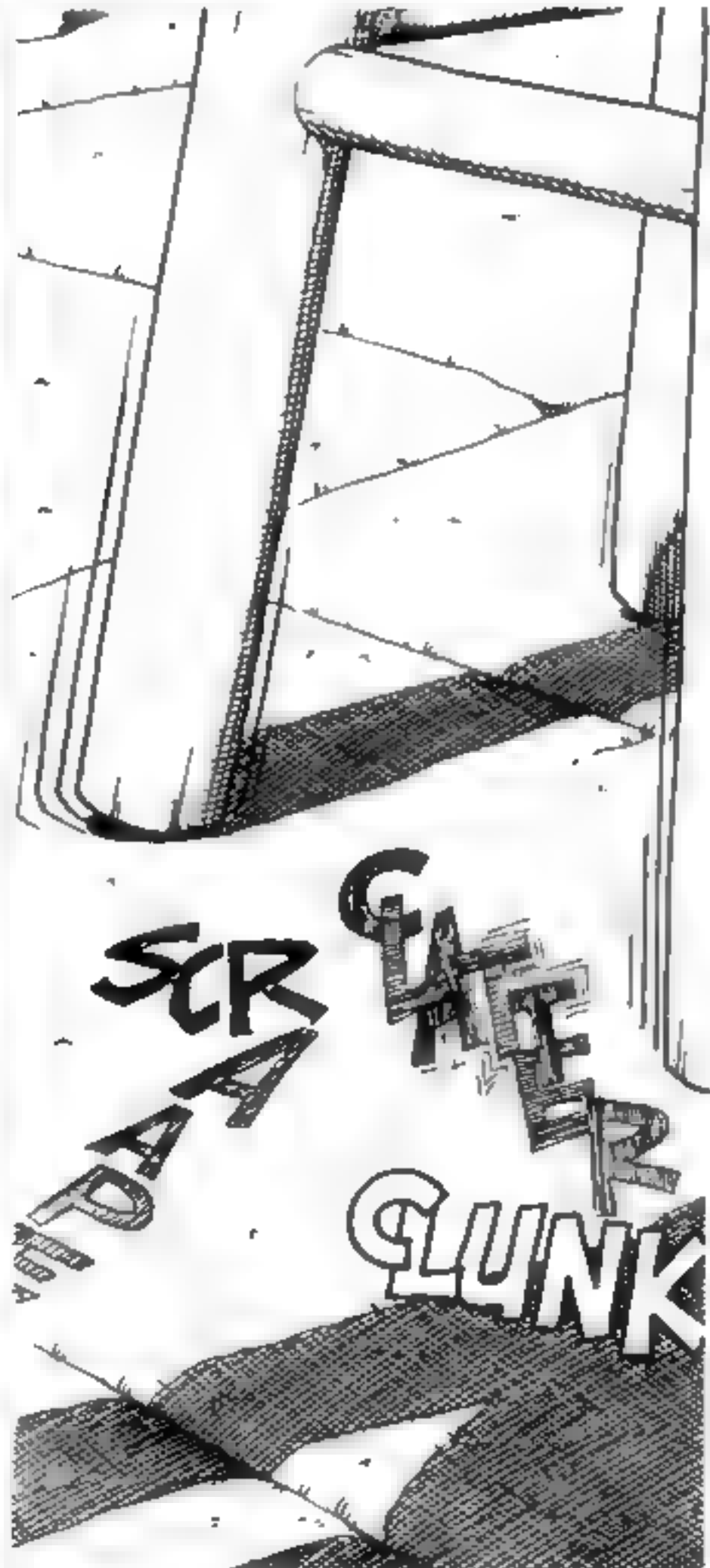
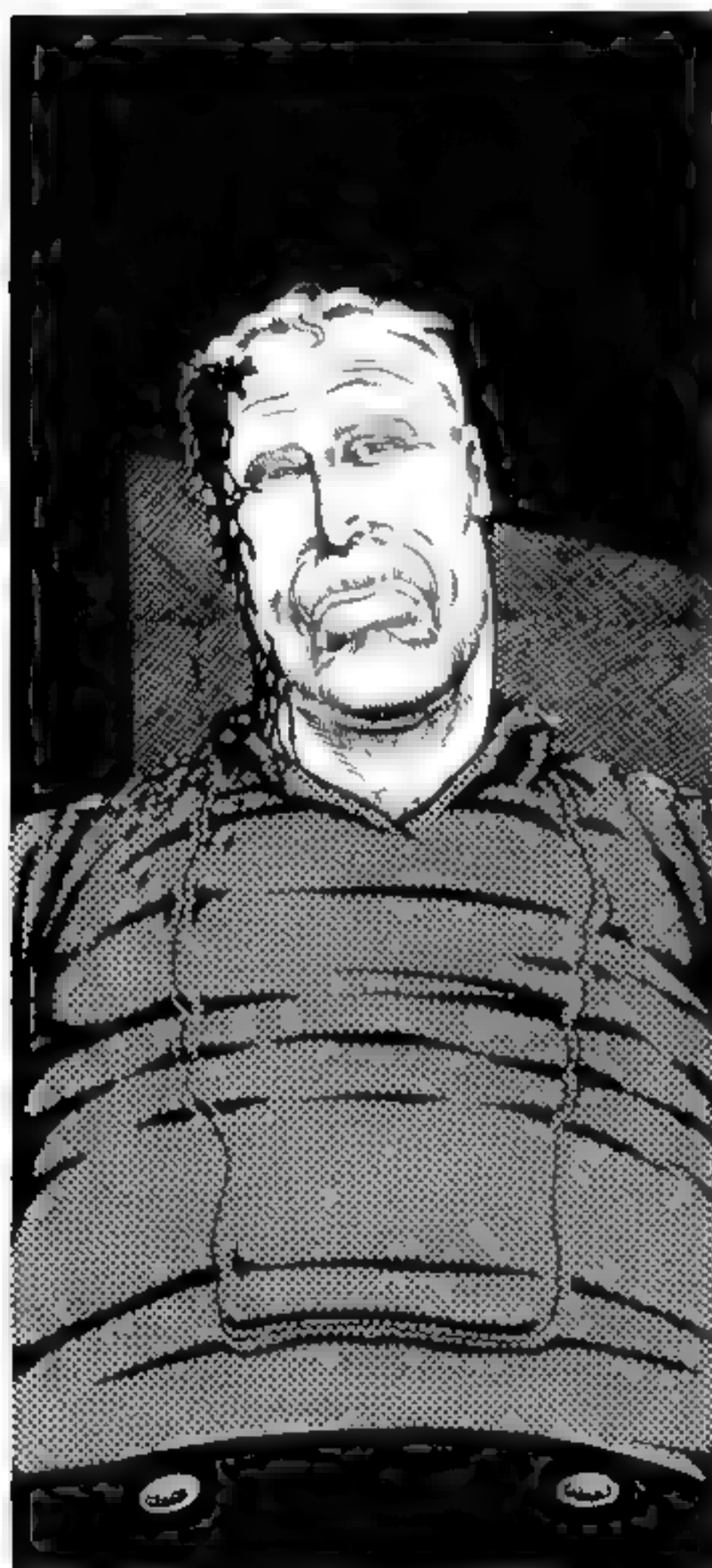
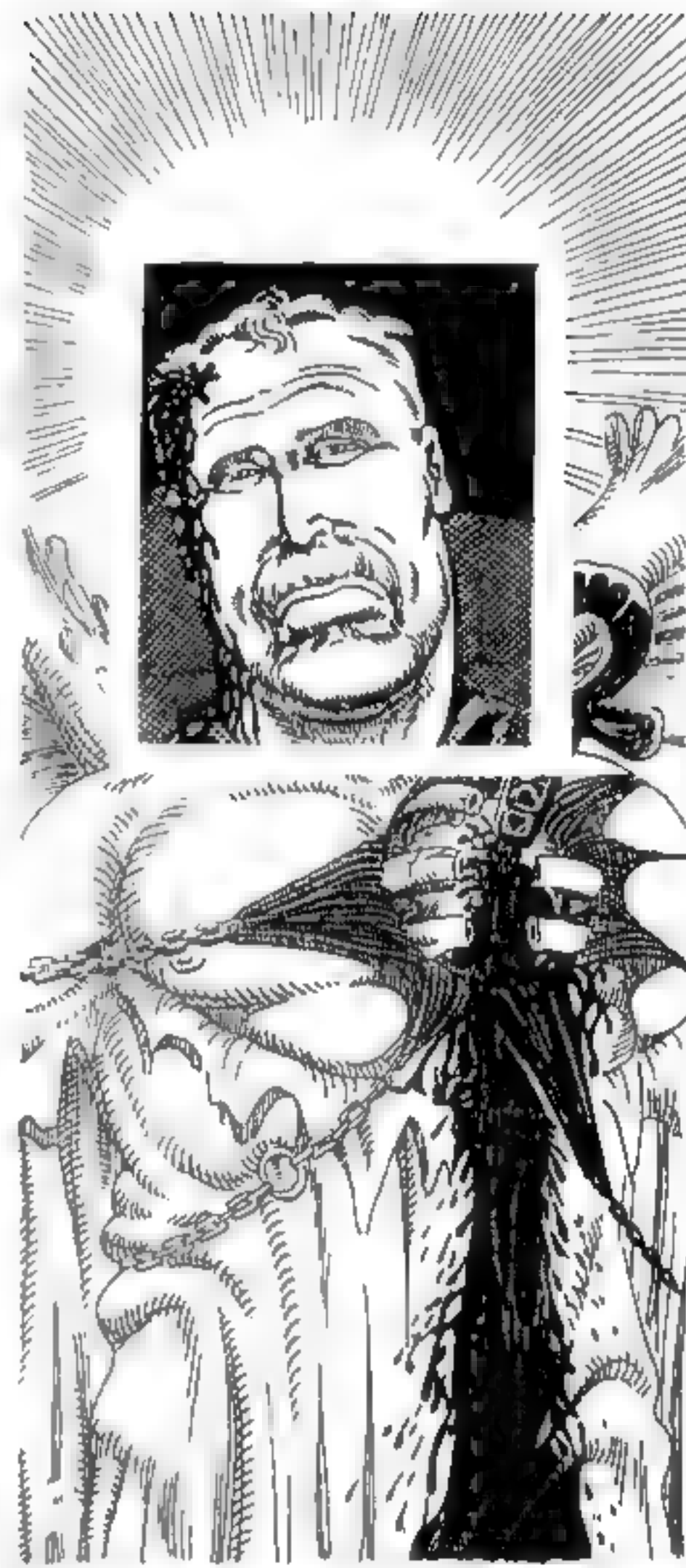
AYE AYE AYE

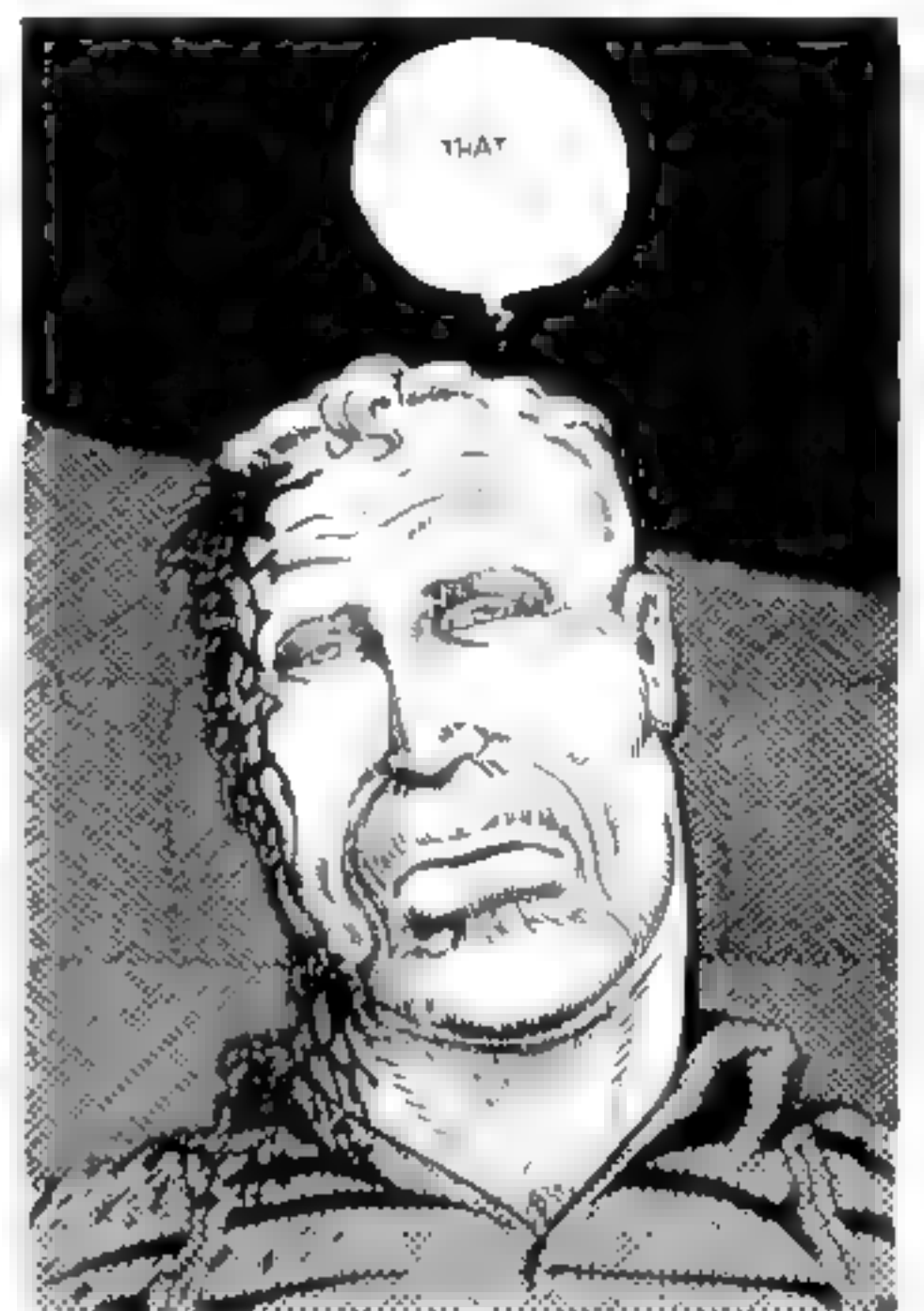
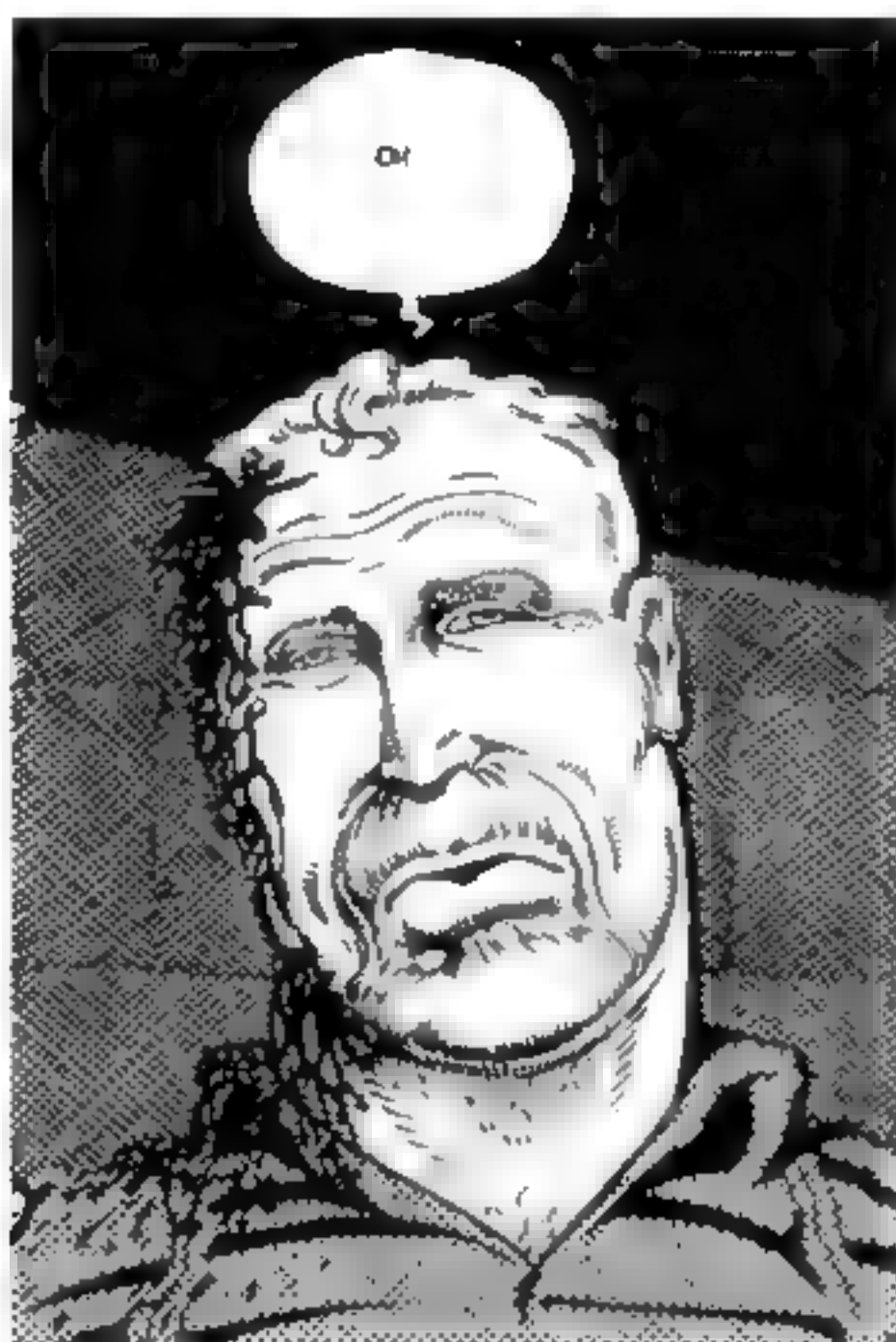
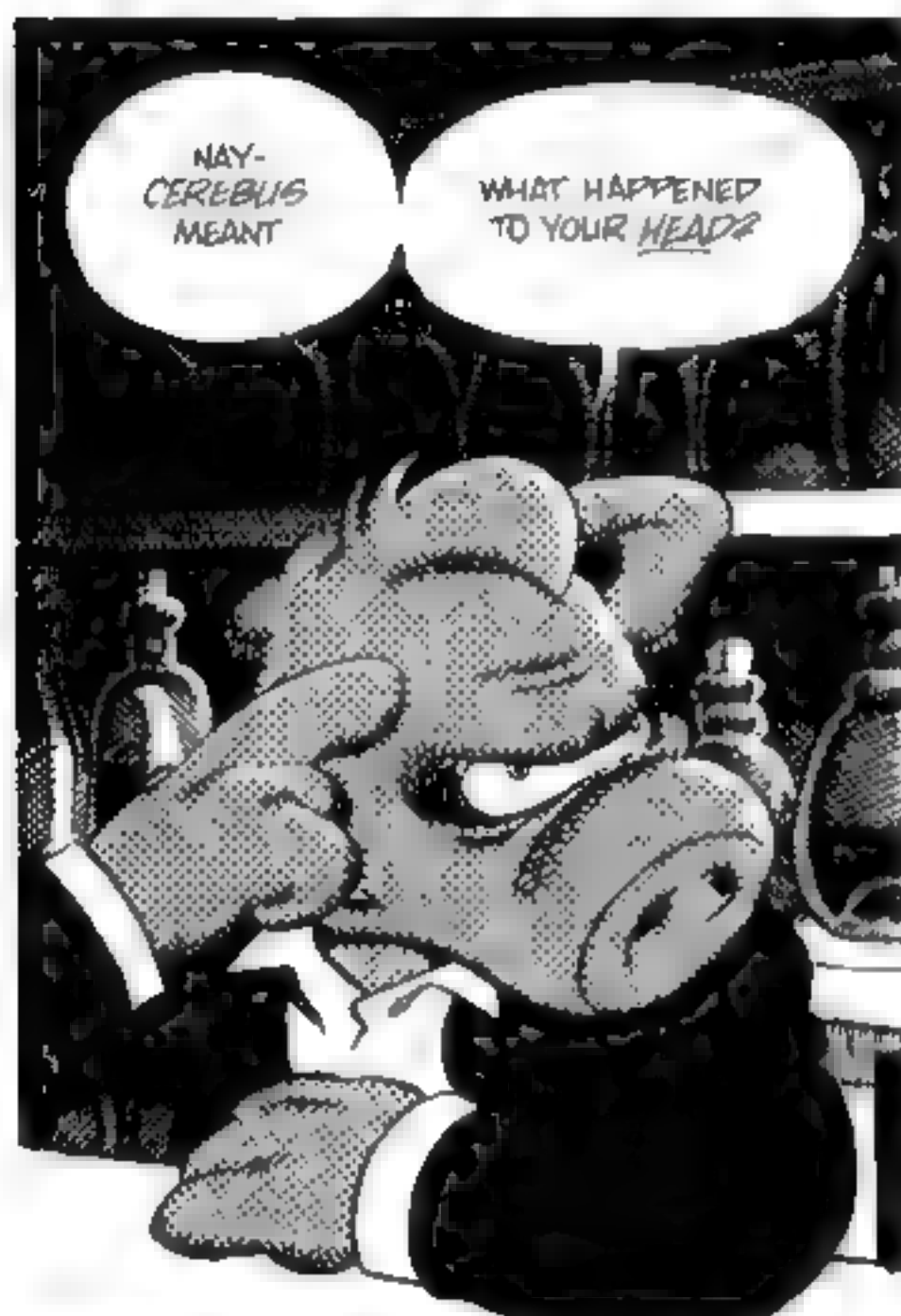
THINK!

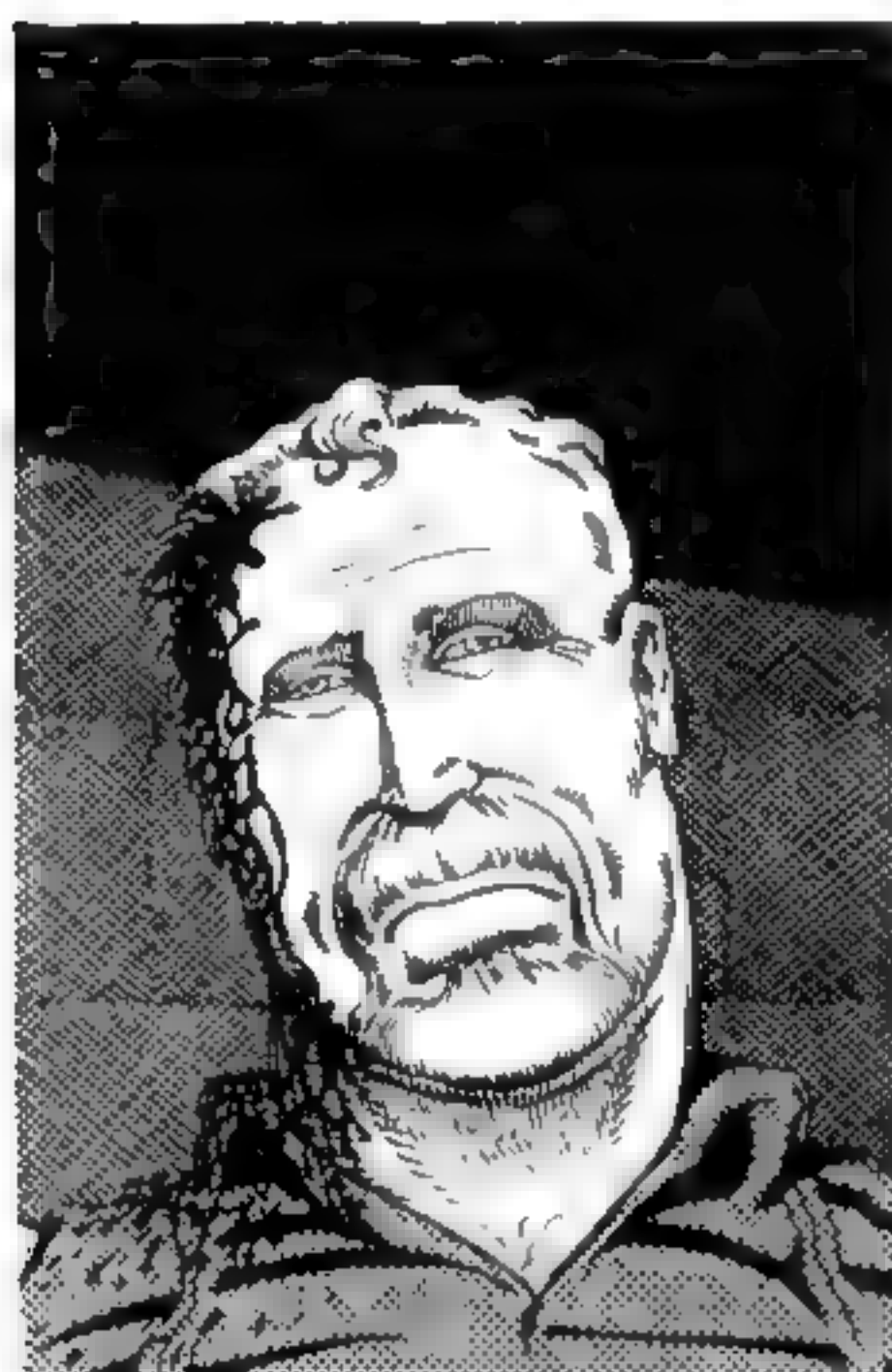
THINK THINK THINK

CEREBUS HAS TO FIND A WAY TO SHOW CRAZY JOANNE JUST HOW MUCH OF A LOSER GIRLY-BOY

ALIK-KLAK KLAK

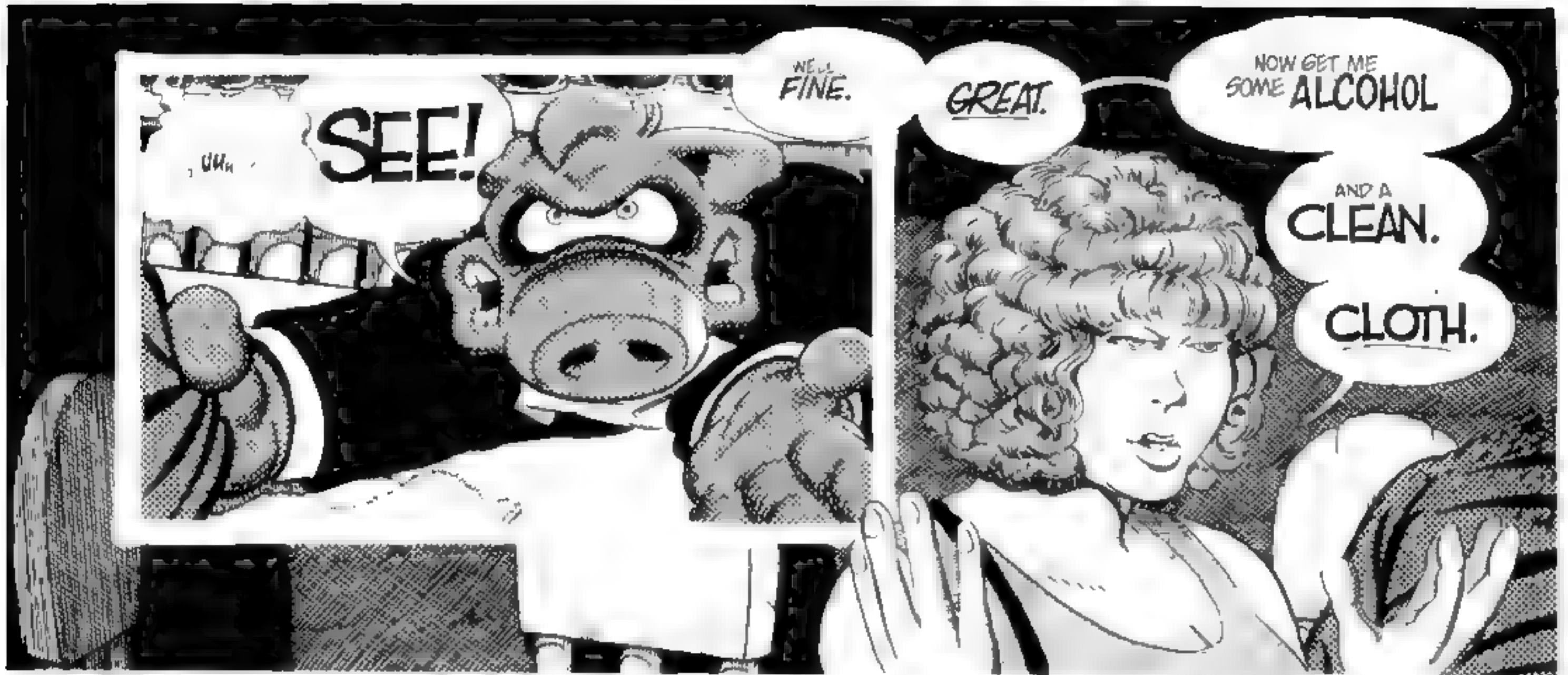














I'M GOING TO CLEAN YOUR WOUND

O-KAAY?

UHHH

SEE!



NOW GET ME SOME ALCOHOL AND A CLEAN.

CLOTH.



LISTEN! RICK! WOUNDS ALWAYS HEAL BETTER WITH NICE BIG SCABS ON EM LIKE THIS ONE TIME 2 CEREBUS WAS GOING TO



NOW!



AWRIGHT AWRIGHT

JUST HOLD YER WATER A MINUTE

(I CRYIN' OUT LOUD)

YOU POOR DEEEAR



YOU AREN'T DAZZY...

OR NAUSEOUS ARE YOU??

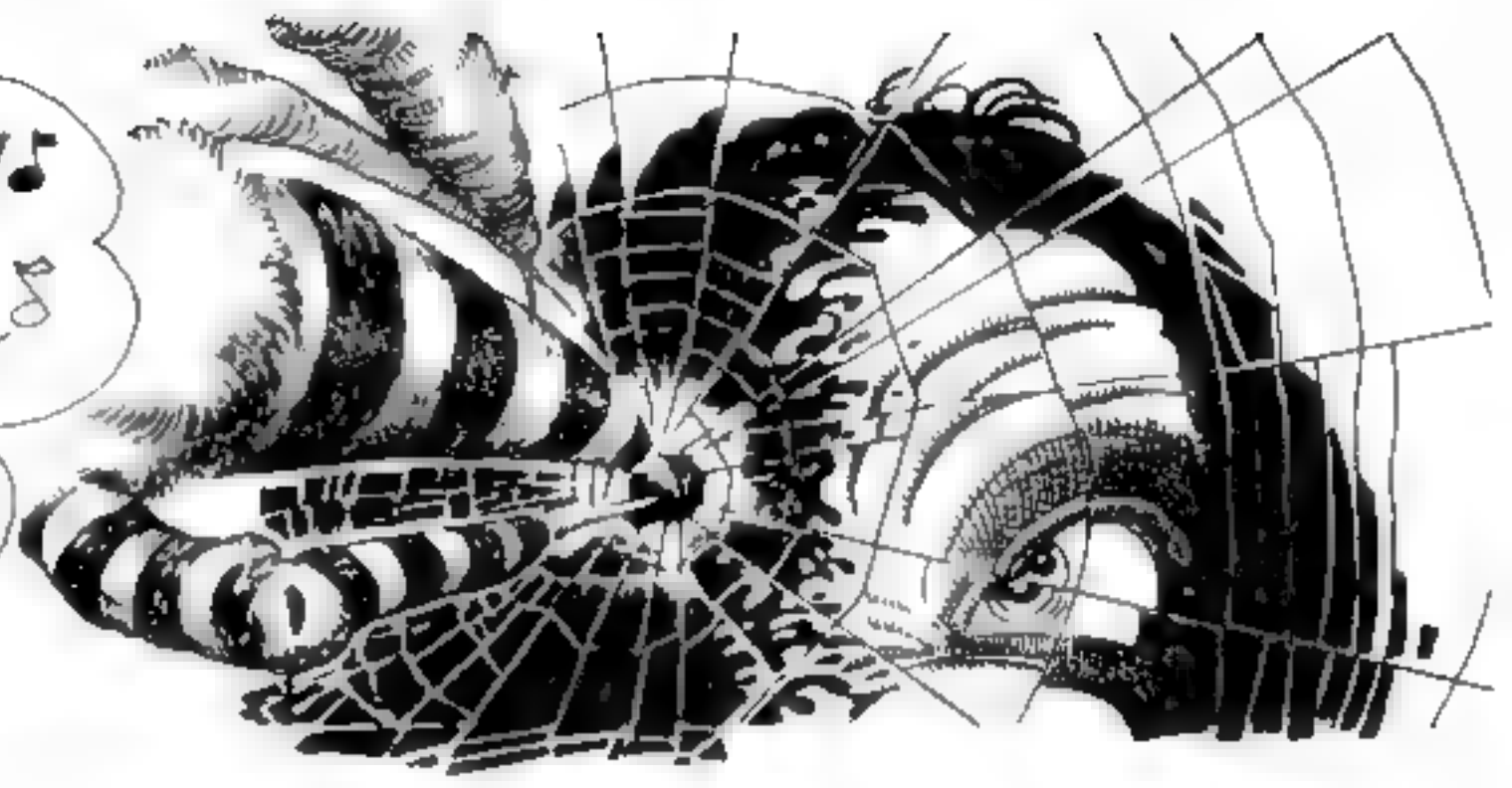


NOW R ICK
THIS IS GOING
TO STING
A BIT

OKA KIZ

OOP! 
HOLD
STILL I-ILL 

HOLD 



RICK.
HOLD STILL.
I MEAN IT.

THEEEERE 

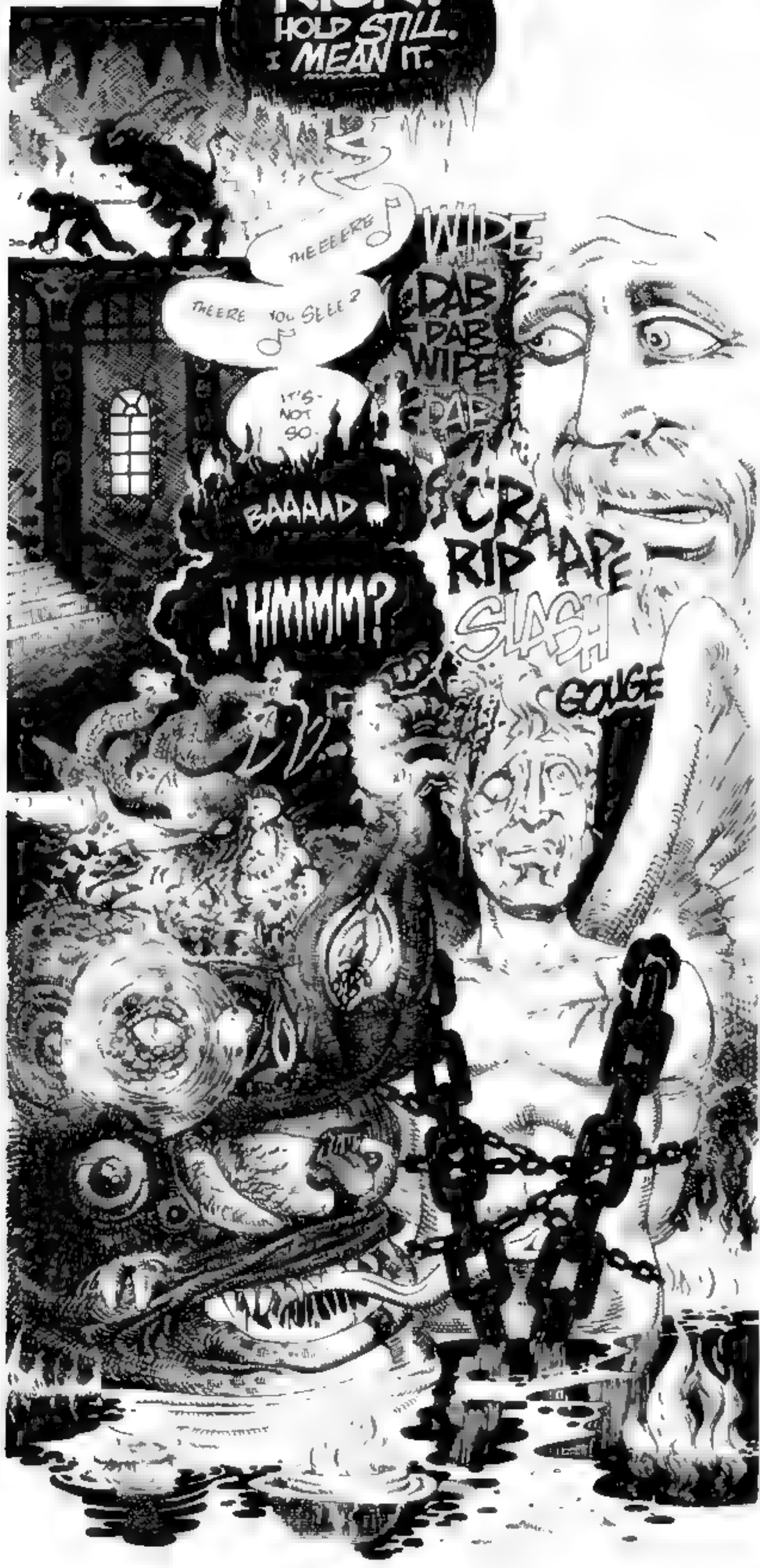
THERE YOU SEE?

IT'S
NOT
SO.

BAAAAD 

HMMM?

WIDE
DAB
DAB
WIFE
DAB
CRAP
RIP AP
SLASH
GOUGE



THERE!

AWWWW 
DONE

THANK GOODNESS
IT WASN'T NEARLY
AS BAD AS IT
LOOKED

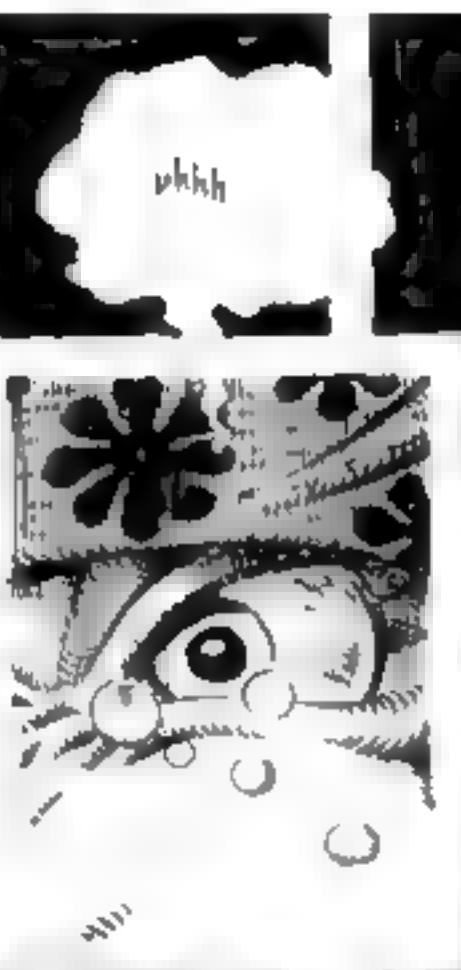
(MOST
OF IT WAS
JUST DRIED
BLOOD)

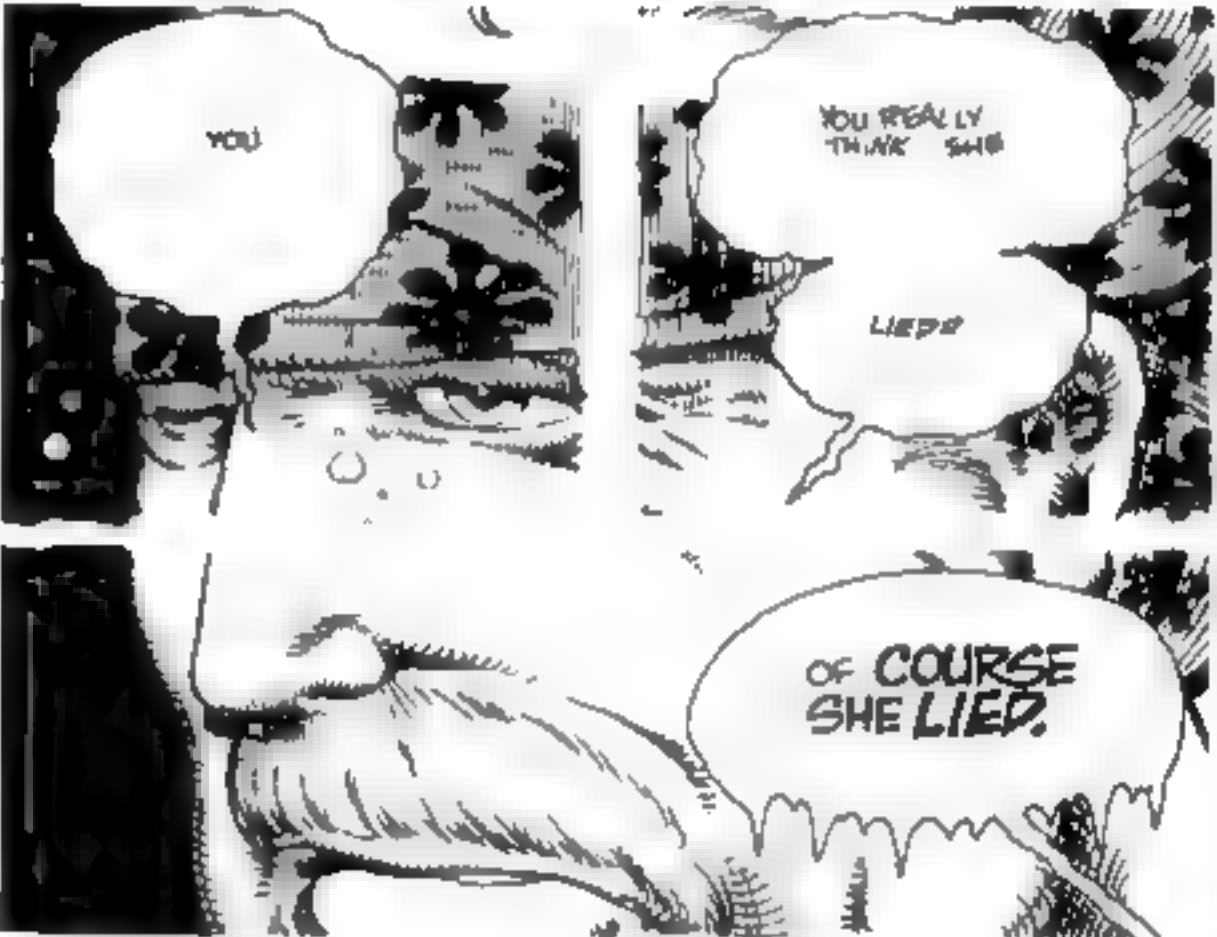


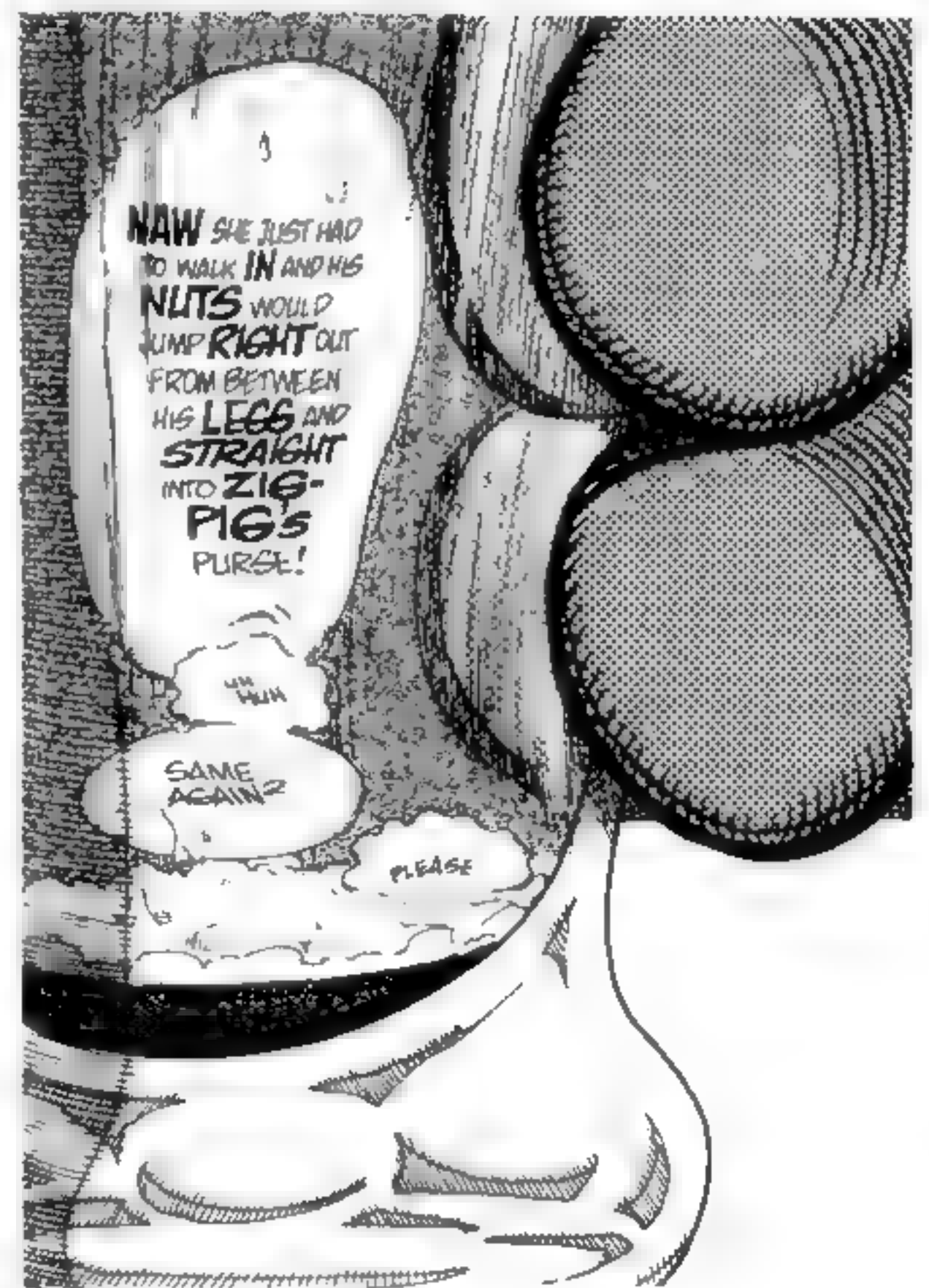
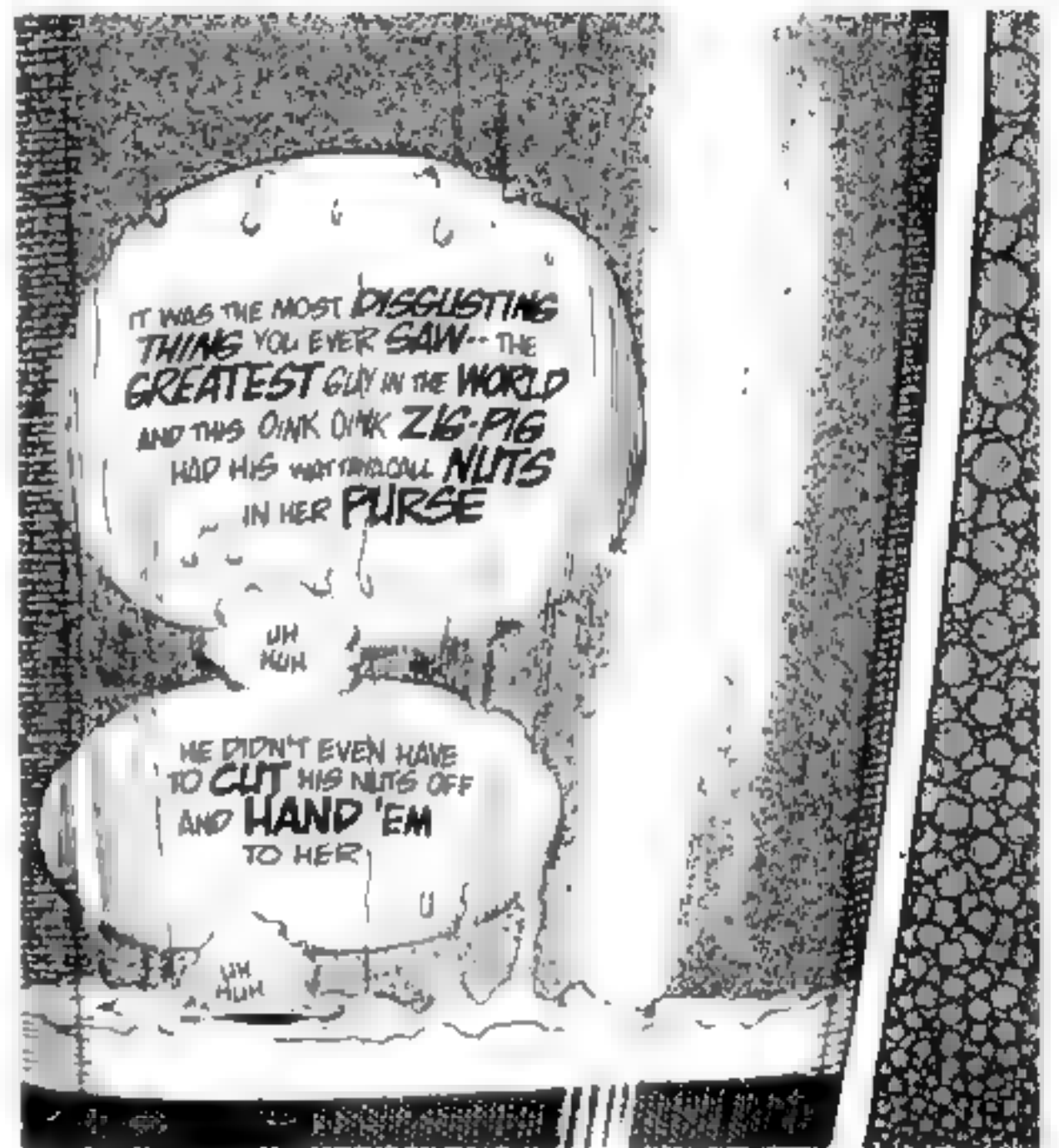
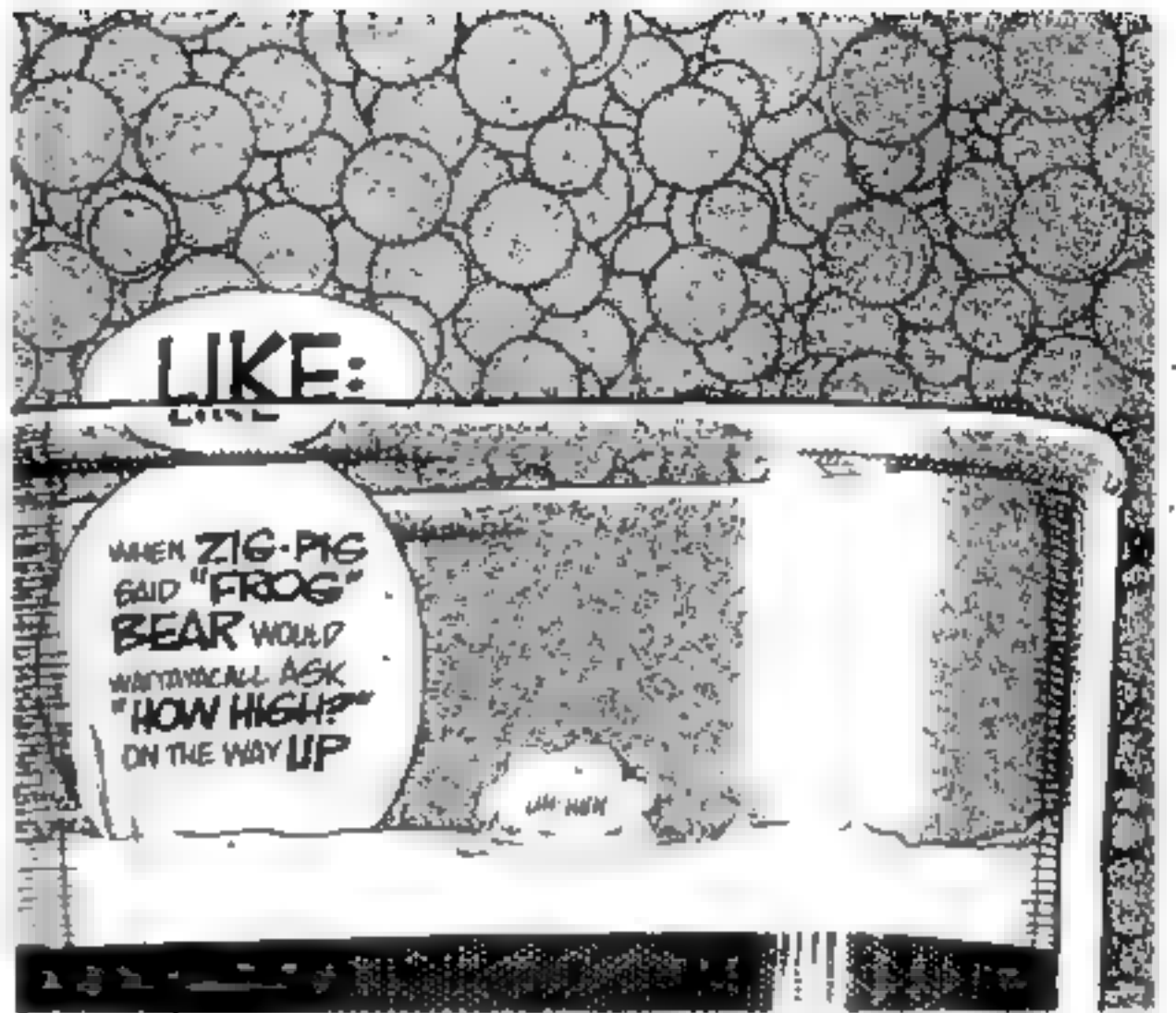
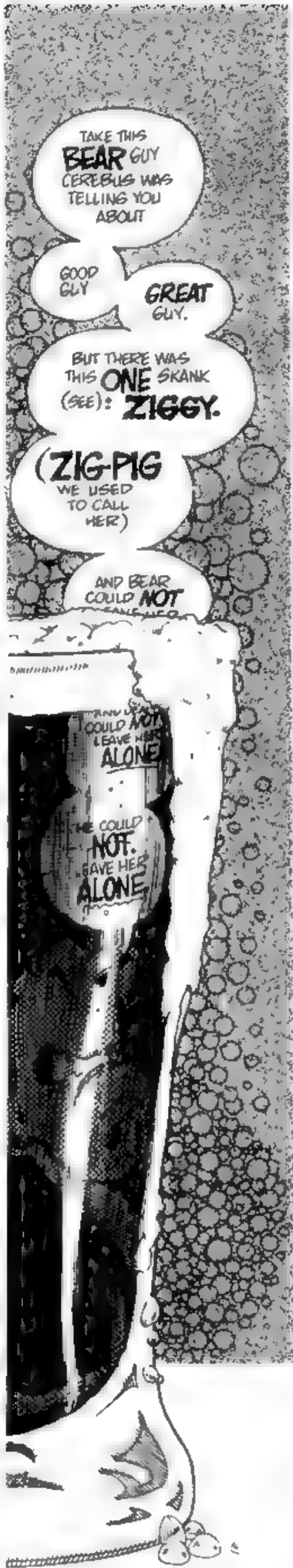
TWITCH.

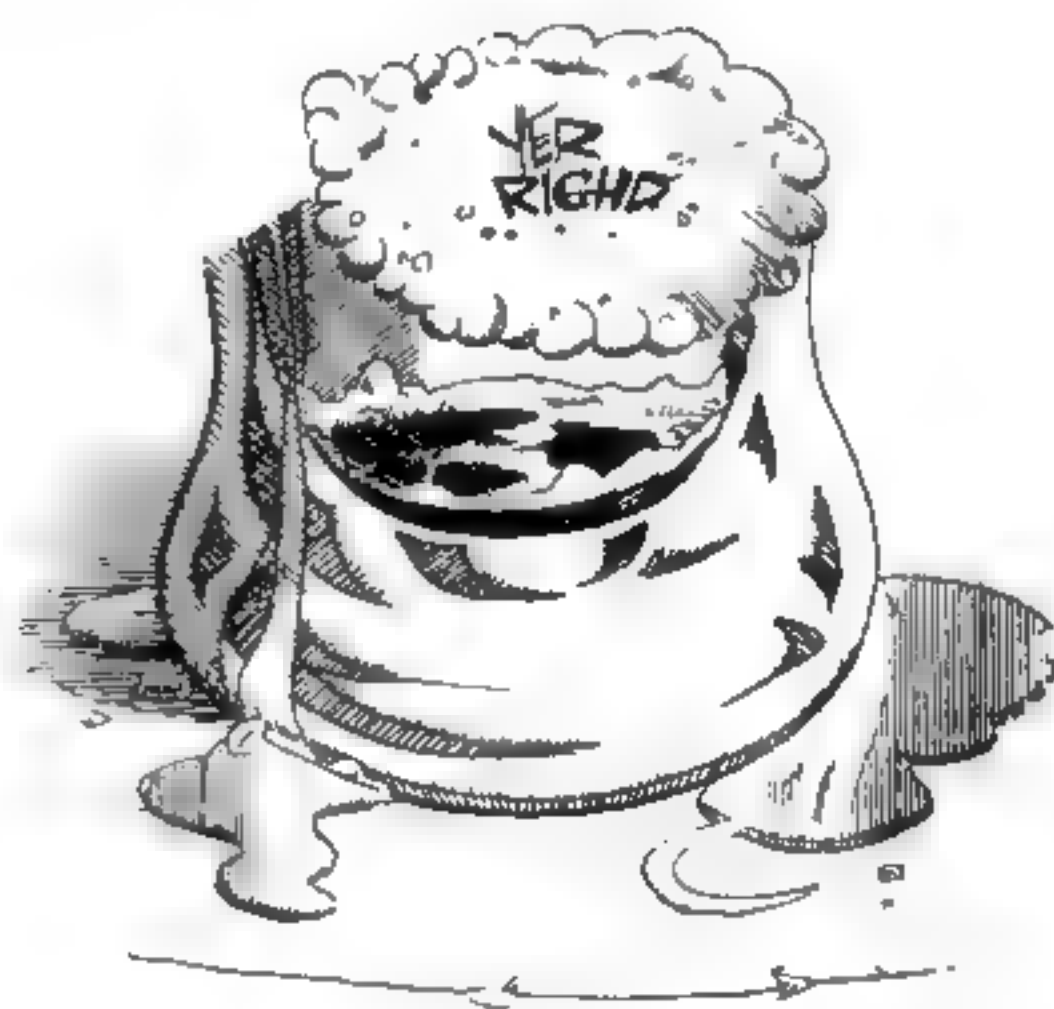
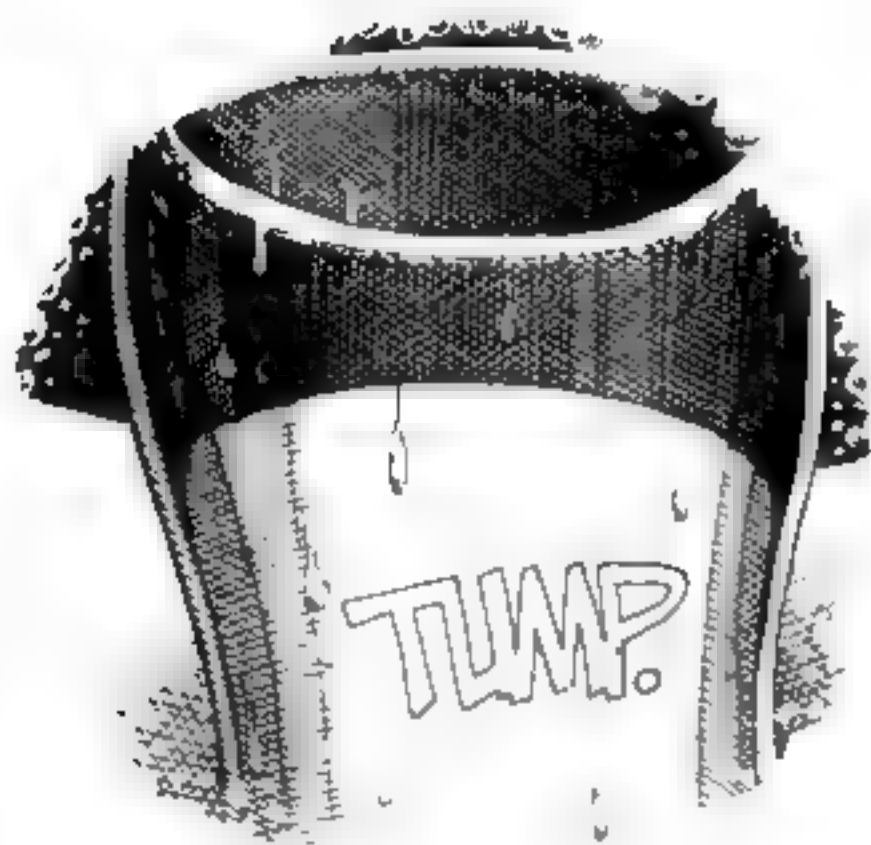
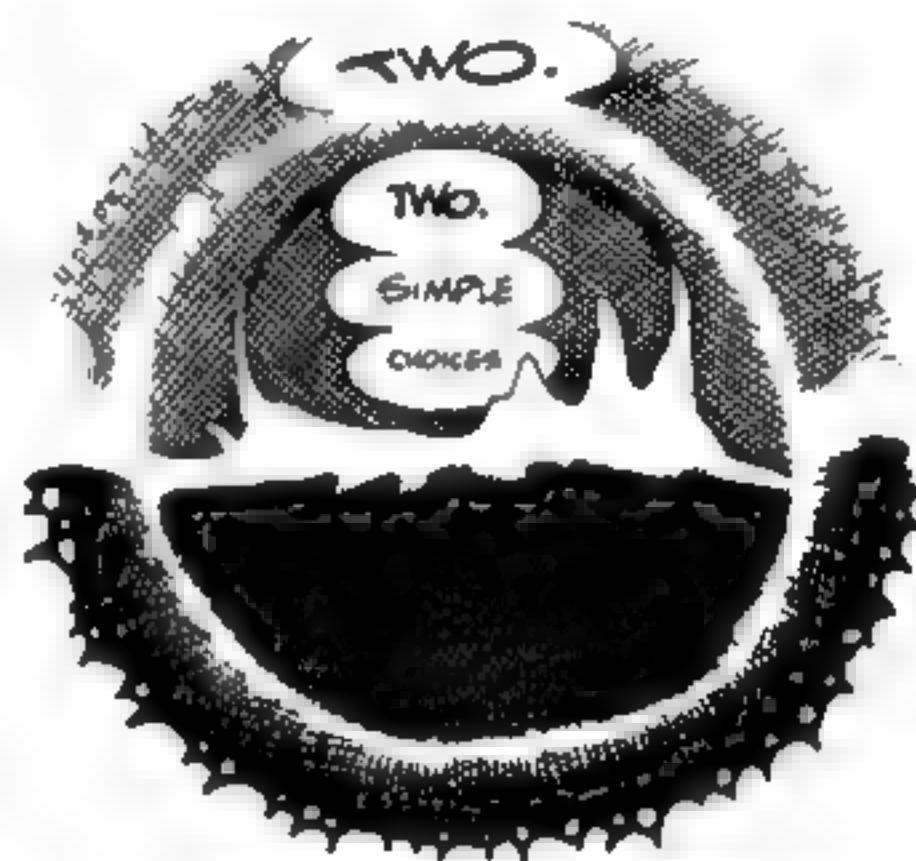
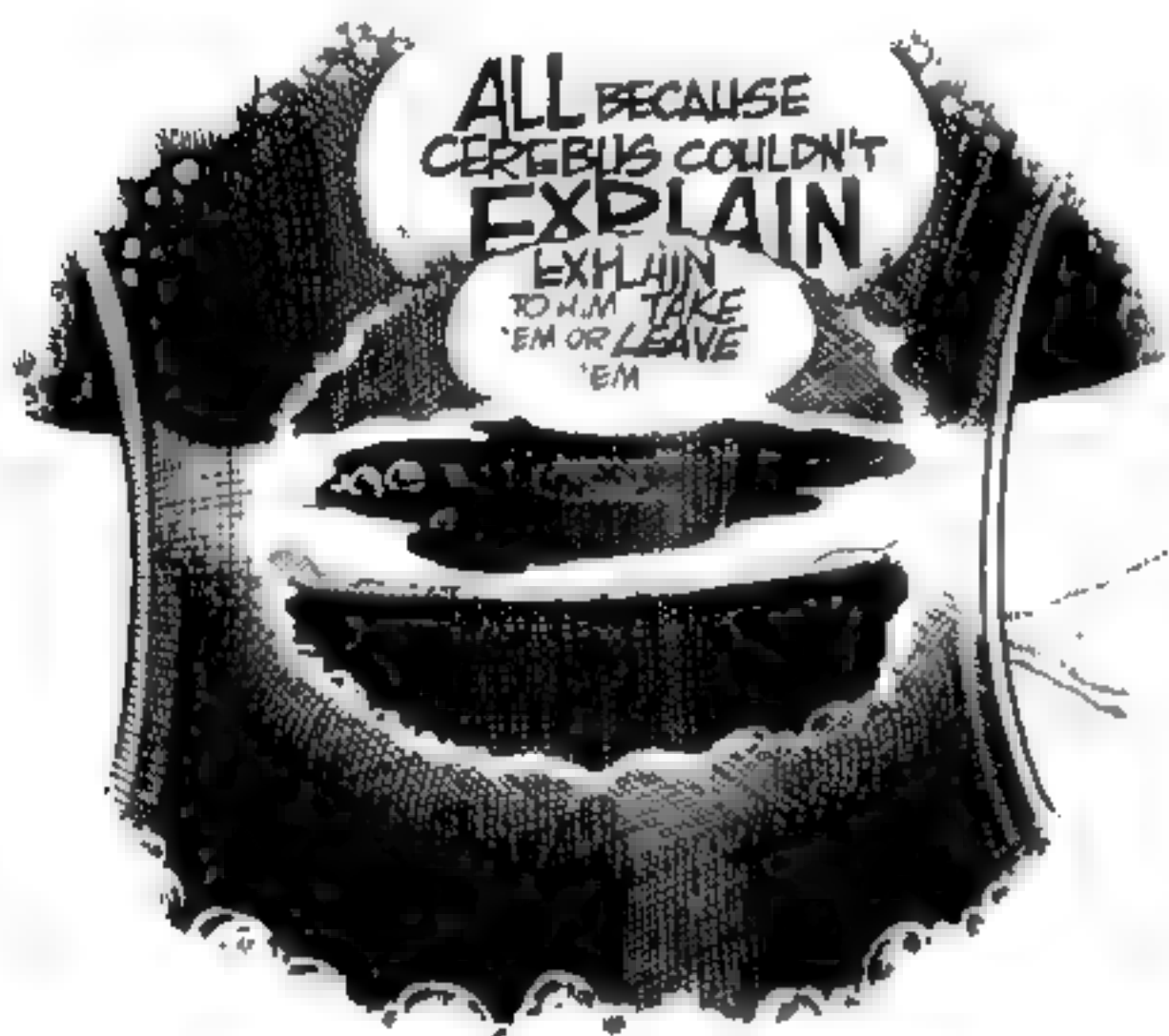
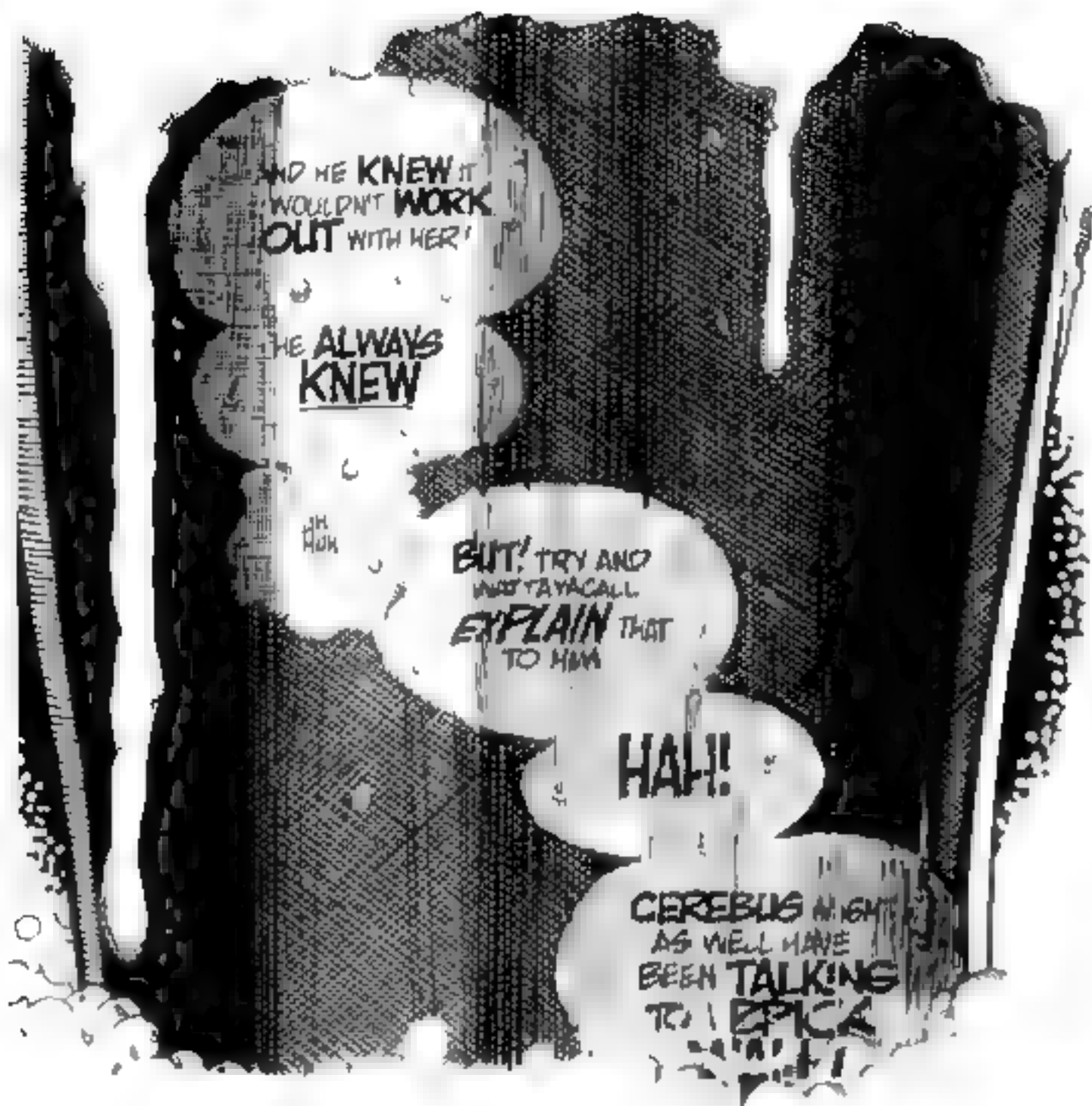




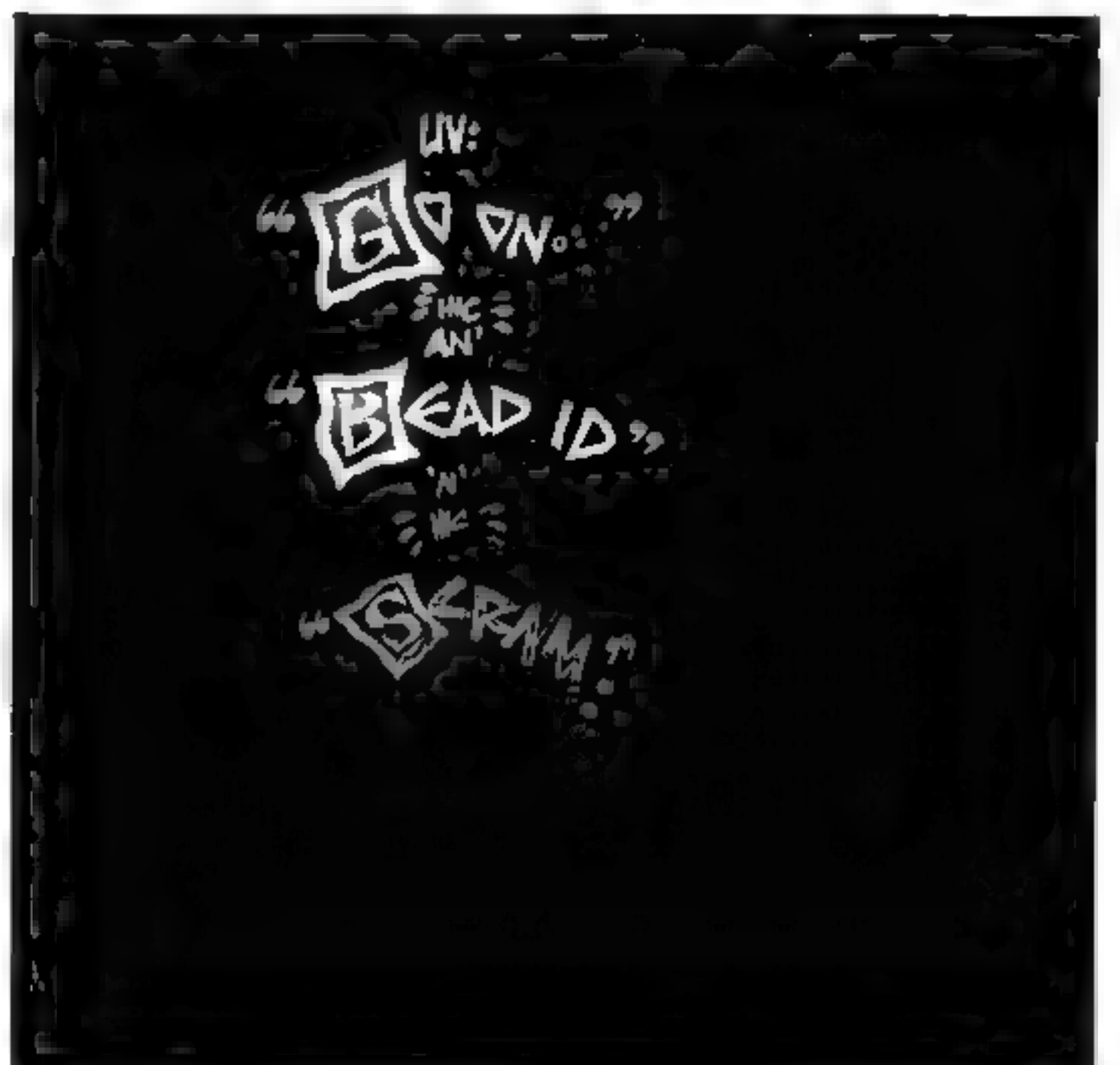
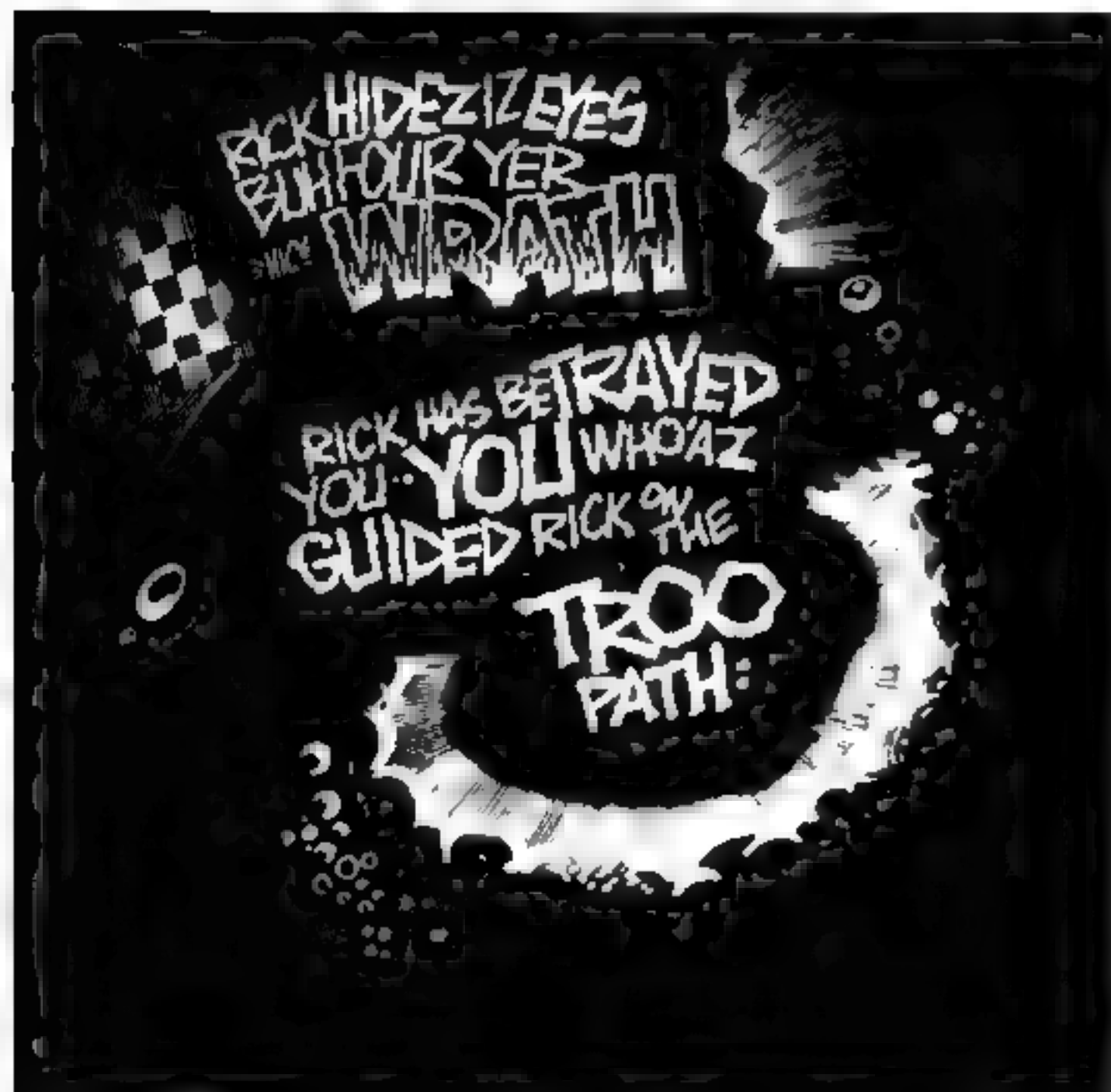
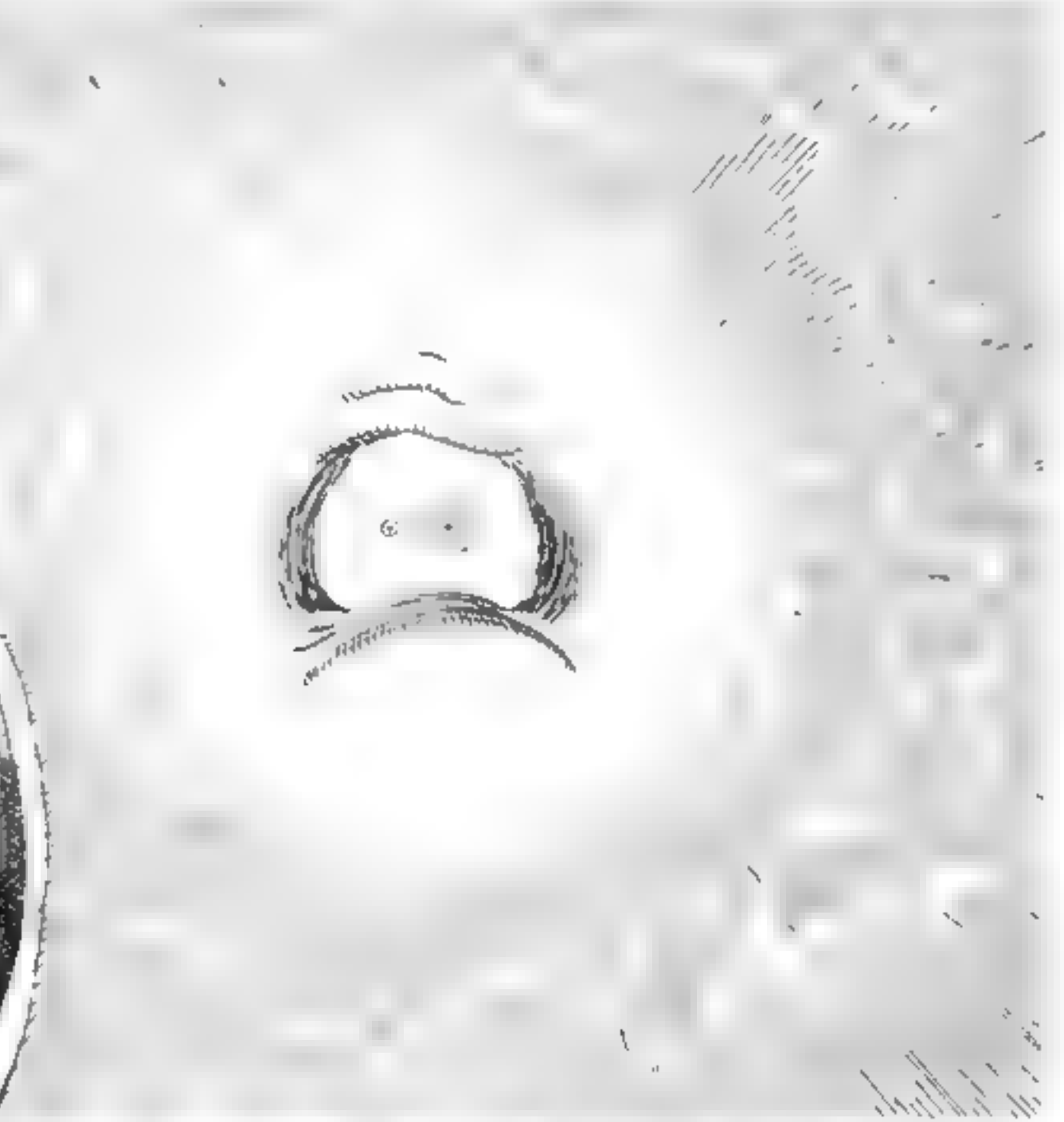
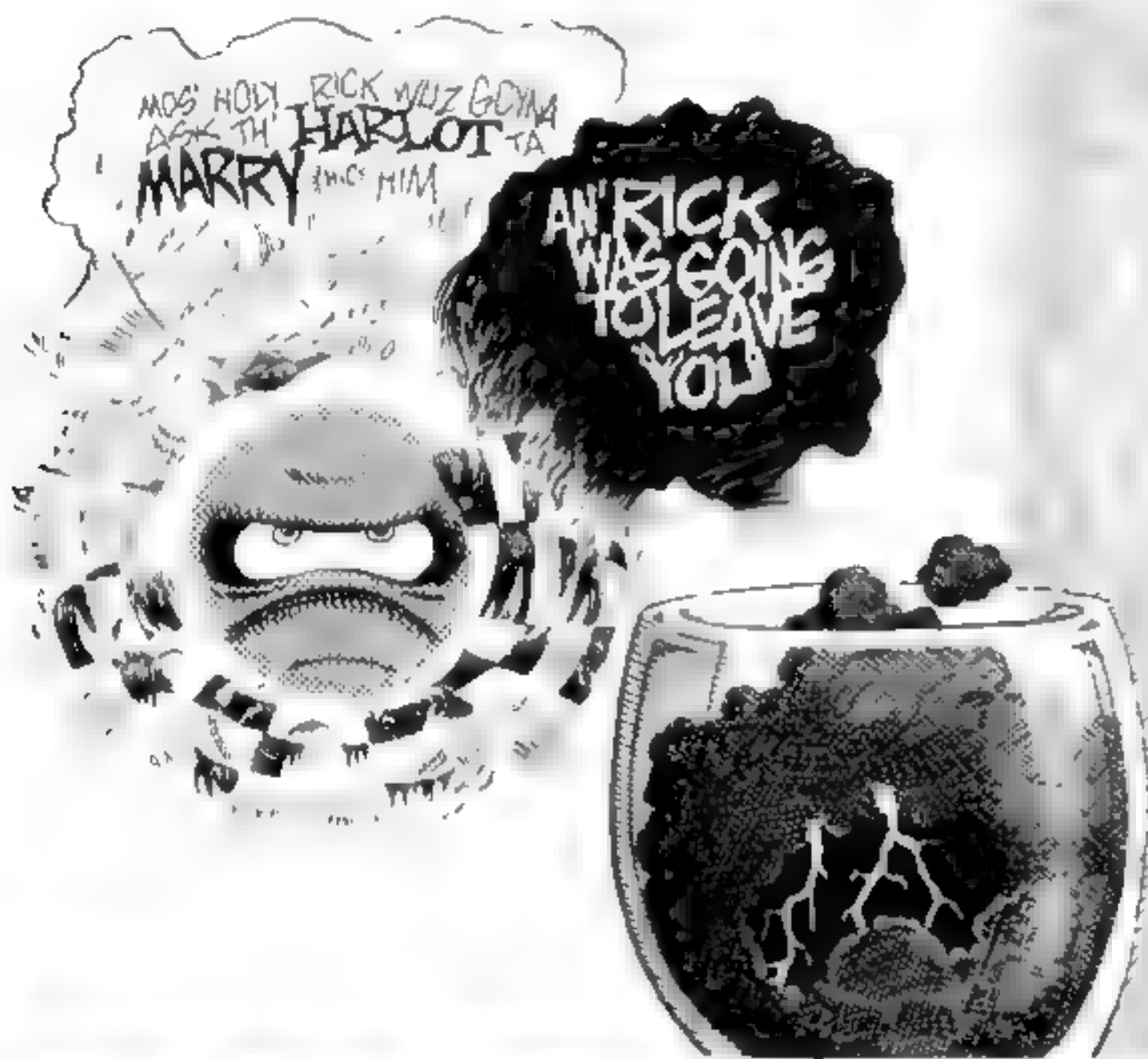
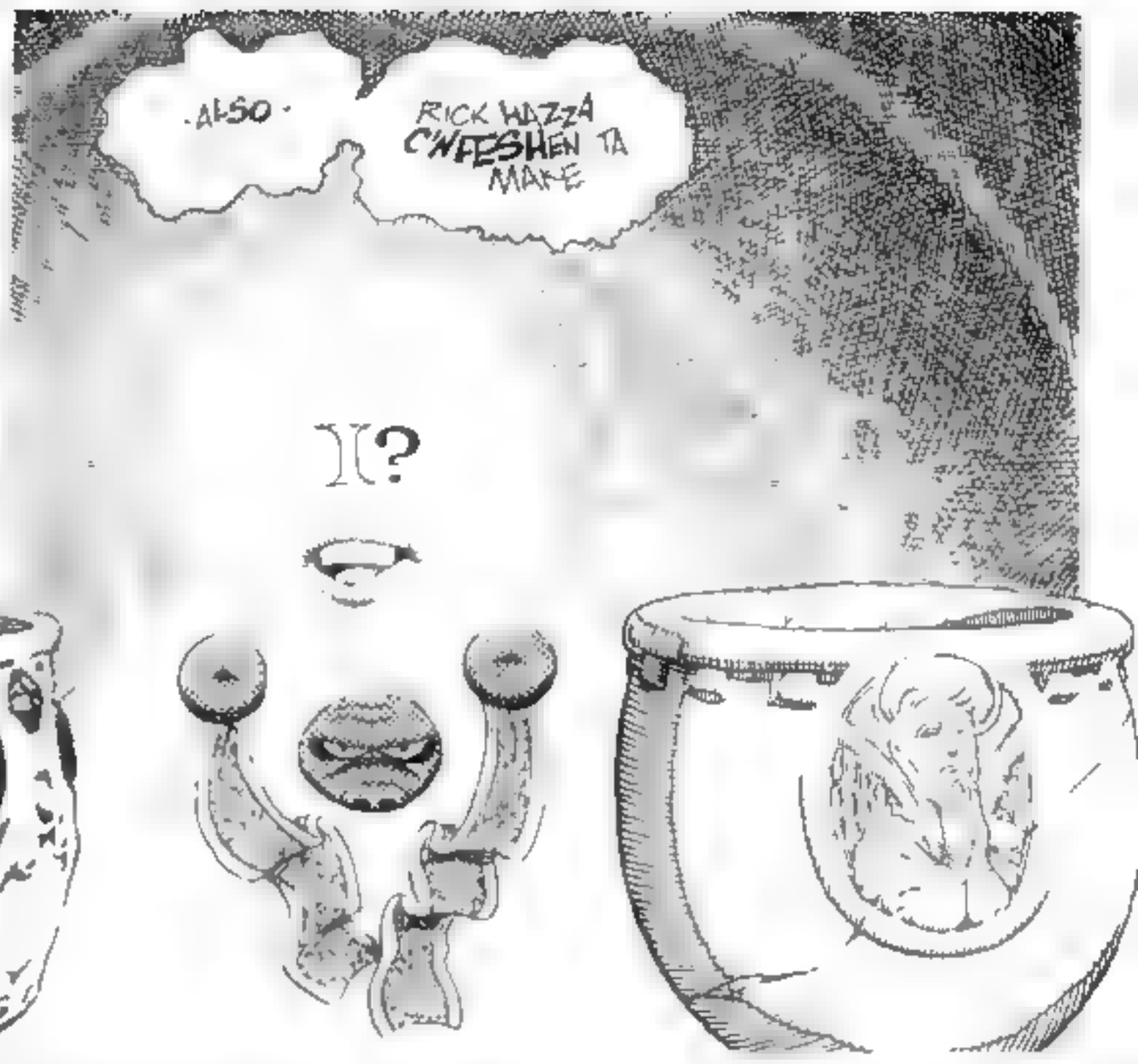


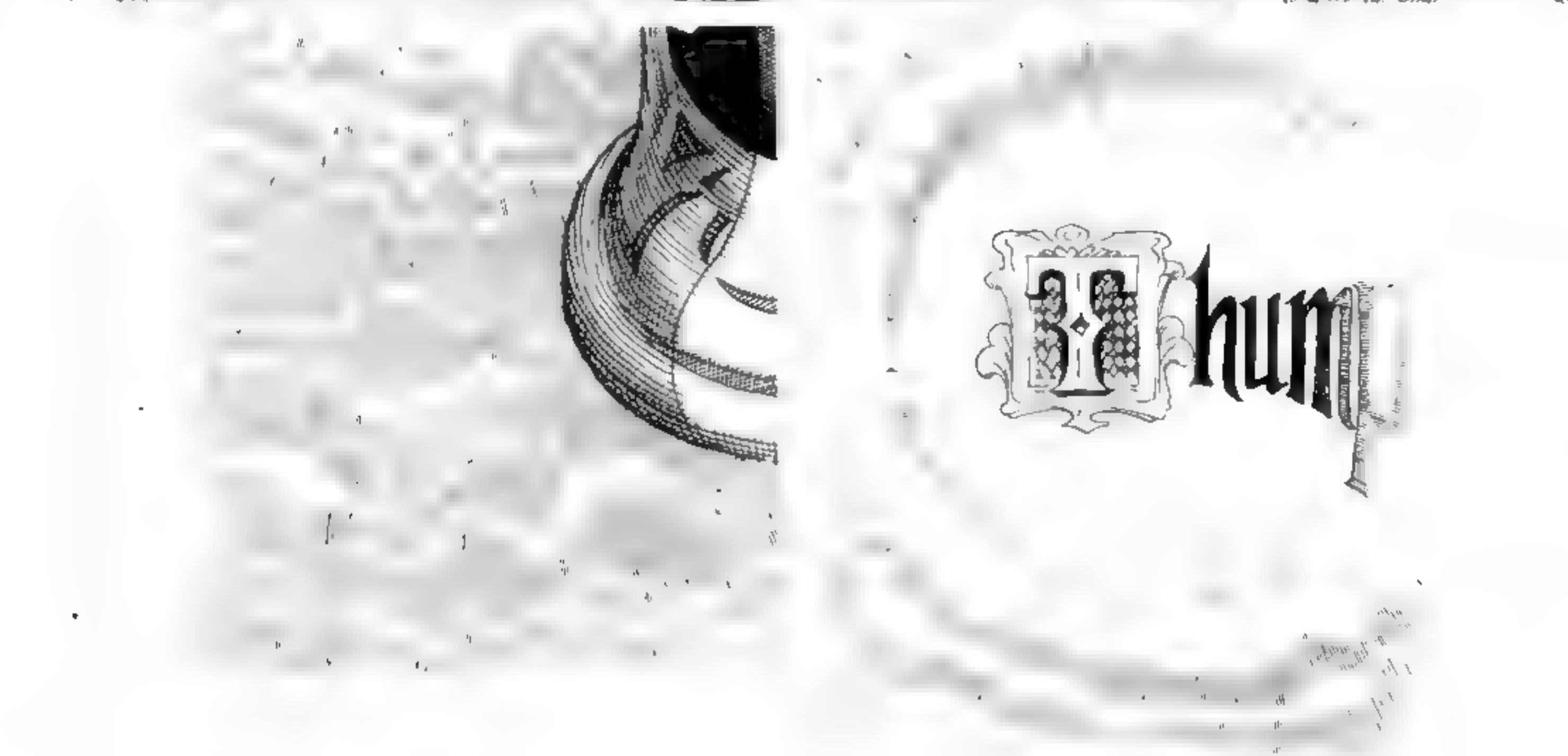


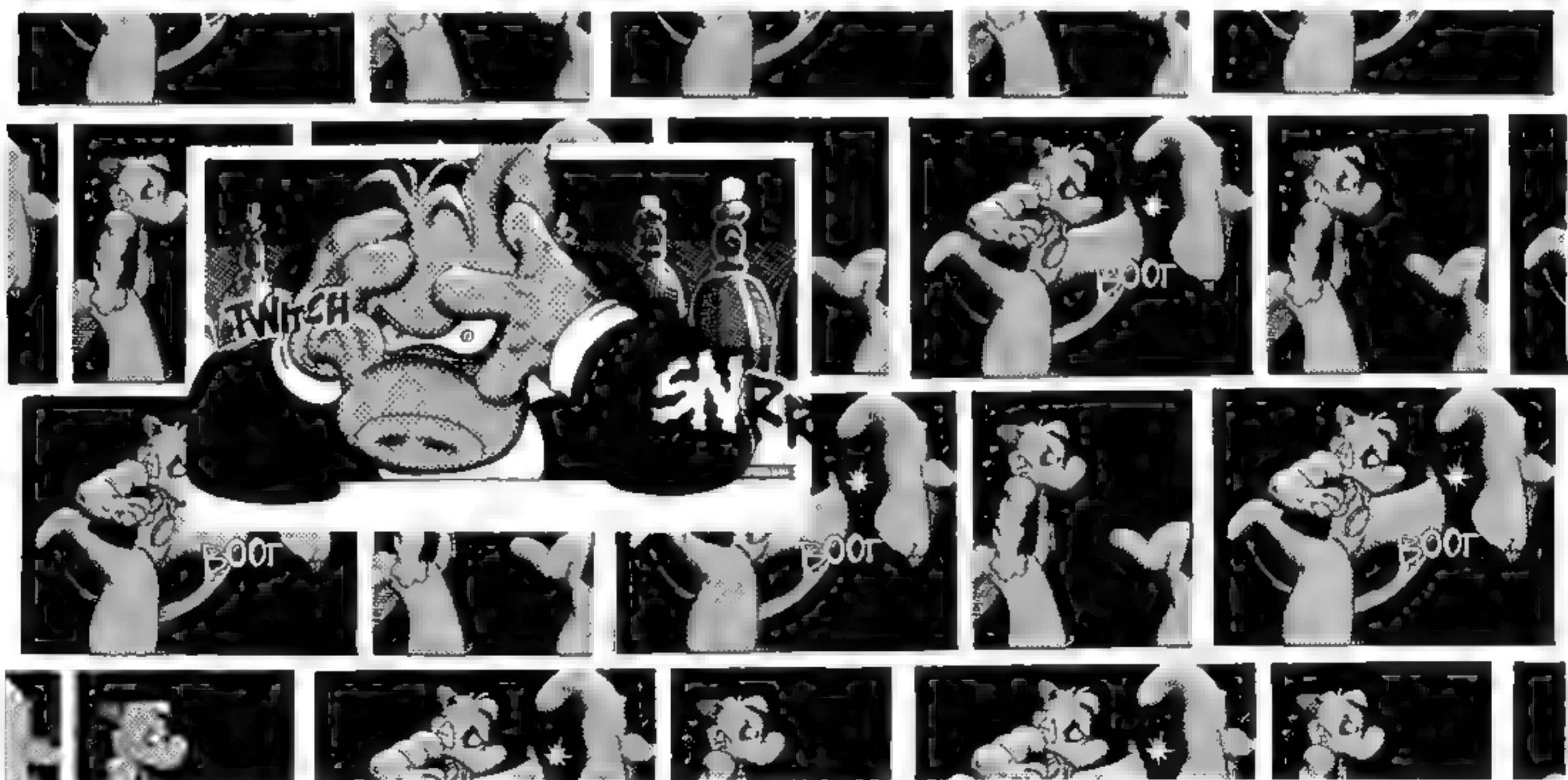


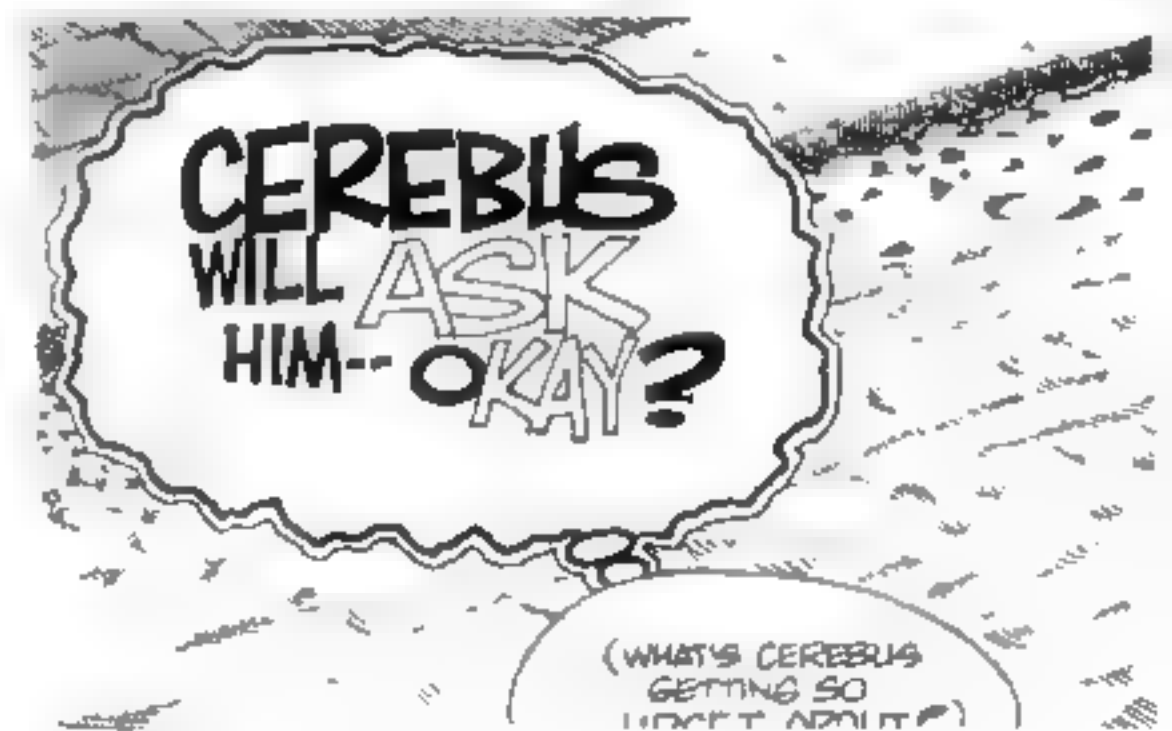
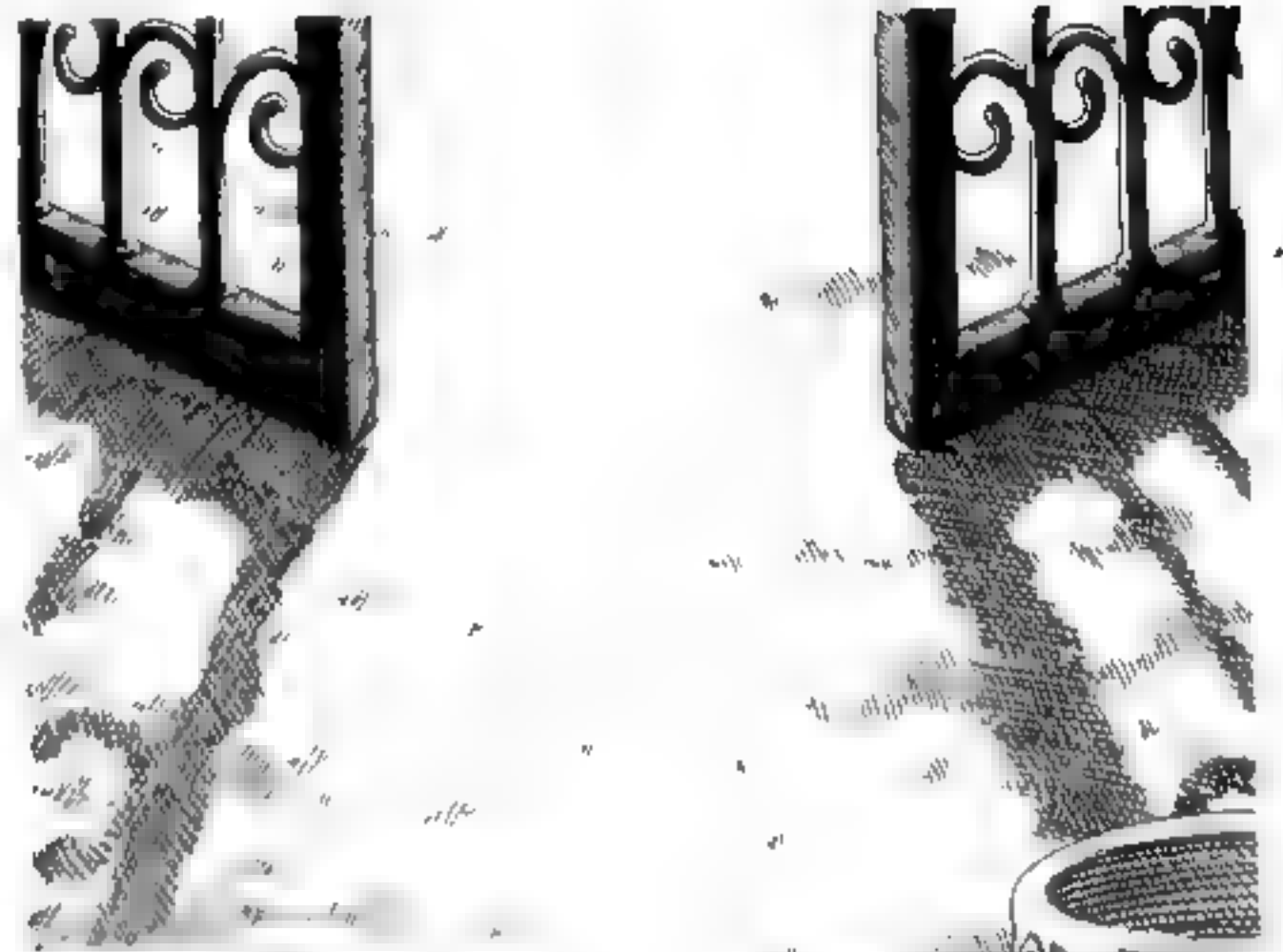
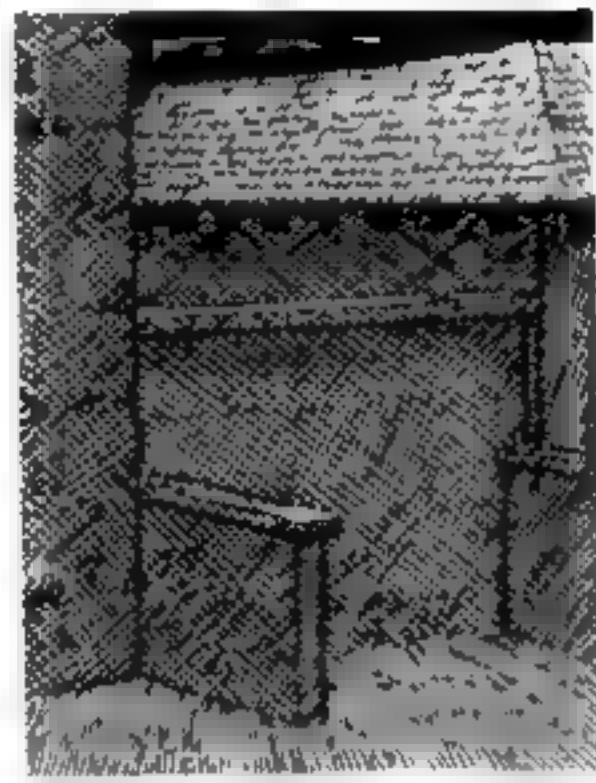
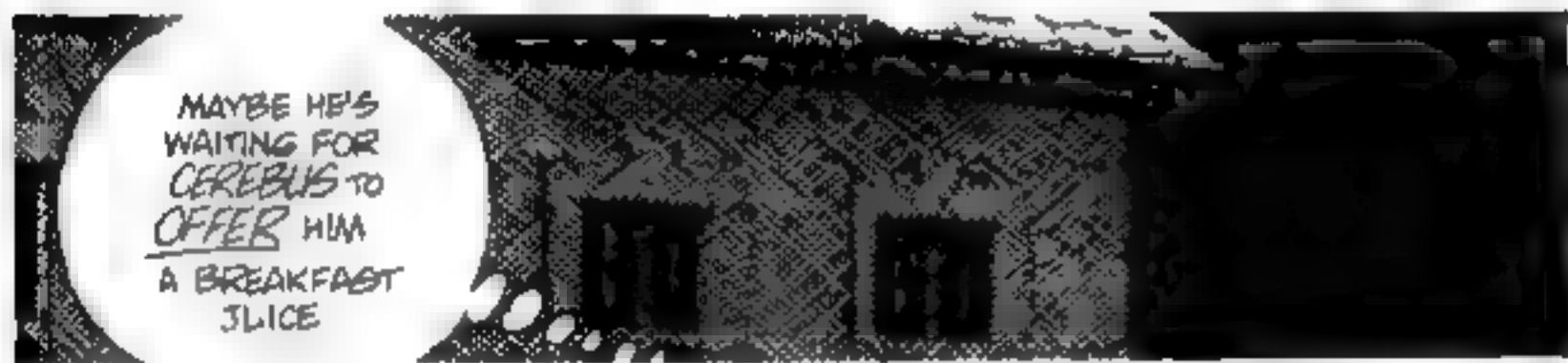
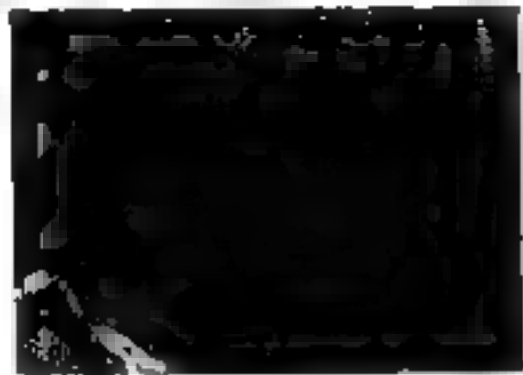
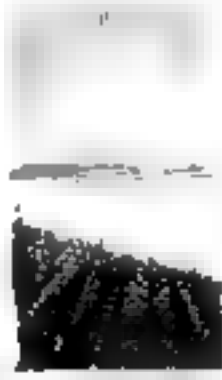
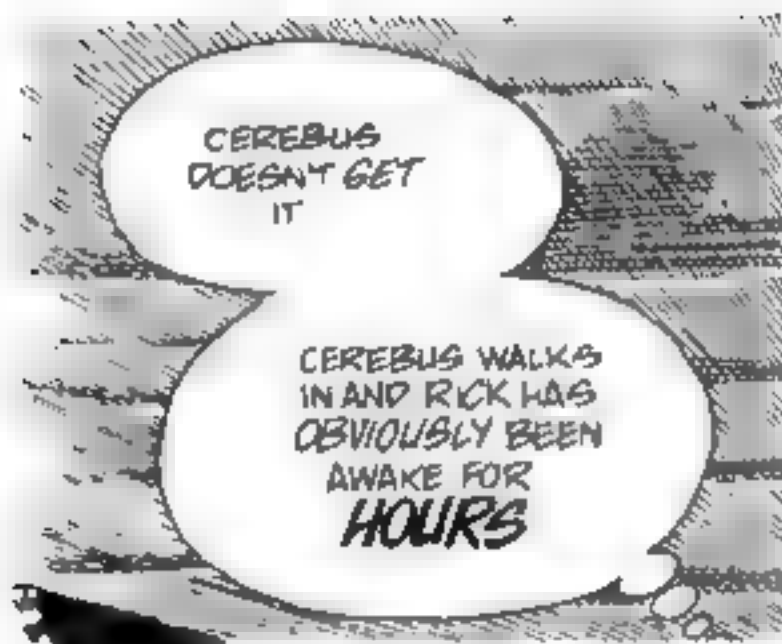












CHAP. I

1. The first morning : 4 Cerebvs rebukes Ricke :
- 5 Parable of the Certaine Ruler : 15 Ricke seeks explanation : 16 Cerebvs counsellis Ricke to have patience.



And that first morning was Cerebvs with mee in the sanctuarie and hee spake vnto mee, saying;

2 Seekest thou stronge drinke? And answering vnto

Cerebvs I saide, Whatsoeuer shall bee sufficient vnto Cerebvs, let it also bee sufficient vnto Ricke.

3 Then did Cerebvs grow wroth and spake vnto mee angrily, saying; Seeke not the cuppe from which Cerebvs has drunke. Rather, bee content with thine owne cuppe.

4 Seeing my astonishment at his rebuke, hee then spake vnto mee with mildnesse, saying in a parable;

5 ¶ There was a certaine ruler, who thot to make himselfe great in the eies of his friend through his actes of exceding drunkennesse.

6 And it came to pass that tho this certaine ruler perceiued himselfe to be a wonder and an astonishment to his friend;

7 Euen so was his friend wroth with him instead and pitied him and said inwardly, My friend the certaine ruler who lieth in his own vomit and who pisseth himselfe is a stranger vnto mee.

8 And so it transpired that a uiper like vnto a scorpion and hauing a face like vnto the backe ende of a dogge, came and took vp this certaine rulers friend

9 (The uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing great melons and other deuises and atributes which gaue sicknesse vnto all saue the friend of this certaine ruler who could not see the nature of the uiper like vnto a scorpion euen before him)

10 And after the friend of this certaine ruler had bene gone away from the certaine ruler many daies, the certaine ruler was shoveling his walke.

11 And when the certaine ruler had made a path euen ouer against his house, the certaine ruler did enter vnto his owne house and closed his doore behind him.

12 And, lo, there came a great sounde like vnto the thunder of many waters and a mountaine (yea, a mountaine vpon a mountaine) fell and in falling, sealed vp the certaine ruler in his house.

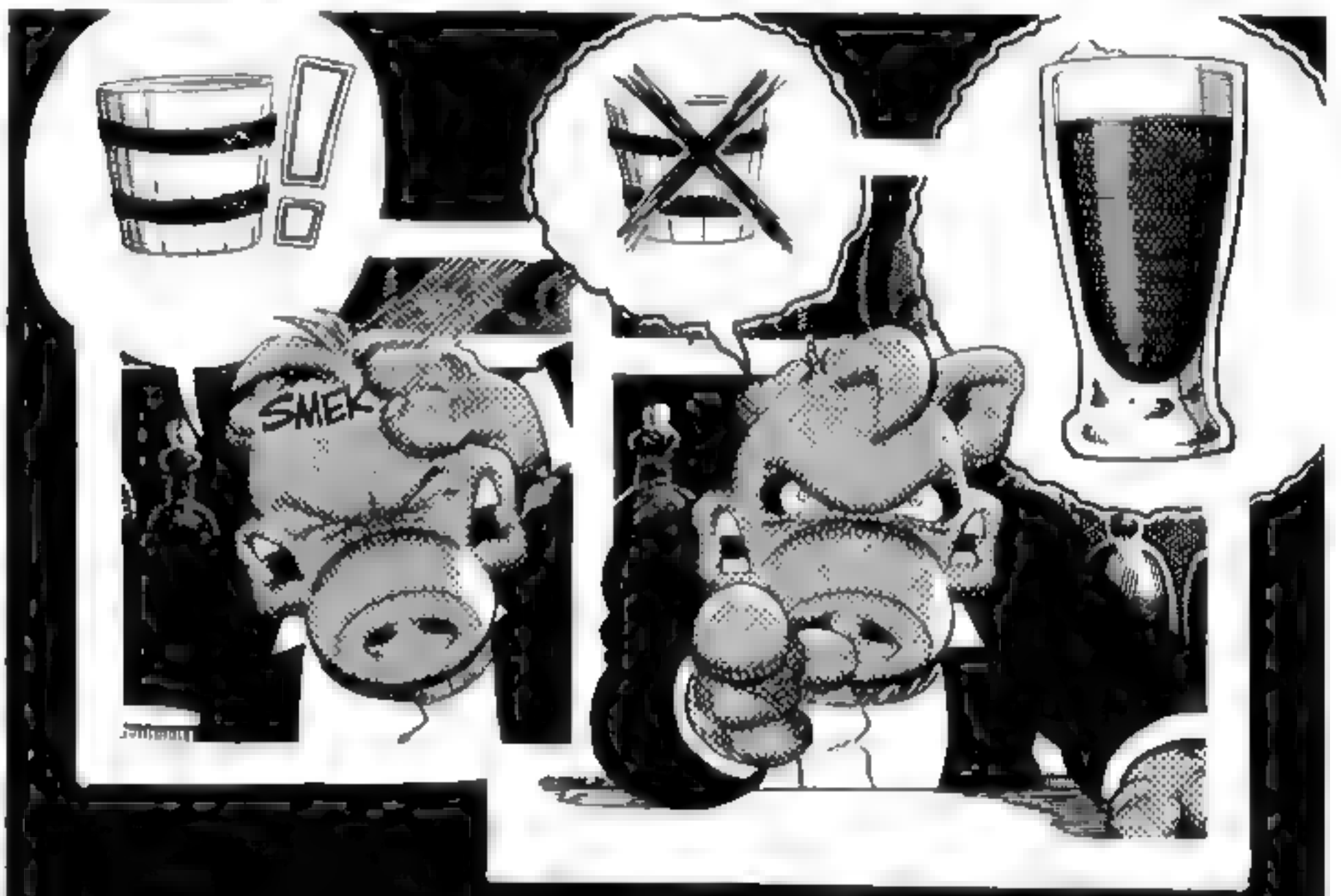
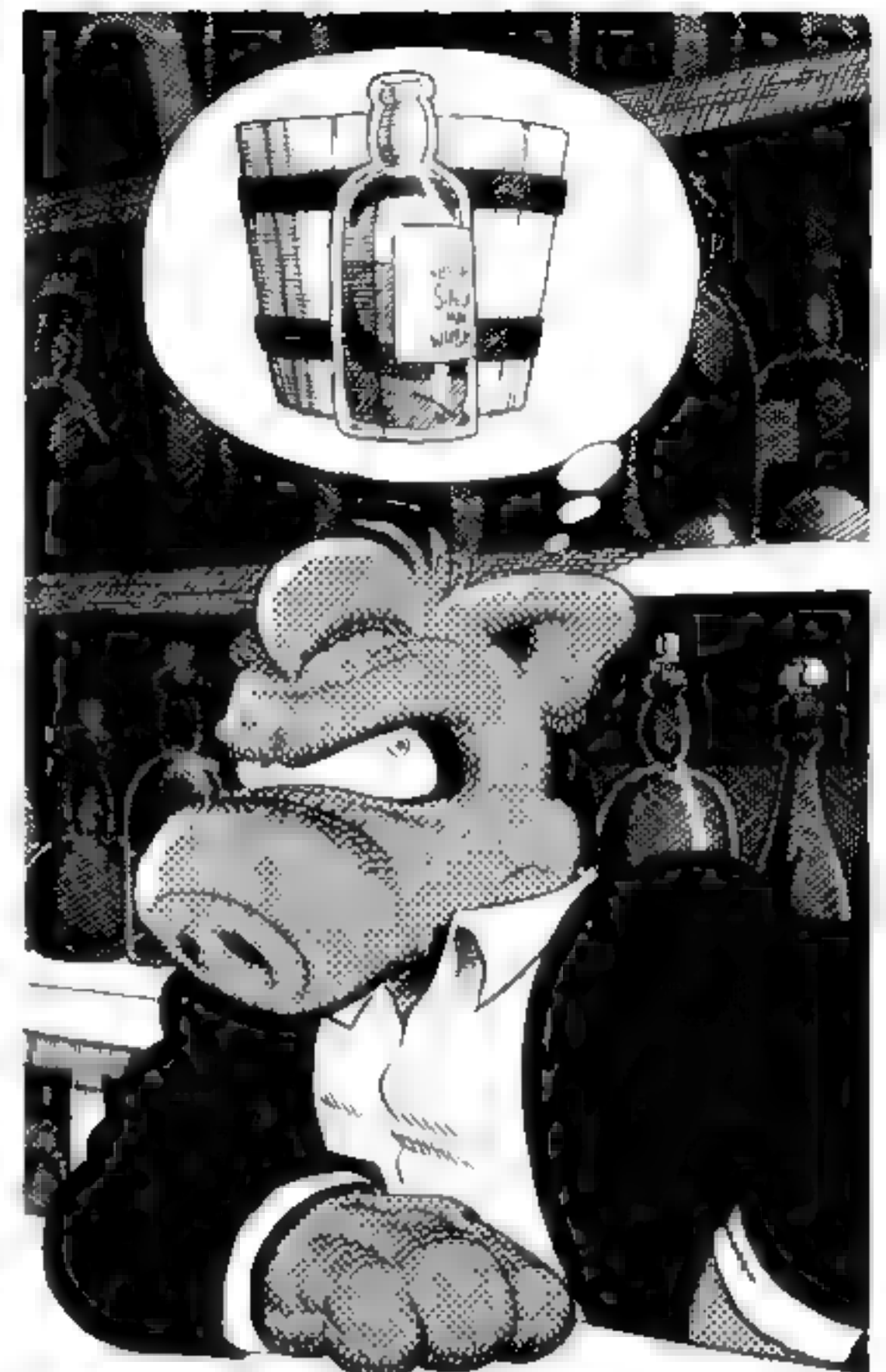
13 And for many daies this certaine ruler had his goings-out and his comings-in through an vpper windowe in his house.

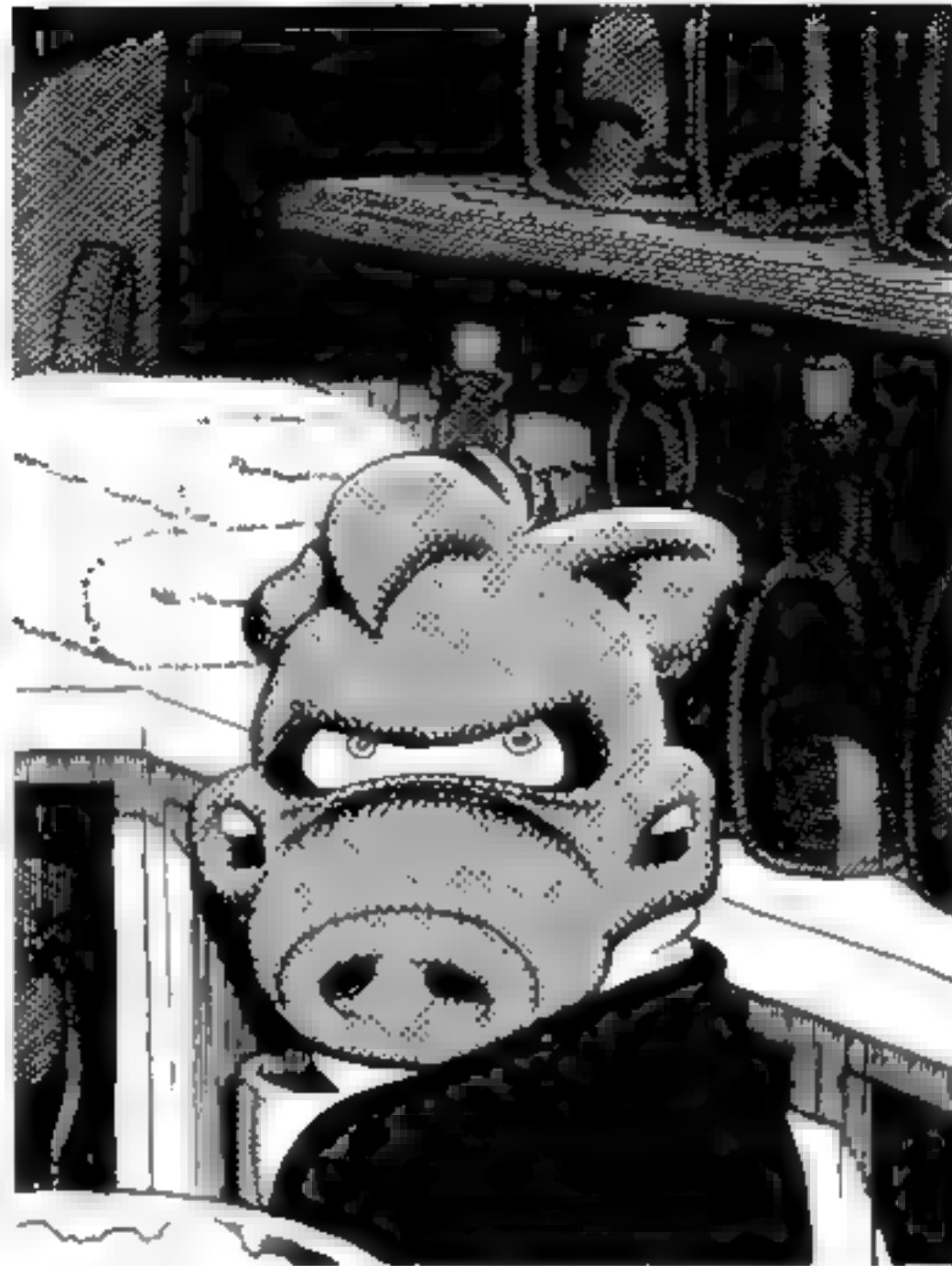
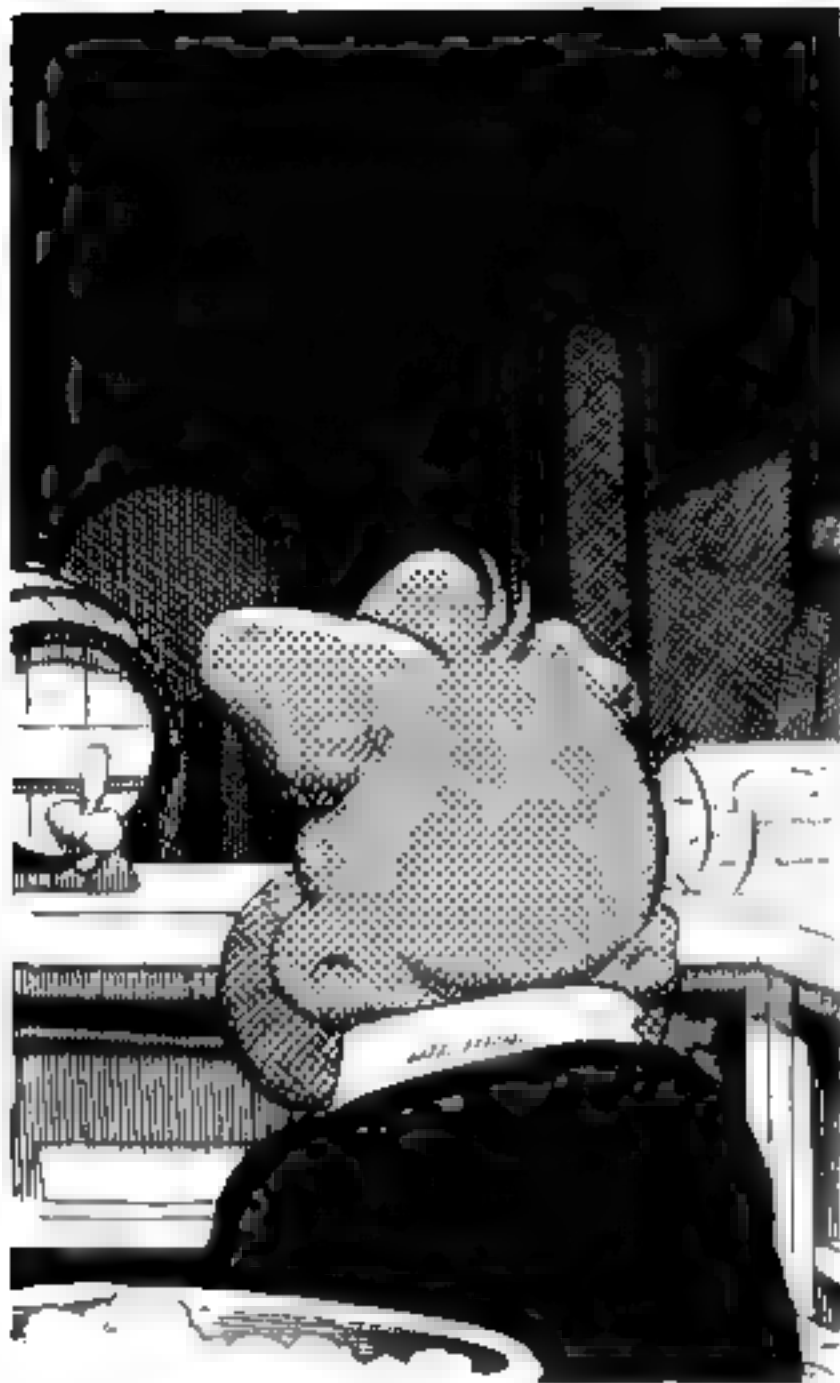
14 ¶ And I inquired vnto Cerebvs, saying, Declare vnto mee the parable of this certaine ruler and of his friend and of the uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing a face like vnto the backe ende of a dogge.

16 And Cerebvs answered mee, saying, Verily, thou shalt not drinke from the cuppe from which Cerebvs drinks vntill thou knowest the meaning of this. Vntil then, thou shalt drinke from thine owne cuppe onely.

17 And Cerebvs went forth behinde the barre for the pouring of the morning cuppe (and that in a fulle measure).

18 And as the morning cuppe was poured I tooke counsell within myselfe of the words of Cerebvs and the parable he had spoken vnto me, that first morning in the sanctuarie after his spirit had come vpon me.





CHAP. II

1. The morning cuppe : 5 Ricke pledges to follow Cerebvs : 7 Cerebvs tempts Ricke : 15 writing is the pathway to peace



After that Cerebvs had giuen vnto mee the morning cuppe of the full measure, Cerebvs placed it before mee and then rose vp within the sanctuarie and moued a litle apart from mee.

2 In seeing what Cerebvs had done; so too did I rise vp within the sanctuarie (from the third stoole vpon his lefte hande) and made myselfe to follow Cerebvs.

3 Seeing that I had risen vp within the sanctuarie from the third stoole vpon his left hand and that I made myselfe to follow vnto him, Cerebvs halted behinde the barre and in turning, regarded mee and spake vnto mee, saying;

4 ¶ Why dost thou follow Cerebvs?

5 And I answered vnto him, saying, In all things dost Ricke follow Cerebvs. Now and peradventure in all daies yet to come.

6 And Cerebvs grew wroth and spake angrily, inquiring of mee, Art thou a foole who, following Cerebvs, knowest not where Cerebvs doth goe?

7 If Cerebvs shouldst peradventure walke off of a talle cliffe, wouldst thou follow Cerebvs in walking off of that same talle cliffe?

8 And further, if Cerebvs shouldst plunge himselfe into the sea, wouldst thou likewise plunge thyself into that same sea?

9 And I answered vnto Cerebvs saying, Yea; of a truth; it is the desire of Rickes heart to follow Cerebvs euen off of the tallest of talle cliffes,

10 And likewise is it the desire of Rickes heart to follow Cerebvs euen vnto the deepest depths of the deepest seas.

11 ¶ And Cerebvs moued his head to and fro (that in so doing hee might regard the barre of Cerebvses left hande and likewise the barre of Cerebvses righte hande) And as beforetimes Cerebvs once more spake mildly vnto mee, saying;

12 No place is there within the sanctuarie that Ricke has not bene and Cerebvs as well. Neither vpon the stooles, nor behinde the barre, nor at the tables. All of these places haue ye bene and Cerebvs as well.

13 Therefore what profite shall there bee for Ricke in following Cerebvs within the sanctuarie?

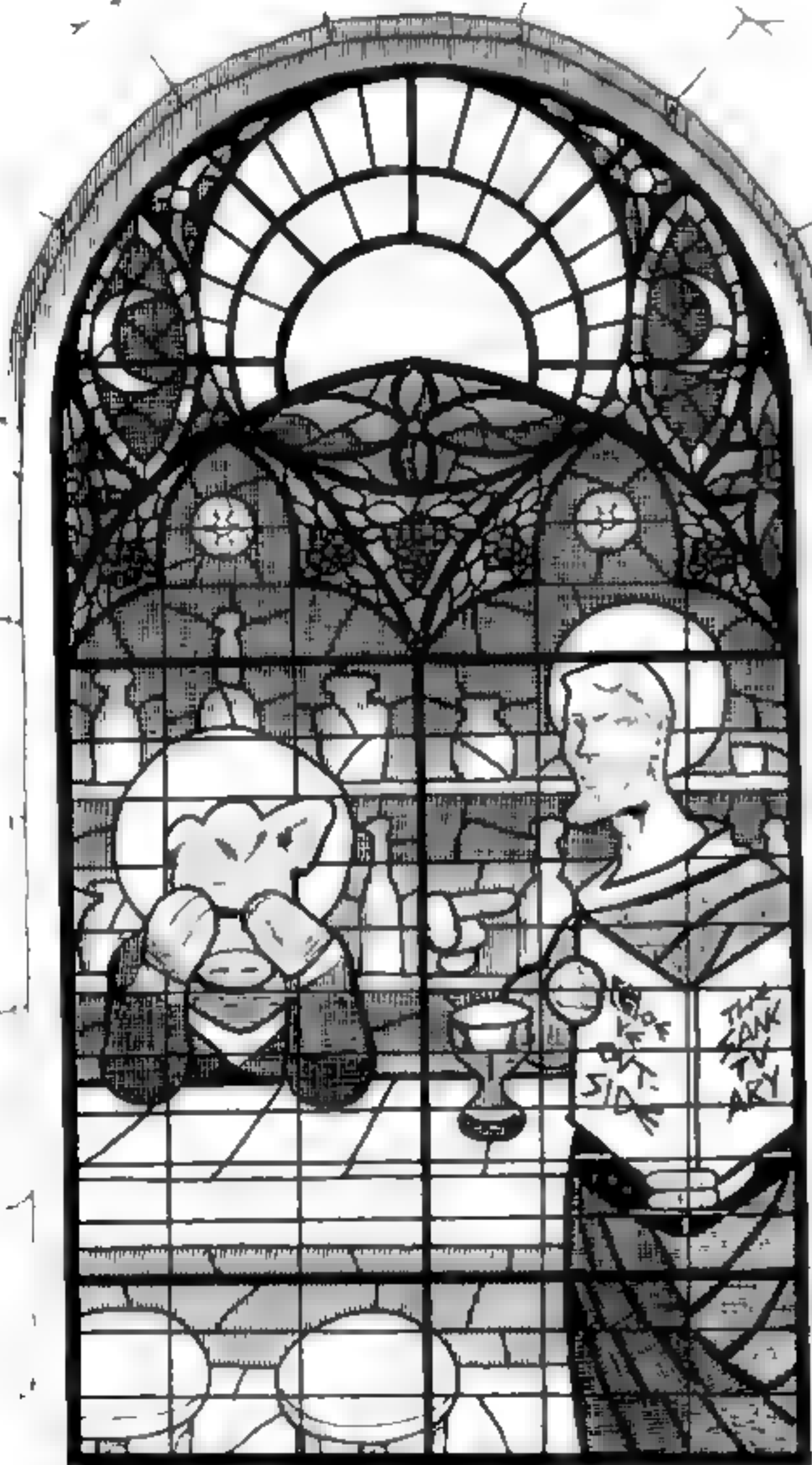
14 Goe ye forth out of the sanctuarie. For the daie is warm and it shall not alwaies bee so.

15 Goe yee forth out of the sanctuarie. And write in thy Booke for the writing in thy Booke makes thee silent and stille.

16 And Ricke did inquire of Cerebvs asking, Is it the will of Cerebvs that Ricke shouldst write in his Booke the parable of the certaine ruler and of his friend and of the uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing a face like vnto the backe ende of a dogge?

17 And Cerebvs (putting his face vpon his palmes) began to pray, saying,

18 In Tarim's name, doe now what seems good to thee in thine own eies. Write in thy Booke or write not in thy Booke, but in Tarim's name goe yee forth out of the sanctuarie to doe it.



CHAP. III

1. Ricke enunciates Truth



Utside the sanctvarie did Ricke begin to write of Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and the Truth:

2 Cerebvs was of the sanctvarie, and the sanctvarie

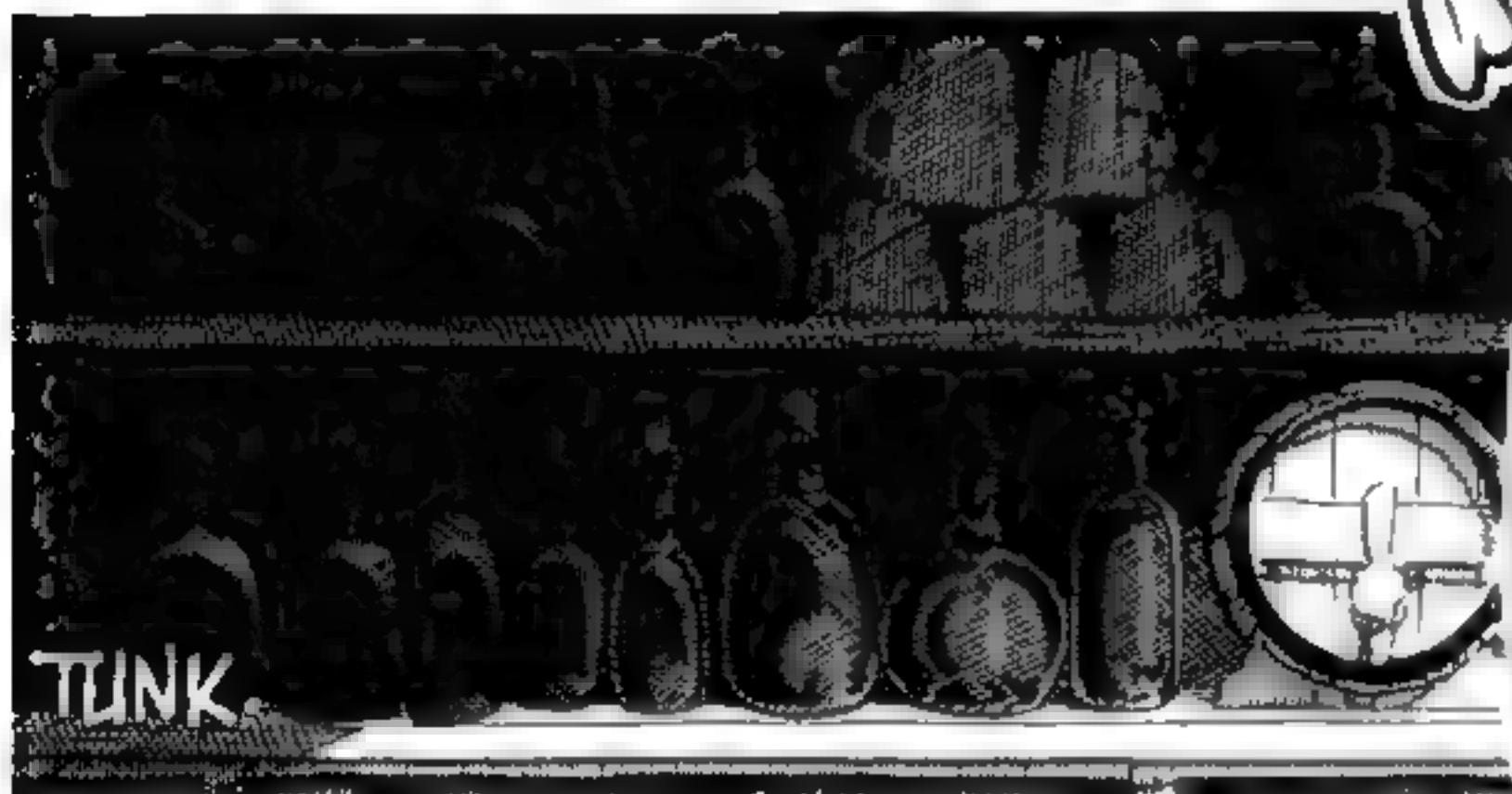
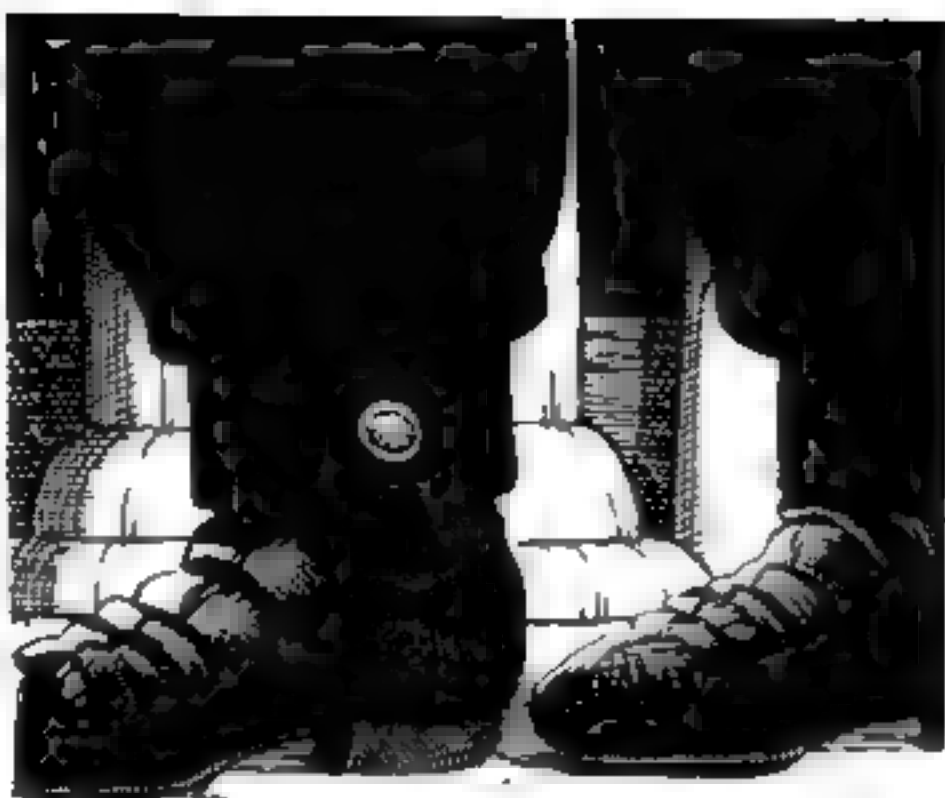
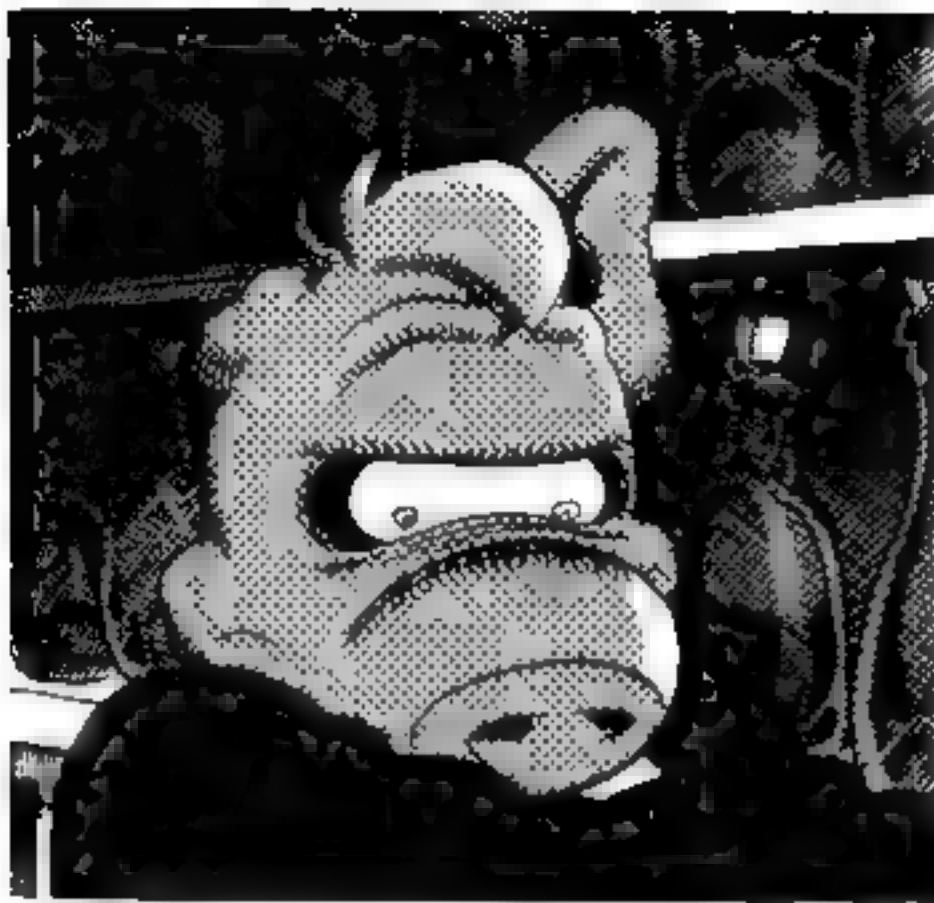
was of Cerebvs.

3 Like vnto Cerebvs was the sanctvarie, and like vnto the sanctvarie was Cerebvs.

4 And the sanctvarie was









HE'S CRAZY

(HE HASN'T EVEN LOOKED AT CEREBUS)

HE'S JUST PACING OFF THE TAVERN

WHY IS HE PACING OFF THE TAVERN?

HE'S PACING OFF THE TAVERN BECAUSE

BECAUSE HE'S CRAZY

(WHAT IS CEREBUS GETTING SO UPSET ABOUT?)

CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW

WELL HE'S COMING BACK THIS WAY!

HE'S ALMOST HERE!

HE'S HE'S

KLIK KLAK

V PON HIS RIGHT HAND

V PON HIS LEFT HAND KLAK



CHAP. III

1. Ricke enunciates Truth : 4 the vestibule and the sanctvarie : 8 the windowes : 11 the table of the west wall : 14 the chairs of the west wall : 18 The Barre : 20 the stooles of The Barre : 25 the tables of the north wall : 28 the chairs of the north wall : 32 The Partition : 35 The Seat of Truth : 36 The Cushion of Reste : 43 the Table of the Foure : 46 latter daies : 49 Tableux of the Sanctvaries : 51 the foure parts of the Tableux : 52 the Seate of the Left Hande 53 the Boxe of the Wood : 55 the Forge and the Furnace : 58 the Seate of the Righte Hand



Outside the sanctvarie did Ricke begin to write of Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and the Truth:

2 ¶ Cerebvs was of the sanctvarie, and the sanctvarie was of Cerebvs.

3 Like vnto Cerebvs was the sanctvarie, and like vnto the sanctvarie was Cerebvs.

4 And the sanctvarie was ouer against the vestibule, and of the sanctvarie was the vestibule.

5 And the vestibule of the sanctvarie was four paces and one halfe in its width and four paces and one halfe in its lengthe.

6 And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctvarie on its outer side swung to the left vpon its inward part.

7 And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctvarie (which doore gave in vpon the sanctvarie) was ouer against the righte hande of the vestibule and swung to the right vpon its inward part.

8 ¶ And six windowes were vpon the west wall of the sanctvarie. And the six windowes were each equall in size and square (hauing foure sides each and equall).

9 And the windowes of the west wall were in rowes of two, one vpon another. And in each of the rowes of two of the windowes of the west wall were three windowes each equall in size and square (hauing four sides each and equall)

10 And before the windowes of the west wall on the inward parte of the sanctvarie was a table.

11 And the table of the west wall was rounde vpon its top and vpon one center poste rested the top of the table of the west wall.

12 And the center poste of the table of the west wall was rounde like vnto a cylinder. Like vnto a cylinder was the center poste of the table of the west wall.

13 And the base of the table of the west wall was round like vnto the top of the table of the west wall howsobeit the base of the table of the west wall was smaller than the top of the table.

14 And there were two chairs ouer against the windowes of the west wall. To the north side going northward of the table of the west wall was one chair and to the south side going southward of the table of the west wall was an other chair.

15 And each of the chairs ouer againste the windowes of the west wall had each a backe vpon them.

16 And the backes of the chairs of the west wall were both square (like vnto the doore and the windowes) vpon their downward side and rounde (like vnto the top of the table and the base of the table of the west wall) vpon their upward side.

17 And the backes of the chairs of the west wall rested vpon two small postes like

vnto cylinders (tho not so large as the center poste of the table of the west wall) which ioined the backes of the chairs to the seates of the chairs of the west wall. Like vnto the small postes were the legges of the chairs of the west wall. And each chair had four legges which were round like vnto the two small postes.

18 ¶ Standing forward of the South Wall was The Barre behinde which Cerebvs stood (vpon boxes of vnfinished wood hauing many splinters which vexed and troubled him sorely)

19 And the length of The Barre was eighteen paces. Eighteen paces was the length of The Barre standing forward of the South Wall.

20 And before The Barre of the South Wall stood stooles.

21 And the stooles of The Barre were taller than the chairs of the table of the west wall. Like vnto the chairs of the west wall were the stooles of The Barre except hauing no backes and being taller; and the seates of the stooles of The Barre were round like vnto the top of the table of the west wall.

22 And like vnto the legges of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the legges of the stooles of The Barre and round.

23 And the stooles of The Barre were sixe in number. Sixe in number were the stooles of The Barre.

24 And three of the stooles of The Barre were vpon Cerebvs right hande, and three of the stooles of The Barre were vpon Cerebvs left hande.

25 ¶ And ouer against the north wall were three tables. Three tables were ouer against the north wall.

26 Like vnto the table of the west wall were the three tables of the north wall howsobeit that the three tables of the north wall were taller than the table of the west wall; and the tops of the three tables of the north wall were of smaller circumference than the top of the table of the west wall.

27 But the center postes of the three tables of the north wall were like vnto the centre poste of the table of the west wall in their circumference; and the bases of the tables of the north wall were alike vnto the base of the table of the west wall.

28 And each of the three tables of the north wall had two chairs each. Two chairs each had the three tables of the north wall.

29 And each of the three tables of the north wall had one chair vpon its east side running eastward; and each of the three tables of the north wall had one chair vpon its west side running westward.

30 Like vnto the stooles of The Barre were the chairs of the tables of the north wall, howsobeit that the chairs of the tables of the north wall had backes (which in the stooles of The Barre were lacking thereof).

31 Like vnto the backes of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the backes of the chairs of the tables of the north wall.

32 And vpon the north wall of the sanctuarie, eastward of the three tables of the north wall was The Partition.

33 ¶ And The Partition was foure paces in its width and was halfe of one hands width in its depth and The Partition was attached to the north wall and ascended to the full height of the north wall and was attached to the ceiling of the sanctuarie.

34 And The Partition stood out from the north wall rvnning southward foure paces

35 ¶ Lastward of The Partition ouer againste the north wall (two paces eastward) was the Seate of Truth, hewen of the finest timbres and of square beames.

36 Vpon the backe of the Seate of Truth was the Cushion of Reste, rounde and woven of the finest silke and embroidered with threade of blew and scarlett and purple.

37 And vpon the Seate of Truth sat Ricke with his Booke iudging al matters as they pertained to Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and Truth.

38 It was vpon the Seate of Truth that Ricke was first told of Goe On and Beate It and Scramme by Cerebvs, that Ricke might write his Booke of Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and Truth.

39 Likewise was Ricke vpon the Seate of Truth when Cerebvs did call foorth the Queene of All Daemons to test Ricke in his faith.

40 Still likewise was Ricke upon the Seate of Truth when Cerebvs was taken by his Daemon Selfe and sought to imprison Ricke in the depths of the Infinitie Serpents realm.

41 Ricke was of the Seate of Truth and the Seate of Truth was of Ricke.

42 Like vnto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like vnto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

43 ¶ Eastward of the Seate of Truth was the Table of the Foure.

44 And the Table of the Foure stood on the left hande of Ricke when he sat vpon the Seat of Truth.

45 Like vnto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall was the Table of the Foure howsobeit that the Table of the Foure was shorter than either the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. Also was the Table of the Foure greater in the circumference of its top than the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. In all other respects was the Table of the Foure like vnto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall.

46 It was at the Table of the Foure that Ricke foresaw the latter daies of Cerebvs and of the sanctuarie and of Truth.

47 Howsobeit that Ricke spake not vnto Cerebvs of his vision of the latter daies for such was it giuen vnto Ricke of the Seate of Truth that Ricke onely should know these things.

48 Like vnto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like vnto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

49 ¶ Ouer againste the south wall eastward of the Barre (which side of the Barre being of a strait line with the Partition) and standing before the Seate of Truth was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries.

50 And the Tableux of the Sanctuaries spoke to the Seate of Truth and to Ricke of all things concerning Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and the Truth.

51 Of foure parts was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries; of the Tableux of the Sanctuaries was there foure parts.

52 ¶ Of the first part of the Tableux of the Sanctuaries was the Seate of the Left Hande standing at the meeting of the west wall and of the south wall forward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation was of the Infinitie Serpent for the Seate of the Left Hande was the Infinitie Serpents Seate.

53 ¶ And to the righte of the Seate of the Left Hande stood the Boxe of the Woode forward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation was of the Infinitie Serpent for the woode of the Boxe of the Woode were the soules of those held by the Infinitie Serpent. And the interpretation was also of Tarim for the woode of the Boxe of the Woode held likewise the soules which were of Tarim and which would be claimed by Tarim in the latter daies.

54 And the Boxe of the Woode was like vnto the boxes vpon which Cerebvs stood (being vnfinished).

55 ¶ And to the righte of the Boxe of the Woode was the Forge of the Refinement which was also the Furnace of the Eternal Fire standing forward of the Seate of Truth and vpon the left hande of the Seate of Truth and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure.

56 And the righte interpretation of the Forge of Refinement was of Tarim for in it would Tarim refine the soules which he would claim in the latter daies.

57 And the righte interpretation of the Furnace of the Eternal Fire was of the Infinitie Serpent for in it would the soules not claimed by Tarim burn in euerlasting fire.

58 ¶ Ouer againste the south wall in the corner formed of the south wall and the eastward side of the Barre and to the righte of the Forge Which Was The Furnace and the Furnace Which Was The Forge stood the Seate of the Righte Hande standing forward of the Seate of Truth and vpon the righte hand of the Seate of Truth and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the foure chairs of the Table of the Foure.

59 And the righte interpretation of the Seate of the Righte Hand was of Tarim.

60 Tarim was of the Seate of the Righte Hand and of the Seate of the Righte Hand was Tarim.

61 Like vnto Tarim was the Seate of the Righte Hand and like vnto the Seate of the Righte Hand was Tarim, euerlasting vnto euerlasting.





CHAP. IV

1. Rickes blasphemie : 3 Cerebus summons the
- Queen of all Daemons to punish Rick : 7
- Cerebuses compassion : 9 Cerebus instrvts
- Ricke in the casting out of daemons : 12
- Cerebus heals Rickes arme



And I, Rick, did blasphemie againste Cerebus and the sanctuarie and the Truth beforetimes that the spirit of Cerebus came vpon me. And this doe I herein and hereby

confesse:

2 Taken by the vncleane spirit of the Seate of the Left Hande I did place myselfe aboute Cerebus and scorn his name and did mocke him in my heart as a fallen pope and raise myselfe vp in my heart as the chosen one of Tarrin.

3 And in the euill imaginings of my heart I did heap scorn vpon Cerebus and trouble him so that hee bade the Infinite Serpent to summon forth the Quene of All Daemons to punish mee for my transgression and my iniquitie.

4 So fierce and terrible in all her aspects was shee that I was seized with a great fear and trembling vpon the Seate of Truth. And shee came nigh vnto mee.

5 And tho I closed my eyes against her fearsome and terrible forme, still could I heare as shee began to laie her egges within the sanctuarie before the Furnace of the Eternal Fire.

6 And each of her egges began to hatche open reuealing the daughters of all daemons who made themselves readie to set vpon me and to rend mee in pieces. And I, beinge bound in a sling was thereby helpelesse to diuert them.

7 Then did Cerebus haue compassion vpon me in my affliction and spake mildly vnto me saying, Open thine eyes. Shee who has troubled you is gone from you.

8 And I did I as he bade mee and, lo, the Mother of All Daemons was gone (and her egges as well).

9 And Cerebus soothed mee with his wordes saying, Whensoeuer thou wouldst cast one such as these from you, ye neede only to speake vnto them saying;

Go on and Beate it and Scramme.

And I hearkened vnto Cerebus and he asked if I vnderstood the wordes he had spoken vnto mee I saide, Yea, Rickes understanding pleased him

when did Cerebus place his hand vnto my arme (which was in two places) and say vnto mee;

Get off thy sling for your paine hath made thee whole.

As was as Cerebus had saide.

I vnderstande that Cerebus had made an I in all waies, hauing made a wound and to the Infinite Serpents daemons

CHAP. V

1 Rickes second test 3 Cerebys intreats Tarim to send Ioanne 5 Cerebys takes counsell with Ioanne 7 Rickes and Ioanne speake together 10 Ioanne is astonished by Rickes vnderstanding :

BUt Cerebys knew in his greater wisdom that tho Rickes had now a greater vnderstanding than hee had beforetimes; still was Rickes vnderstanding not yet perfite like vnto the wisdom and vnderstanding of Cerebys.

2 And so it came to passe that on the following daie Cerebys did deuise a test for Rickes to try Rickes faith and vnderstanding.

3 And Cerebys did intreat of Tarim that he should vnto the sanctuarie one of his Angels which was called Ioanne.

4 And when Rickes beheld Ioanne, Rickes heart smote within his chest for exceeding beauty and her nature and her looks vnto the brilliant.

5 And Cerebys saw Rickes face and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

6 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

7 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

8 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

9 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

10 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

11 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

12 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

13 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

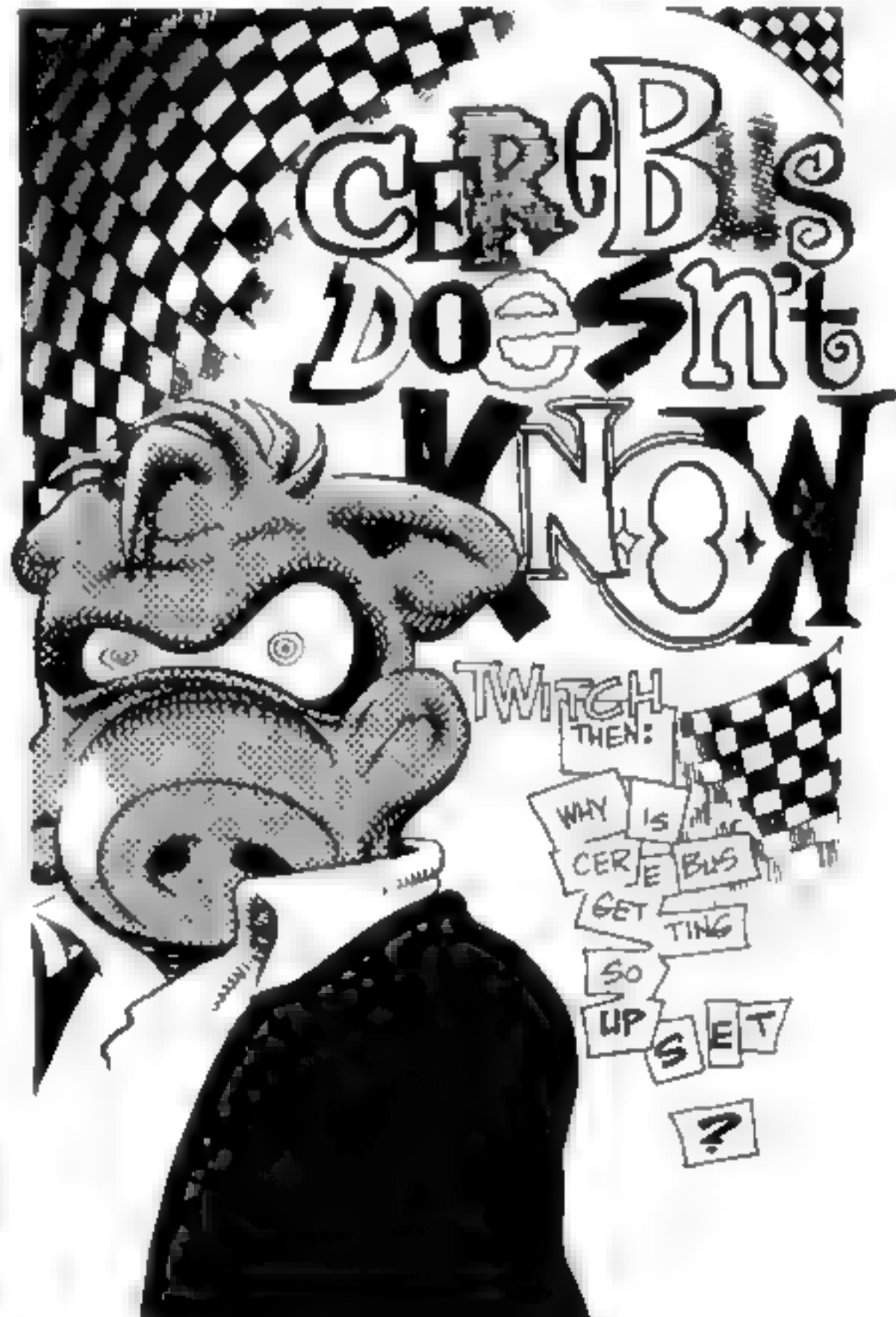
14 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

15 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

16 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

17 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.

18 And Cerebys saw that Rickes was in love with Ioanne and knew that he was in love with Ioanne.





CHAP. VI

1. Ricke returns to the sanctuarie : 2 the Prophet Viktor : 3 Cerebvs enunciates the Truth : 10 Cerebvs calls forth Ioanne : 11 Rickes faith and vnderstanding is tested : 34 the Cuppes of Vnderstanding

THus did Ricke returne vnto the sanctuarie with a grieuous wounde vpon the righte side of his head and euen more grieuous a wounde vpon the left side of his chest so that hee suffered euen vnto death.

2 And Cerebvs quoted the prophet Viktor vnto Ricke saying, Hee who chases after women will get what hee deserues (that Ricke might know he had bene tested in his faith and his vnderstanding).

3 And Cerebvs spake further vnto Ricke saying, Shee was euen a woman you had iust met.

4 And Ricke vnderstoode the Truth of Cerebvses wordes.

5 ¶ And Cerebvs saide, Griue yee not for a woman yee haue not lain with, for there is no profite for thee in this.

6 And Ricke likewise vnderstoode the Truth of these wordes of Cerebvs.

7 And Cerebvs saide further, Euen hadst thou lain with her one time or, yea, euen hadst thou lain with her vnto seuen and seuentie times, euen so would there bee no profite for thee in grieuing for any woman.

8 And Cerebvs in testing Ricke of his faith and vnderstanding inquired of Ricke, Seest thou any profite in grieuing for any woman?

9 And Ricke replying vnto Cerebvs answered vnto him saying, Nay.

10 ¶ Then did Cerebvs call forth the Angel called Ioanne hauing now the forme of a woman. And shee came forth on the shrieking of a great winde.

11 And Ioanne did inquire after Rickes welfare and did accuse Cerebvs of striking Ricke.

12 And Cerebvs inquired of Ricke asking, Wilt thou have this strange woman to minister vnto thee in the sanctuarie?

13 And Cerebvses spirit was vpon Ricke insomuch that Ricke saw that Ioanne was not an Angel but merely a woman (howsobest a woman hauing great melons).

14 And then the woman Ioanne did seize Ricke and aske of Ricke, Am I not the Angel who spoke with thee and who smiled vpon thee?

15 And Ricke denied her not of this saying.

16 And the darknesse like vnto darke waters came vpon Ricke in that moment.

17 And when Ricke came again to himselfe, lo, hee was bound in fetters and stode in a lake of liuing fire and a deuill hauing ioannes voice was rending the flesh of Rickes woundes with the handes of a uiper like vnto a scorpion and speaking vnto Ricke saying, Hold ye stil.

18 And saying as well, I am not bad, I am not bad.

19 And againe the darknesse like vnto darke waters came vpon Ricke.

20 And when Ricke came again to himselfe, Ioanne had once more the forme of a woman and was speaking vnto Ricke and saying, Yee haue no wounde; and further saying, I did not attend thee last night for my mother was taken with a feuer.

21 ¶ And then did Cerebvs (being taken by the aspect of his Daemon Selfe) adiure her, saying;

22 Speake not thy lies vnto us within the sanctuarie but get thee hence, deuill.

23 And the woman Ioanne spake vnto Ricke saying, I speake no lies, for am I not an Angel as yee haue seen?

24 And of a Truthe in that moment shee did become radiant and exceding fair like vnto the Angel Ricke had seen.

25 ¶ And Cerebvs spake vnto Ricke a parable saying, Doth the Angel of Tarim haue a grandmother taken with the ringworme? Or doth her vnle haue the gout? And in hauing these wil shee not keepe herselfe apart from thee alwaies?

26 And Ricke vnderstood not this parable that Cerebvs had spoken in his greater wisdom (that Ricke might know his own lacke in faith and vnderstanding).

27 And Ricke, hauing no certaintie if Ioanne was woman or deuill or Angel inquired of her, Was thy mother Truly taken with a feuer as thou has saide?

28 And in stead of Ioanne there was suddenly a great deuill, tormenting Ricke with the tongue of a uiper like vnto a scorpion and saying vnto Ricke;

29 Ye haue cast out the Angel of Tarim by your word and shee has gone farre from thee foreuer and alwaies for thou hast called your Angel a Liar.

30 At the wordes of the deuill Ricke was taken with a great fear and trembling in thinking that hee had cast out his Angel.

31 ¶ And when the three had gone forth from the sanctuarie, Ricke inquired of Cerebvs, Did shee lie? (howsobest Ricke knew not himselfe whether he asked of the woman or the deuill or the Angel).

32 But Cerebvs hauing a perfite vnderstanding of all that was in the heart of Ricke euen of those things hidden from Ricke himselfe spake vnto Ricke saying,

33 They all lie (meaning the woman the deuill and the Angel).

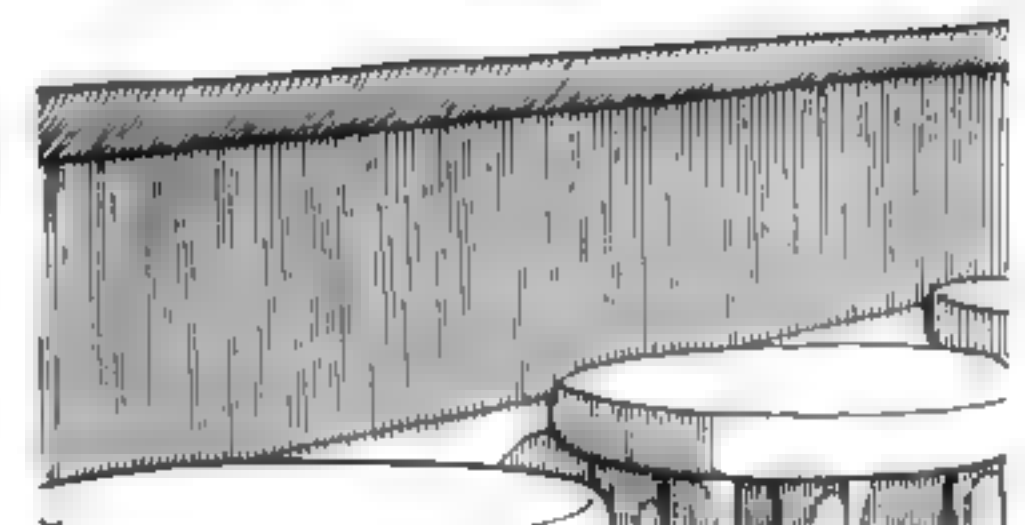
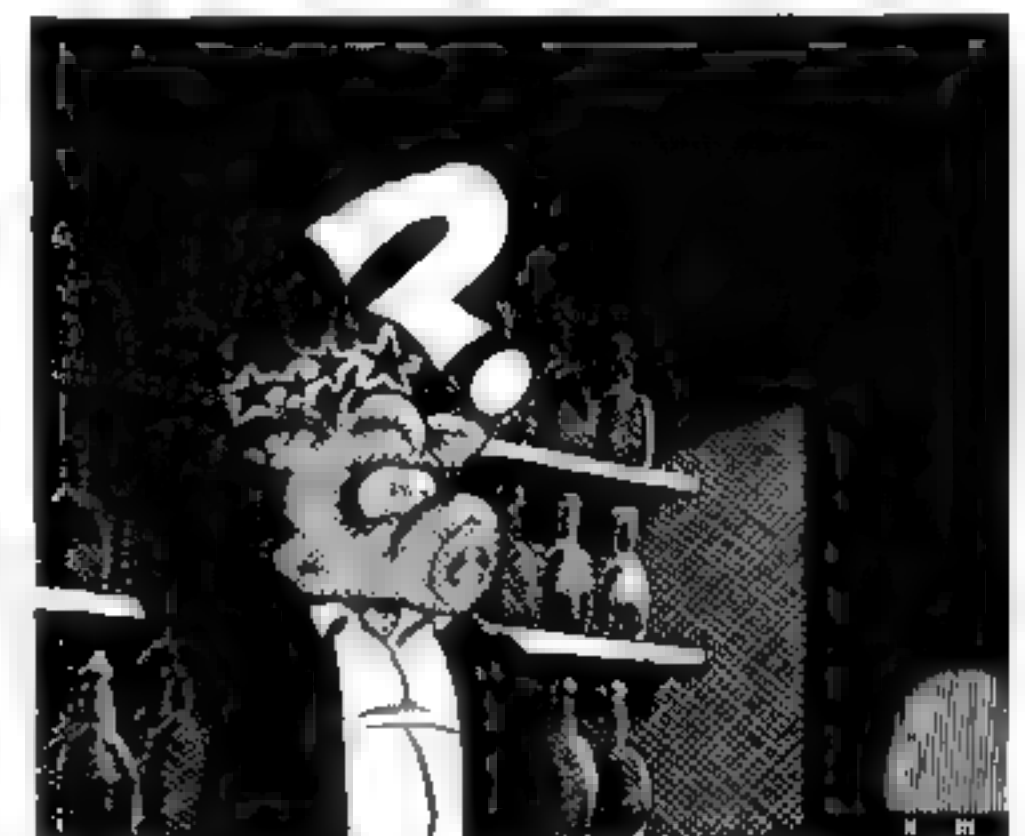
34 And Ricke vnderstood these words of Cerebvs with a more perfite vnderstanding then beforetimes.

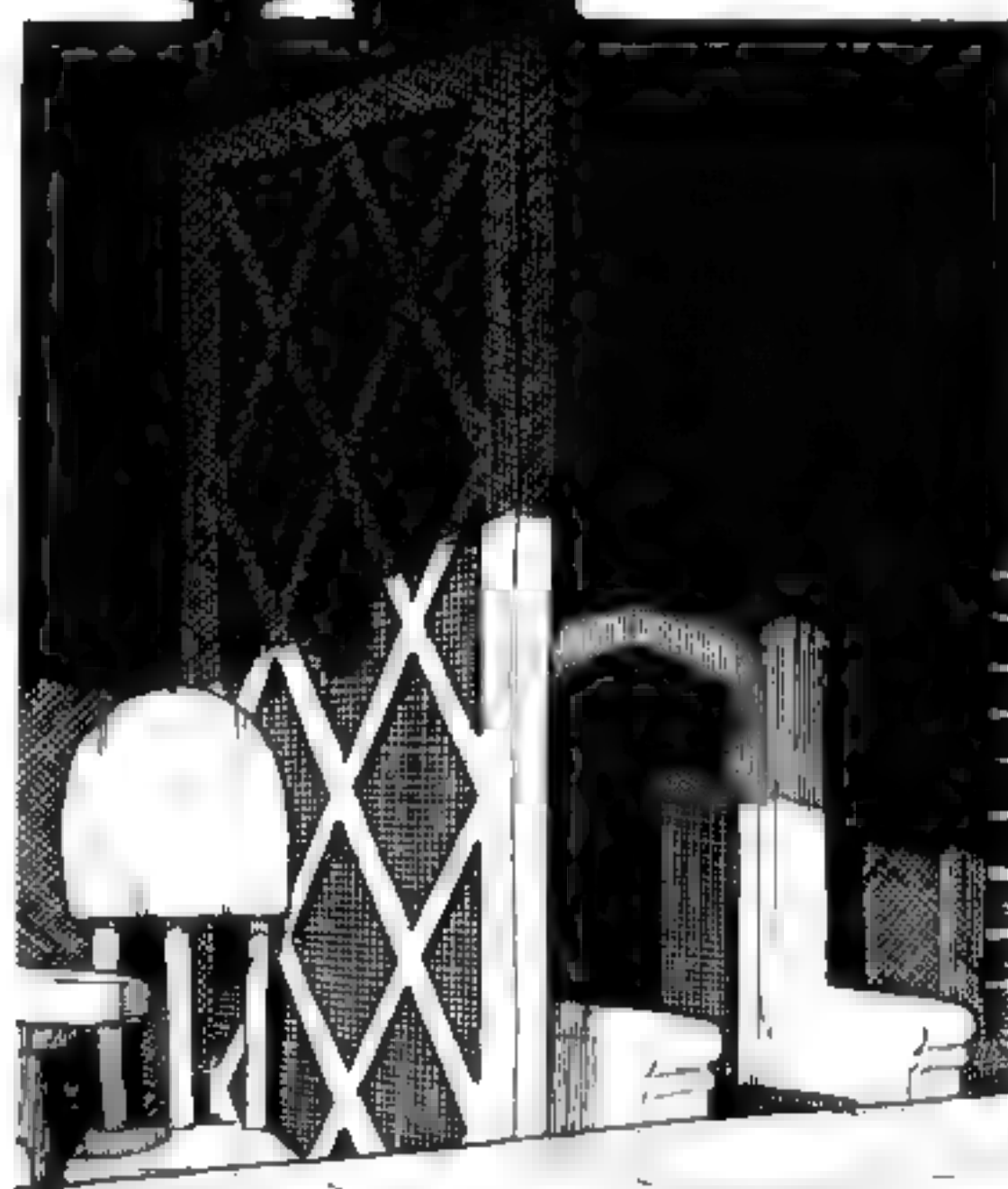
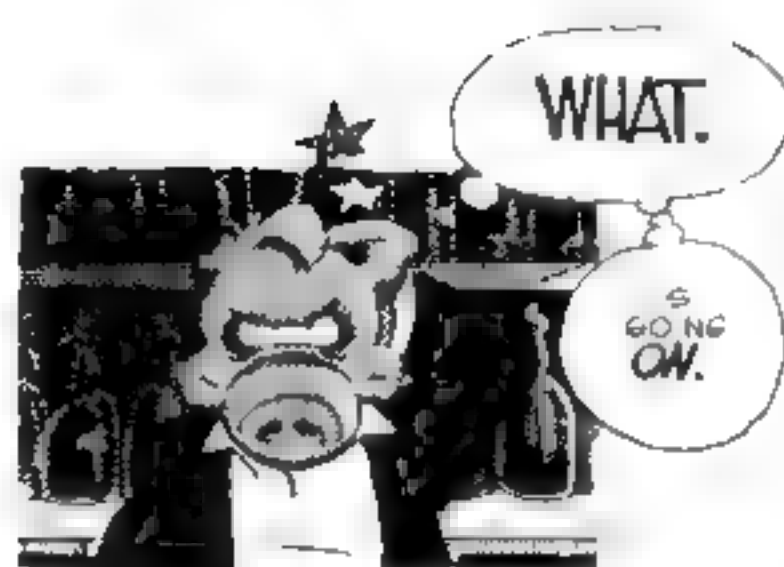
35 And seeing Rickes more perfite vnderstanding Cerebvs ministered vnto Ricke with the Cuppes of Vnderstanding that Ricke might further perfect his faith and vnderstanding (telling Ricke many parables of the Fig whose purse had ensnared the vitals of the Beare).

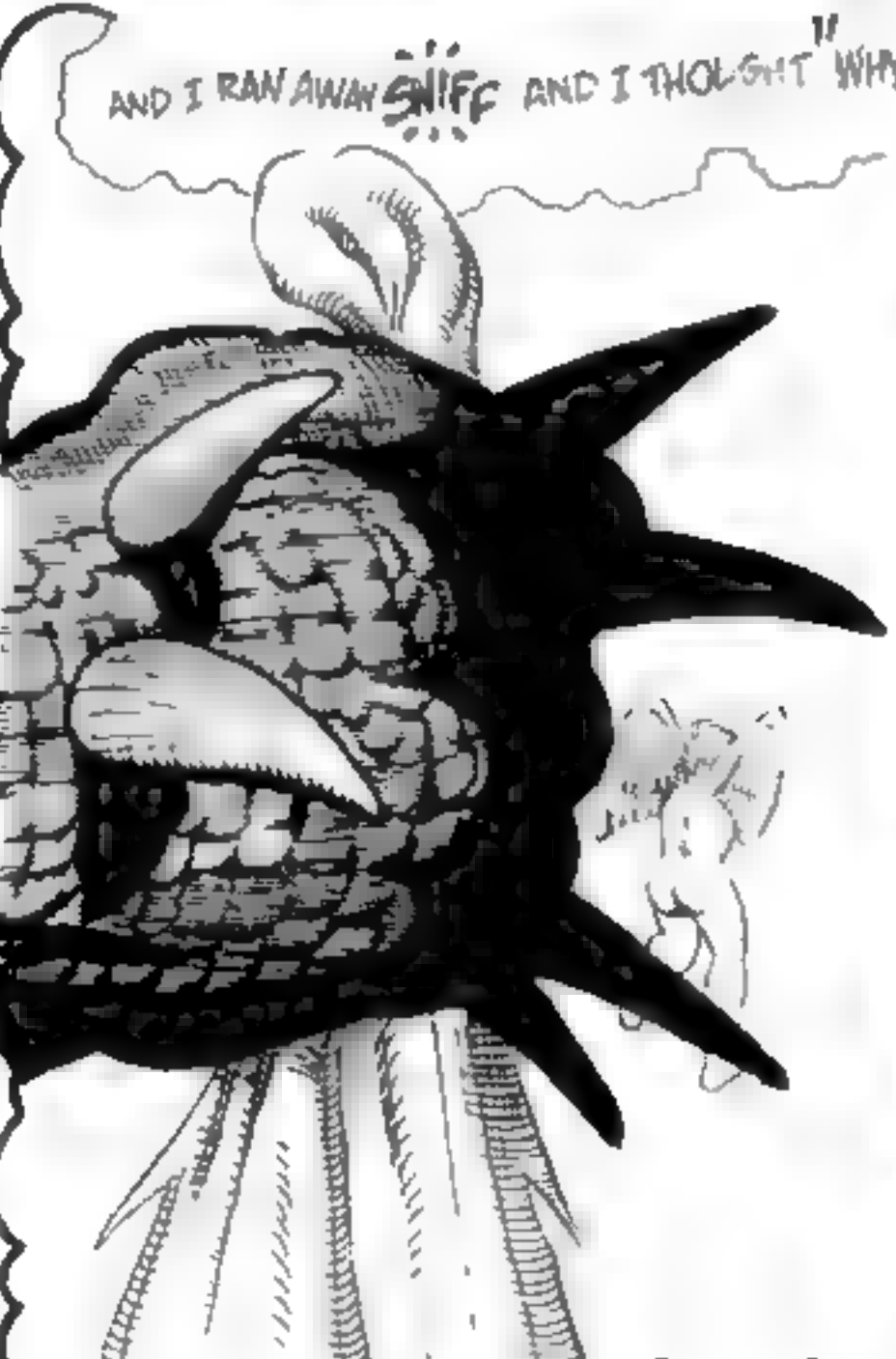
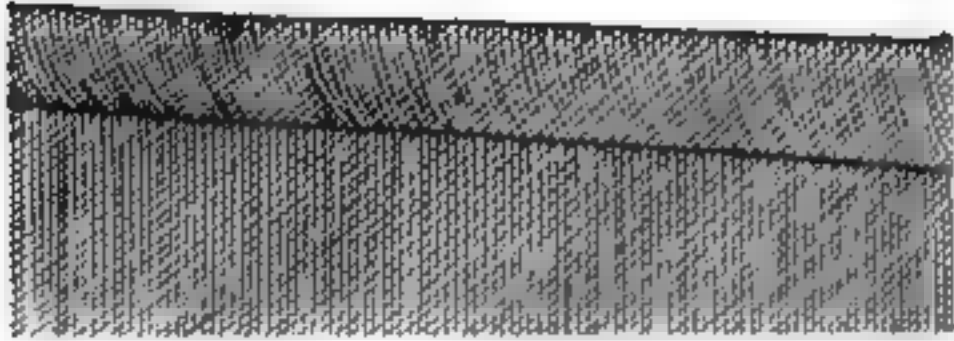
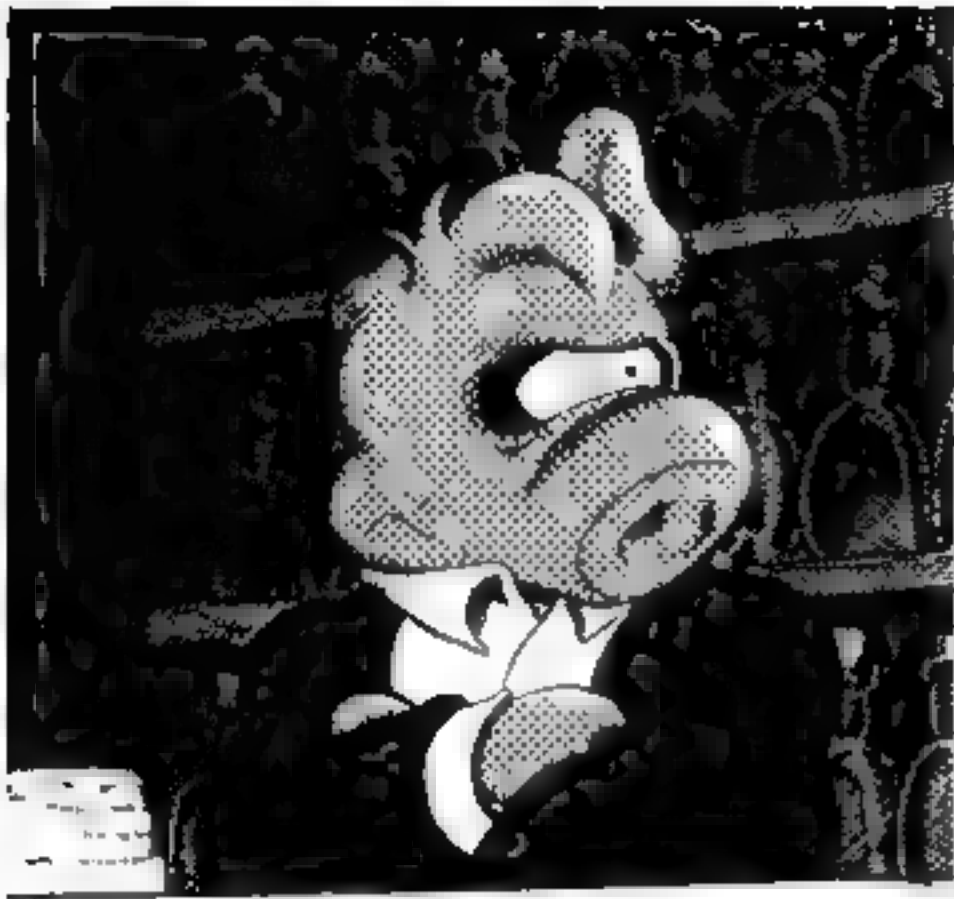
36 ¶ And it came to passe that a great light shone vpon Ricke euen as his vnderstanding and his faith became perfect like vnto that of Cerebvs. And euen as Ricke considered how hee had bene ensnared by the woman and the deuill and had bene wont to leave Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and the Truth, lo, it came to passe of a moment that Ricke saw the gates of Vanaheim opening vnto him and a lowd voice speaking vnto Ricke the Two Parts of the Great Truth:

37 They All Leave and They All

38 I'M SORRY!









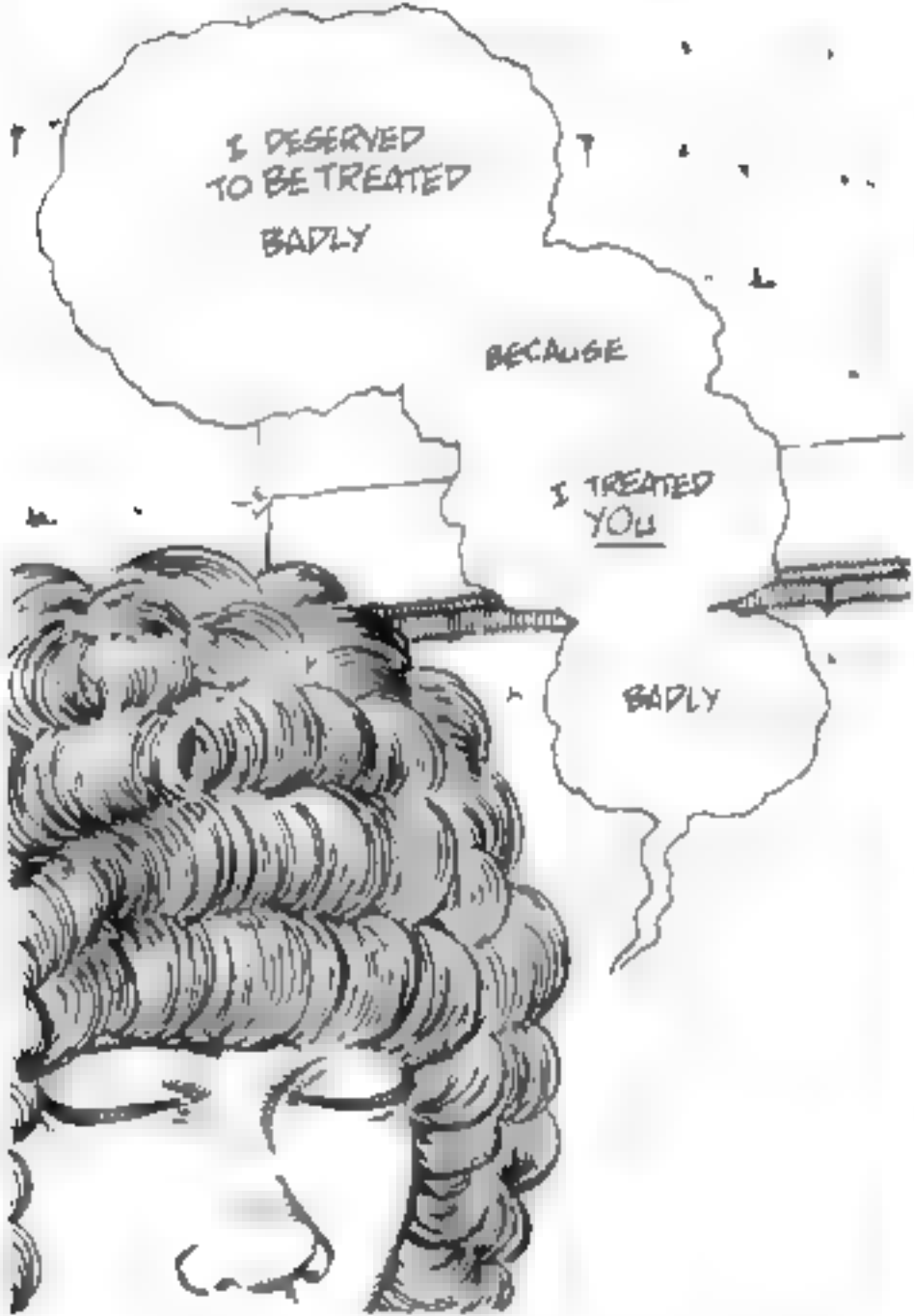
SHE CAME
BACK!

PLEASE TARM DON'T
LET RICK SAY OR DO
ANYTHING STUPID DO
SCARE HER AWAY
OR MAKE HER MAD
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
CEREBUS HASN'T
BEEN DRINKING
(EXCEPT FOR BONFIRE
NIGHT) AND CEREBUS
HASN'T BEEN SWEARING
AND CEREBUS HASN'T
SLEPT WITH A HARLOT
SINCE JOANNE LEFT
AND CEREBUS
PROMISES TO TRY
TO BE GOOD ALL
THE TIME OH PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE



I - I BROUGHT
IT ON MYSELF
THOUGH

I KNOW
THAT



I DESERVED
TO BE TREATED
BADLY

BECAUSE

I TREATED
YOU

BADLY



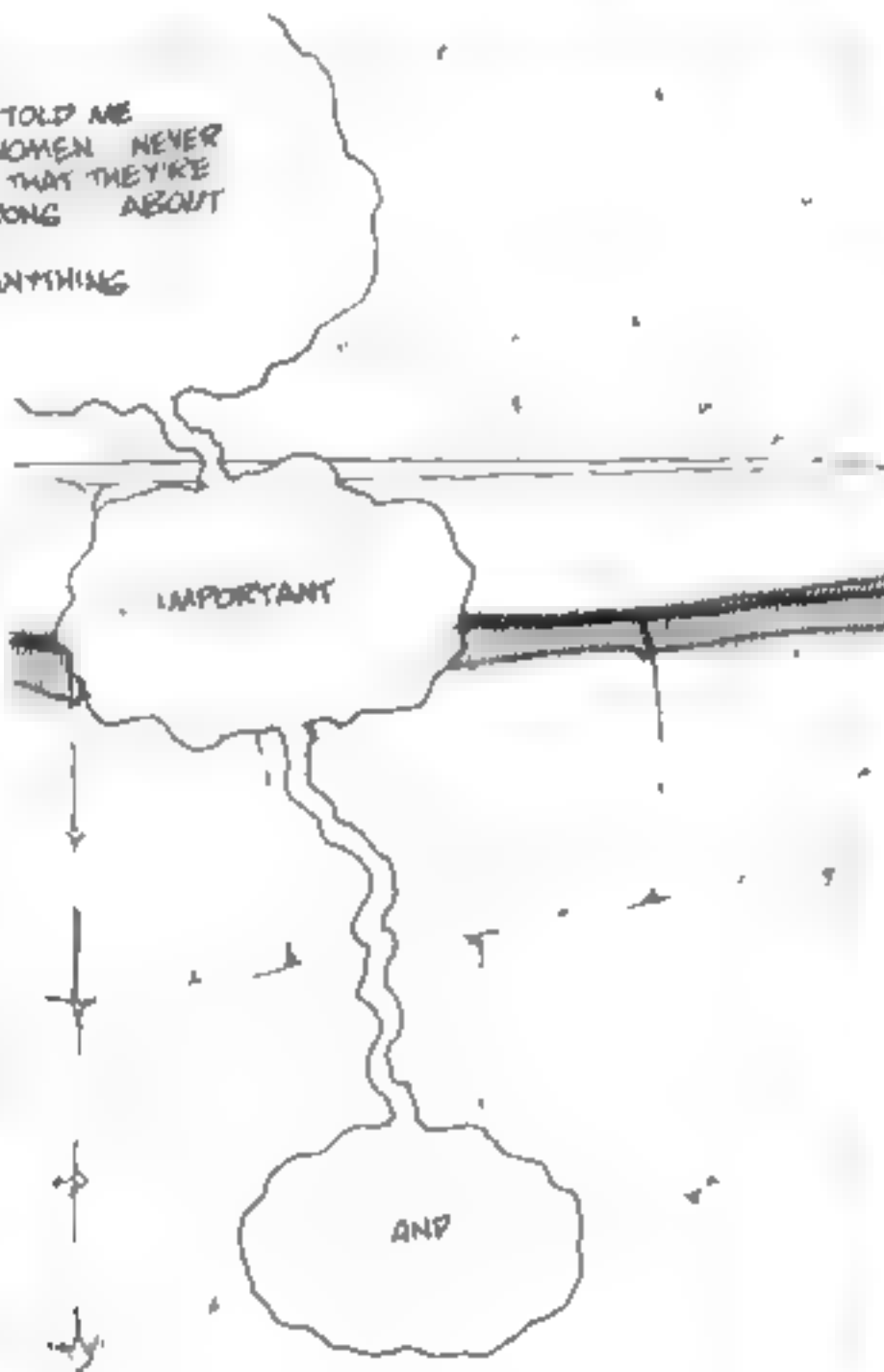
PLEASE



SNIFF



YOU TOLD ME
THAT WOMEN NEVER
ADMIT THAT THEY'RE
WRONG ABOUT
ANYTHING



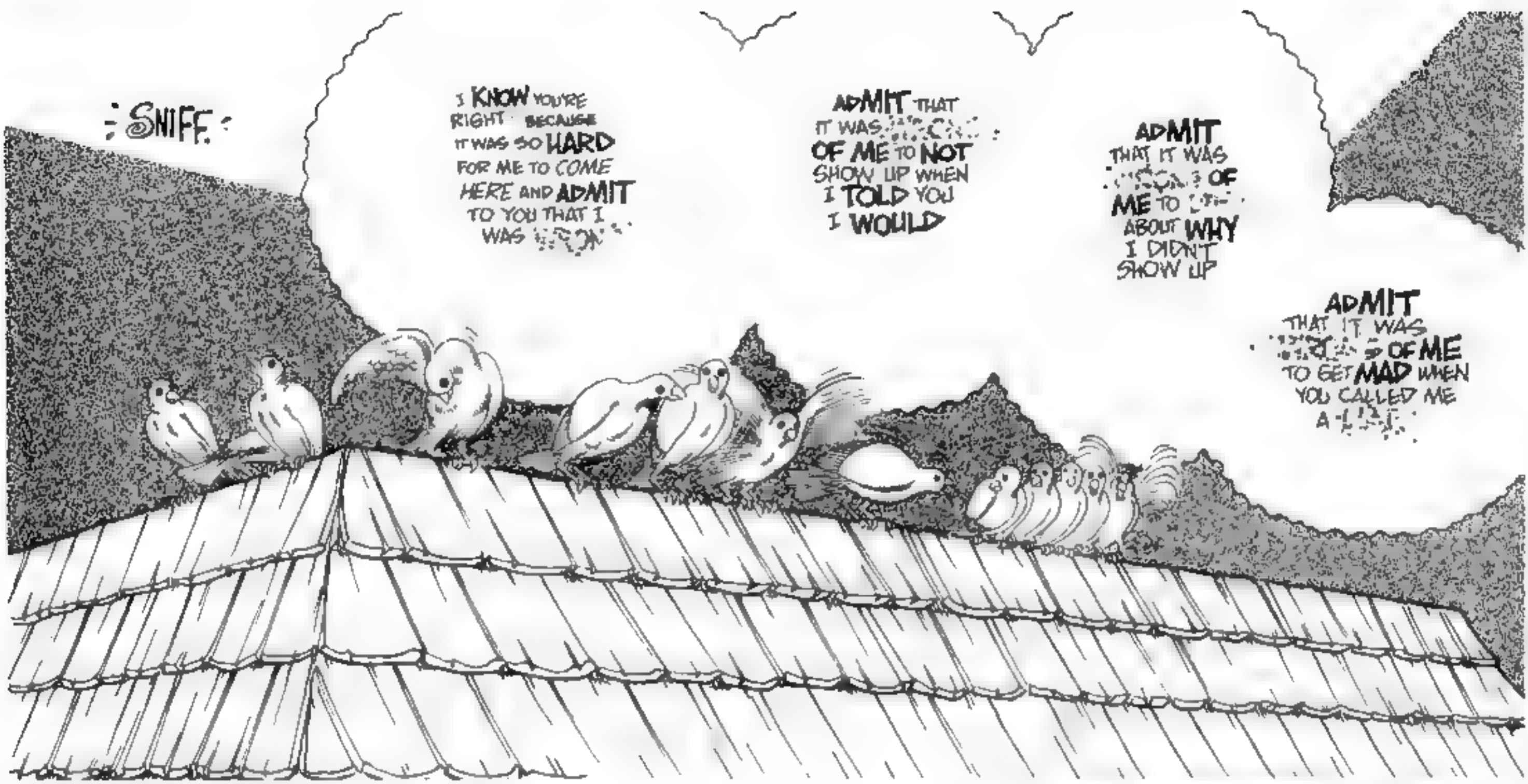
IMPORTANT

AND



AND
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

GLP



SNIFF

I KNOW YOU'RE
RIGHT BECAUSE
IT WAS SO HARD
FOR ME TO COME
HERE AND ADMIT
TO YOU THAT I
WAS

ADMIT THAT
IT WAS OF ME TO NOT
SHOW UP WHEN
I TOLD YOU
I WOULD

ADMIT
THAT IT WAS
OF ME TO
ABOUT WHY
I DIDN'T
SHOW UP

ADMIT
THAT IT WAS
OF ME
TO GET MAD WHEN
YOU CALLED ME
A



SNIFF

AND
IT'S SO HARD
FOR ME TO
COME HERE

AND TELL
YOU THAT I'M
VERY VERY
VERY

AND
TO SAY ..

EVEN THOUGH
I'M JUST JOANNE
I HOPE WE CAN
PUT ALL OF THIS
BEHIND US...

AND START
OVER



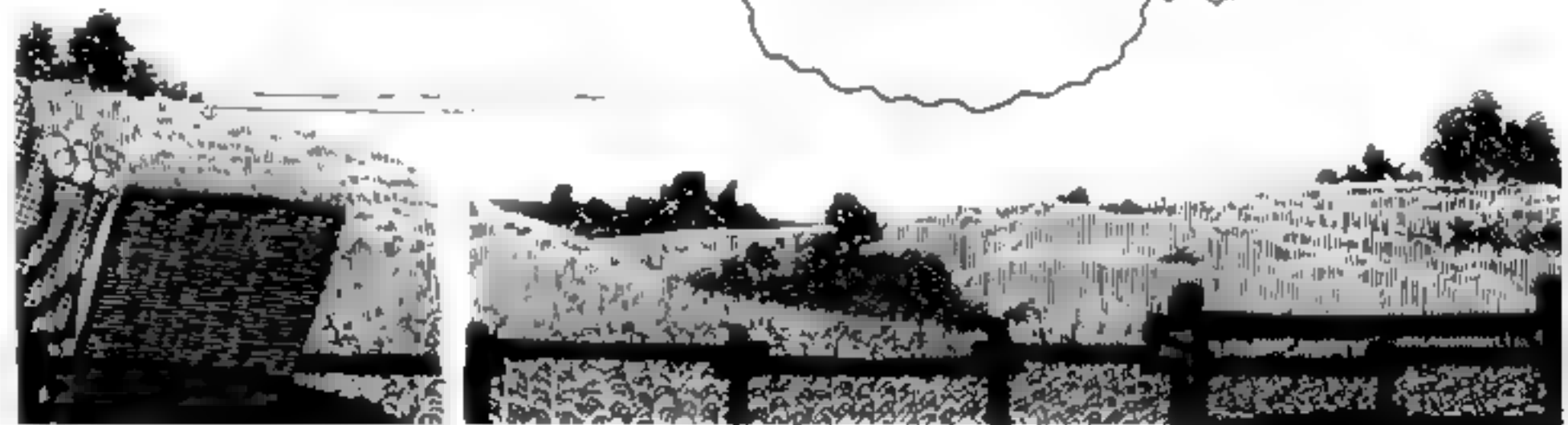
PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE

FLAP FLAP FLAP
FLAP FLAP FLAP
FLAP FLAP FLAP

AND
THAT YOU'LL
COME AND
VISIT ME AT
THE STARCHILD
TONIGHT

SO

SO WE CAN
TALK.



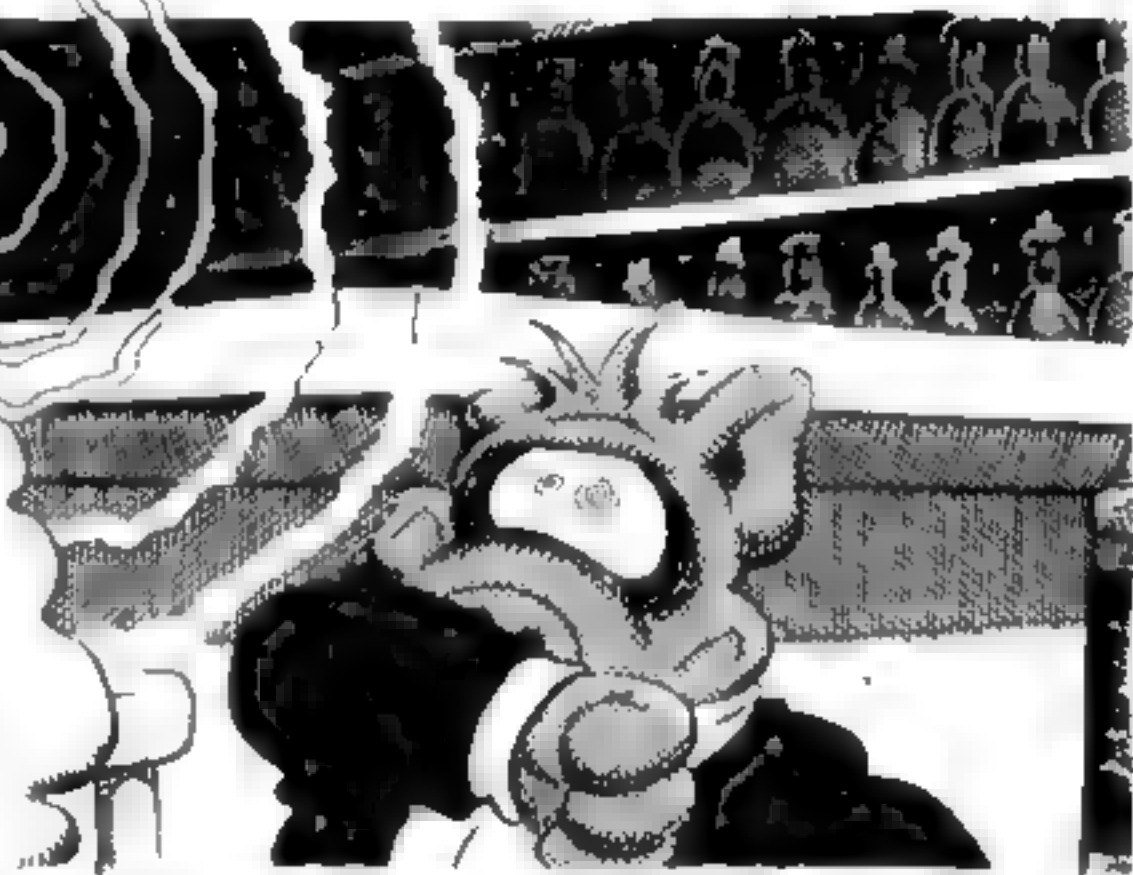








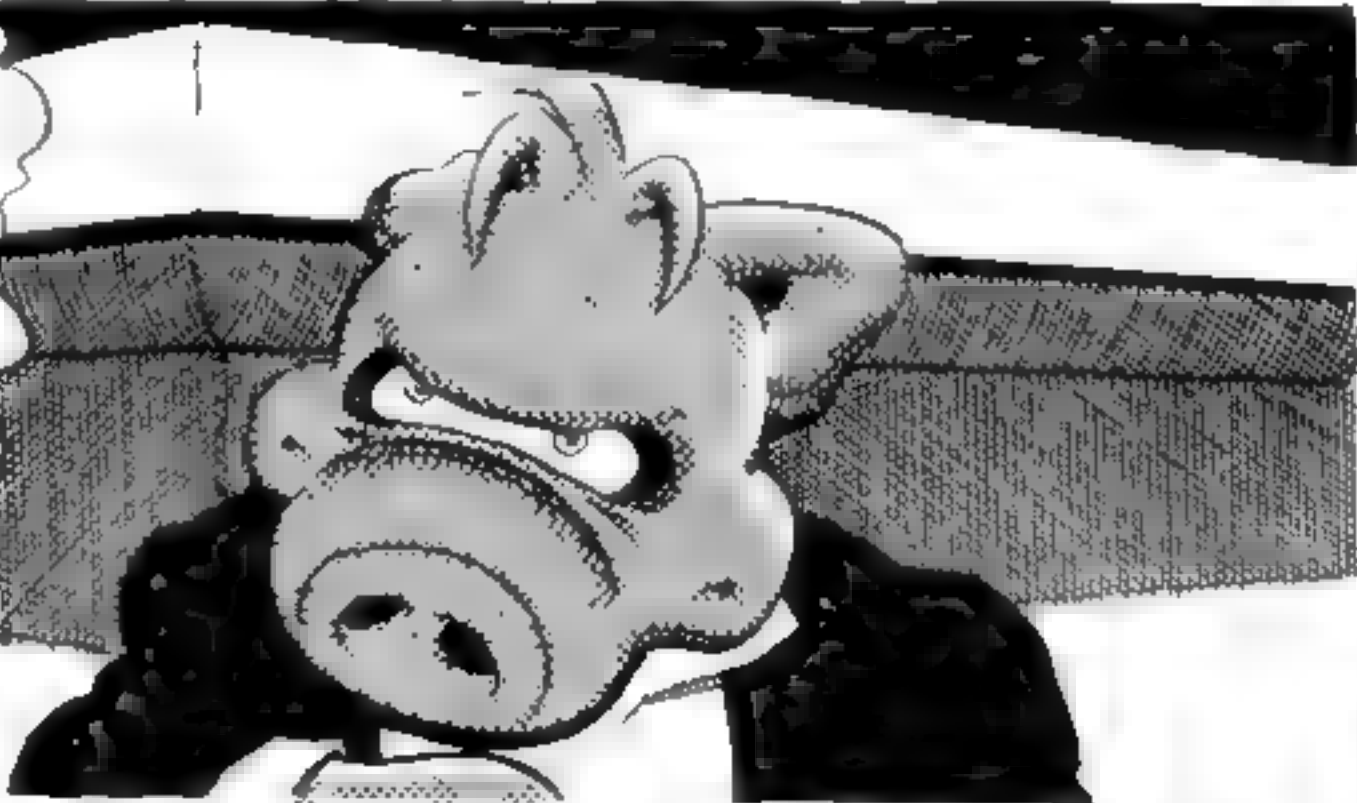
FORGIVE ME MOST
HOLY FOR THE HARLOT
HAS TEMPTED ME TO
GO TO THE STARCHIL
TO!



AND I TOLD
HER NEITHER
"GO ON"
SOB

NOR
"BEAT IT"
SOB

NOR
"SCRAM"





CHAP. VIII

1. Ricke ends his confession 4 Cerebvs rebukes Ricke 11 Cerebvs explains Goe On and Beate It and Scramme 18 Rikes understanding returns

T

Hen Ricke hauing made an ende of his confession before Cerebvs in the saying of how Ioanne had tempted Ricke:

2 And further saying how it had come to passe that Ricke had failed in his faith and in his vnderstanding insomuch that Ricke had not saide vnto Ioanne, Goe On and Beat It and Scramme;

3 ¶ Lo, Ricke beheld that his wordes filled Cerebvs with anger insomuch that Cerebvs rebuked Ricke, saying vnto him:

4 Cease thy tears and thy wailing and thy lament. How might Cerebvs teach thee the waies of a man when thou art more woman than man?

5 And Ricke vnderstoode the truth of Cerebvses wordes and ceased his tears and his wailing and his lament.

6 At the ceasing of Rikes tears, Cerebvs spake vnto him, saying:

7 ¶ Art thou a foole hauing yet no vnderstanding?

8 Thinkest thou that Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of women and euen Angels?

9 Farre should it bee from thee in considering it to be so. Harken vnto Cerebvses wordes that vnderstanding might returne vnto thee.

10 And Ricke hearkened vnto the wordes of Cerebvs as Cerebvs spake vnto Ricke, saying:

11 ¶ Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of scorpions and upers hauing melons and other attributes like vnto those of women.

12 Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of those who trouble thee and who make thy head and thy stomache to ache and who giue pain vnto thee in all waies.

13 And likewise are they deuises and sayings for the casting out of those who confuse thee and befuddle thee til thou knowest not thy righte hand from thy left hande.

14 Goe On and Beat It and Scramme are for the casting out of these and these onely.

15 ¶ Iudge wisely in this lest peradventure thou shouldst finde thyselfe ensnared by a uiper or a scorpion hauing the attributes of a woman.

16 Iudge wisely in this as well lest peradventure thou shouldst finde thyselfe going forth and speaking Goe On and Beat It and Scramme vnto a woman who is not a uiper or a scorpion (insomuch that thou shouldst then finde no woman who will lie with thee in all thy daies).

17 And Ricke answered Cerebvs according to his wordes saying; Ricke seekes alwaies to speake the truth onely, and to lie neither by himselfe nor with an other.

18 ¶ Then did Cerebvs make clear the wordes he had spoken vnto Ricke by the forming of Cerebvses thumbe and middle finger of his left hande into a circle and the thrusting of the middle finger of his righte hande through the midst of them. And, lo, vnderstanding returned to Ricke.

19 Howsoeuer was Ricke euen yet vexed and troubled so that he spake vnto Cerebvs

saying; Of a truth has Cerebvs spoken wisely in warning Ricke lest peradventure Ricke be ensnared by either a uiper or a scorpion hauing the attributes of a woman.

20 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

21 And Ricke spake further vnto Cerebvs saying, Of a truth Cerebvs has spoken wisely vnto Ricke in adiuring Ricke to use iudgement in the sayings and the deuises of Goe On and Beate It and Scramme, lest Ricke shouldst mistake a woman who is good for a scorpion or a uiper which is euill.

22 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

23 And Ricke continued his speaking vnto Cerebvs saying, For a scorpion or a uiper hauing the attributes of a woman would cause Rickets head to throb and Rickets stomach to ache through its great euill.

24 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

25 And Ricke inquired of Cerebvs then in asking him, Is it not also said of a truth (euen so much as according to the Worde Of Tarim) that to knowingly speake a falsehood is a great euill and a great sinne?

26 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

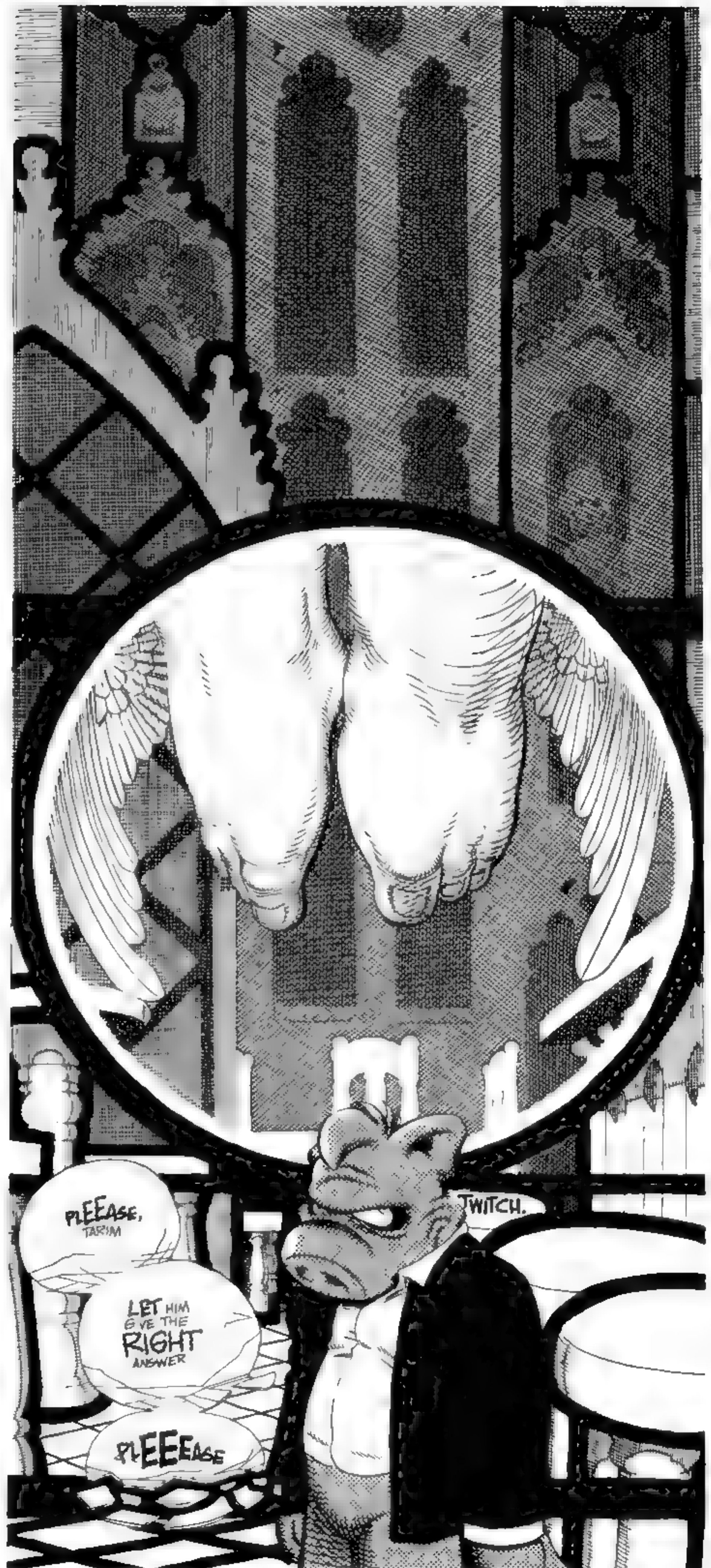
27 And then did Ricke inquire further of Cerebvs in asking him; If it bee so that speaking a falsehood is a great euill and a great sinne, and if it bee likewise so (according to the worde of Cerebvs that thou hast spoken vnto Ricke) that All Women Lie then what woman could there bee who is neither uiper nor scorpion?

28 ¶ And Cerebvs did wax wroth with Ricke and spake angrily vnto Ricke, saying:

Of course
they all
Lie

What are
you going to
DO?

Lie
with
men?



CHAP. IX

1. Rickes vnderstanding: 11 the parable of the wise ruler and the lunaticke: 26 latter times



And at Cerebvs's wordes did greater vnderstanding come vpon Ricke insomuch that Ricke was enlarged in his spirite and, lo, he was moued to answer vnto Cerebvs euen

beforetimes that Cerebvs had made an ende of speaking and Ricke spake vnto Cerebvs with great vigour saying;

2 Farre bee it from Ricke to seeke after lying with men! Not euen in the most euill imaginings of the heart of Ricke would it be so!

3 (So great was the relief of Cerebvs at the hearing of Rickes wordes that Cerebvs expelled a great winde and a great noise from his lips)

4 And seeing Cerebvs's relief at his wordes Ricke was emboldened to multiply his wordes saying vnto Cerebvs; Farre has it bene from Ricke beforetimes when Ricke was but litle! Farre has it bene from Ricke in all the daies of Rickes lifel Farre has it bene from Ricke euen vnto this daie! And may it bee the will of Tarim that it shall bee farre from Ricke on the daie when Ricke shall goe downe in to the graue.

5 And in his smiling and his joy did Cerebvs convey vnto Ricke that Cerebvs was well pleased with the wordes Ricke had spoken. Of a truth, so great was Cerebvs's ioy at Rickes wordes that Ricke was moued to multiply his wordes euen further saying;

6 Yea and verily, the lying with men is as farre from the heart of Ricke as is the east from the west! Of a truth it is the desire of Rickes heart to lie with uipers and scorpions hauing great melons!

7 And Cerebvs smote himselfe upon his forehead with his palme (making a noise exceding lowd) at the multiplying of Rickes wordes. Then spake Cerebvs vnto Ricke saying,

8 Thou fool! Thou desirest not to lie with uipers and scorpions for there is no profite for any man in lying with theses!

9 Thou desirest to lie with women onely, those hauing great melons and other attributes which are pleasing to thee!

10 Seeing Rickes perplexitie at these wordes Cerebvs spake a parable vnto Ricke, saying;

11 ¶ There was a certaine wise ruler who sought to lie with a woman hauing great melons and other attributes pleasing to him. But, lo, no woman could bee found and the wise ruler could find onely a lunaticke (a lunaticke being in part a woman, in part a uiper and in part a scorpion).

12 Howsoeuer it came to passe that when the wise ruler sought to lie with the part of the lunaticke that was a woman hauing great melons, lo, the scorpion would come forth of the lunaticke or, lo, the uiper would come forth of the lunaticke.

13 In this was the wise ruler sorely vexed and troubled and tooke counsell within himselfe saying, How shal I subdue the uiper and the scorpion that I might lie with the great melons (and the woman also)?

14 And the wise ruler obserued the lunaticke closely to see which of his wordes it was that called forth the uiper and which of his wordes it was that called forth the scorpion and which of his wordes it was that called forth the woman.



15 And the wise ruler saw in his wisdom that when the woman appeared before him, lo, the uiper and the scorpion were subdued within her. And he saw further in his wisdom that it was onely by the woman that the uiper and the scorpion could be subdued.

16 And the wise ruler saw in his wisdom that a cheerfull countenance and a smile like vnto that of a small boy and a voice like the sounde of cheerfull musick called foorth the woman within the lunaticke and forced the scorpion and the uiper deepe within her bowels (where they could onely wander to and fro hauing no countenance and no voyce).

17 So it was that the wise ruler smiled all the daie with a smile like vnto a small boy (and like vnto a lunaticke) hauing alwaies a cheerfull countenance and saying all his wordes like vnto cheerfull musicke.

18 No matter what foolishnesse the lunaticke spake vnto the wise ruler euen so in his great wisdom would hee smile and bee cheerfull saying, How interesting are your wordes to mee, and How ioyfull it makes mee to hear thee speake.

19 And no matter how many times the lunaticke tolde the same storie vnto the wise ruler, euen so in his great wisdom would hee smile and bee cheerfull saying, What a wonder and an astonishment is your storie to mee, and What a cleuer woman thou art, and How fascinating thou art to mee.

20 And when the uiper or the scorpion (walking to and fro within the lunaticke) would take holde of the lunaticke and aske the wise ruler a question like vnto a snare for the unwary (that the uiper and the scorpion might cause the wise ruler to stumble in his waie and so cast the woman afarre off from him), euen so would hee smile and bee cheerfull and answer them in his great wisdom with a voyce like vnto cheerfull musicke, saying;

21 I am but an ignorant man and vnequall to the taske of vnderstanding the wisdom of thy question, or I am hard of hearing and seeke pardon of thee and beseech thee that thou might speake thy question vnto mee once more.

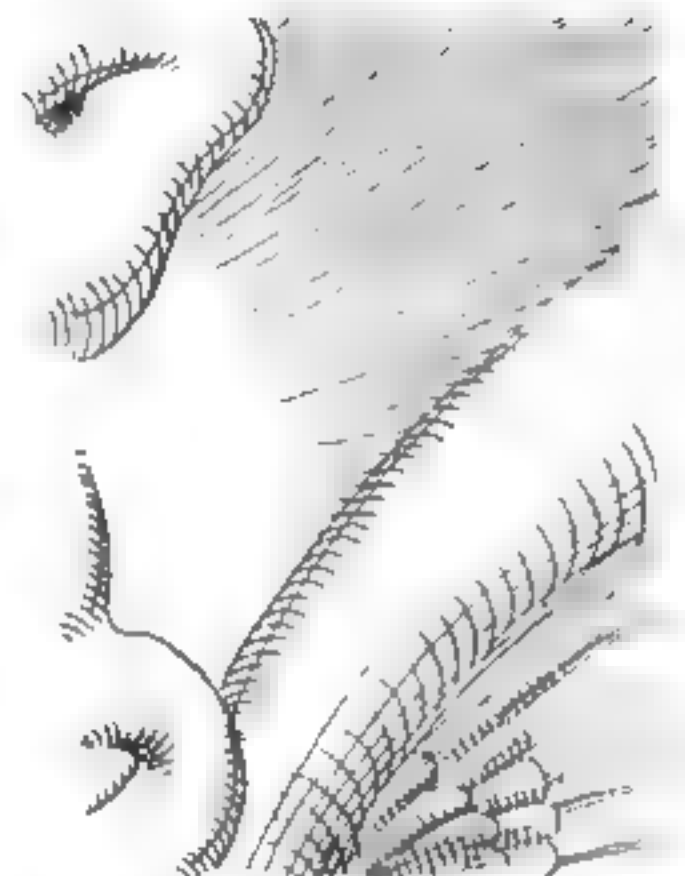
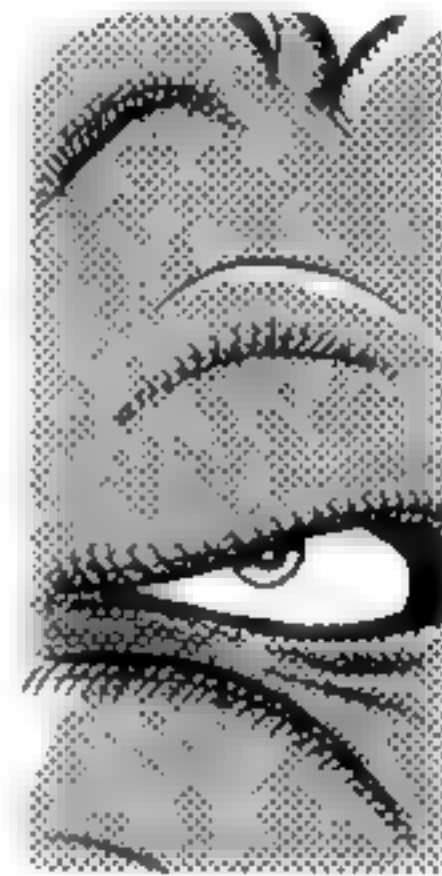
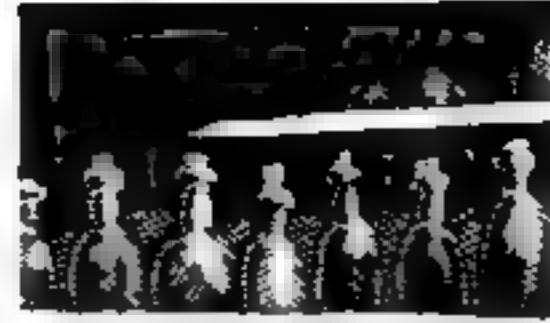
22 And when the uiper or the scorpion (walking to and fro within the lunaticke) would speake the question once more, euen so would the wise ruler in his great wisdom euen yet smile and bee of a cheerfull countenance and answer them in a voyce like vnto cheerfull musicke, saying;

23 I am without a clew, or Thou searchest mee in vain, or It is so pleasant to bee here with thee that I can call foorth no thought or speche but of how pleasant it is to bee here with thee (and that onely).

24 And the wise ruler imagined alwaies that hee was speaking vnto the great melons themselves so that his cheerfull countenance and his wordes like vnto sweet musicke were sincere and pleased the woman (so that the uiper and the scorpion were cast deeper into the bowels of the lunaticke where they could onely wander to and fro).

25 And the wise ruler lay with the great melons (and the woman also) euen vnto seven and seventie times.

26 ¶ (And the wise ruler cast the lunaticke from him when his cheerfull countenance and his voyce like vnto sweet musicke no longer called foorth the woman but called foorth the uiper and the scorpion onely)



C H A P X

1 Ruckes understanding. 6 Ruckes inquire 12
Tarinis merie 13 the businesse of men 15
loannes wordes. 16 Cerebyses wordes



Then did the spirit of Cerebys
come vpon Rucke in fulle
measure endowing Rucke with
all of Cerebyses wisdom and
truth so that Rucke was
moued to inquire of Cerebys,

2 In speaking the parable of the wise ruler
and the lunaticke vnto mee is it not so that
Cerebys has spoken a parable as well of the
woman and the Angel and the deuill which
are loanne?

3 And Cerebys smiled vpon Rucke and was
well pleased with Ruckes vnderstanding
saying vnto Rucke, Verily thou hast spoken
wisely for of a truth, loanne is the Queene
of the Lunatickes

4 And Rucke was moued in his spirit that he
had found great fauour in the eyes of
Cerebys

5 ¶ Howsobeit Rucke was stil without perfite
vnderstanding and inquired of Cerebys
asking vnto him,

6 But is it not a sinne in the eyes of Tarim
that a man should lie with a woman which
is not his wife?

7 And Cerebys answered Rucke saying,
Verily it is a great sinne to lie with any
woman in the eyes of Tarim, howuersobeit
that thee bee vpper or scorpion or lunaticke
or a woman onely or, yea, euen that she bee
that mans wife

8 So thou must aske forgiveness of Tarim
for the lying with any of these after thou
hast made an ende of doing so.

9 Waiting vntill the vpper or the scorpion
or the lunaticke or the woman or thy wife
has moued a hile apart from thee for the
cleauning of herselfe,
10 so that thou art alone with Tarim when
thou seekest forgiveness of him.

11 ¶ And Rucke inquired further of Cerebys
asking him, And doth Tarim forgieue this
sinne of a man when he takes it of him?

12 And Cerebys answered Rucke saying,
Tarim forgieues whomsoeuer is worthe of
forgiueness in the eyes of Tarim. That is
Tarinis businesse and is not for men to know

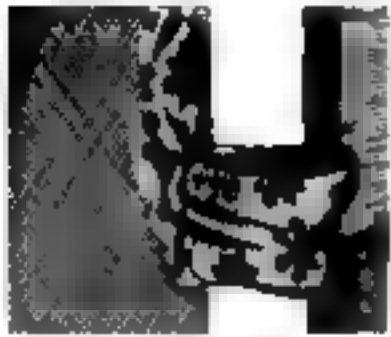
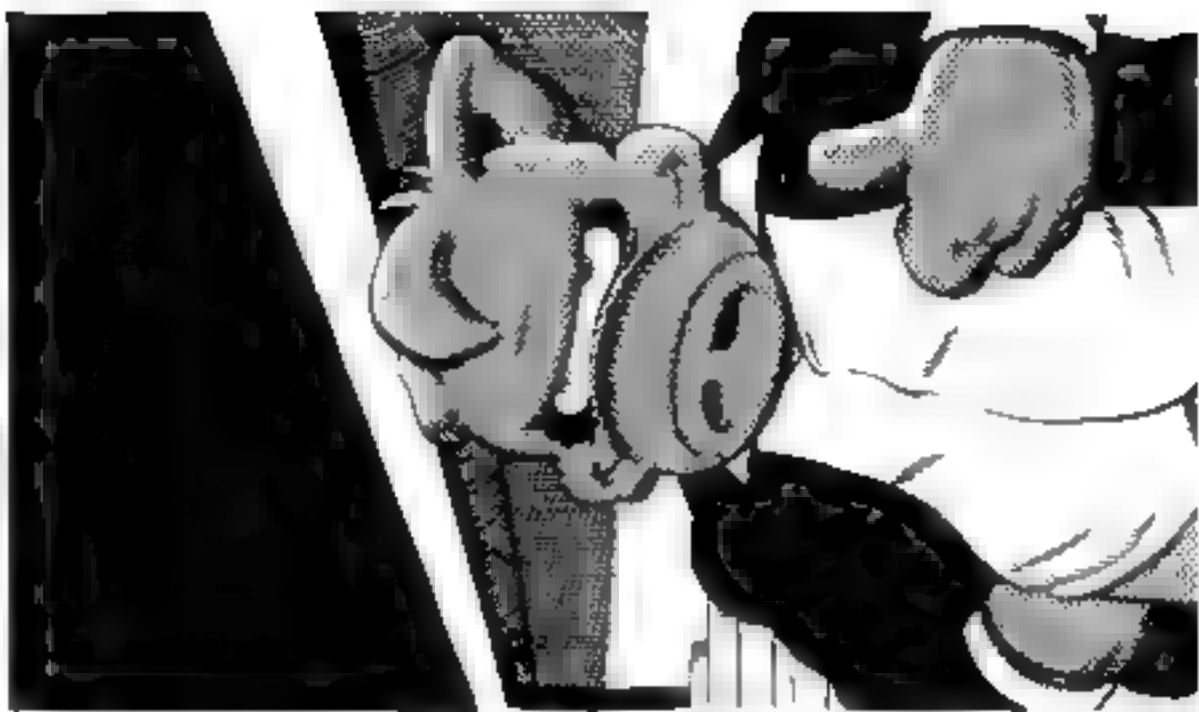
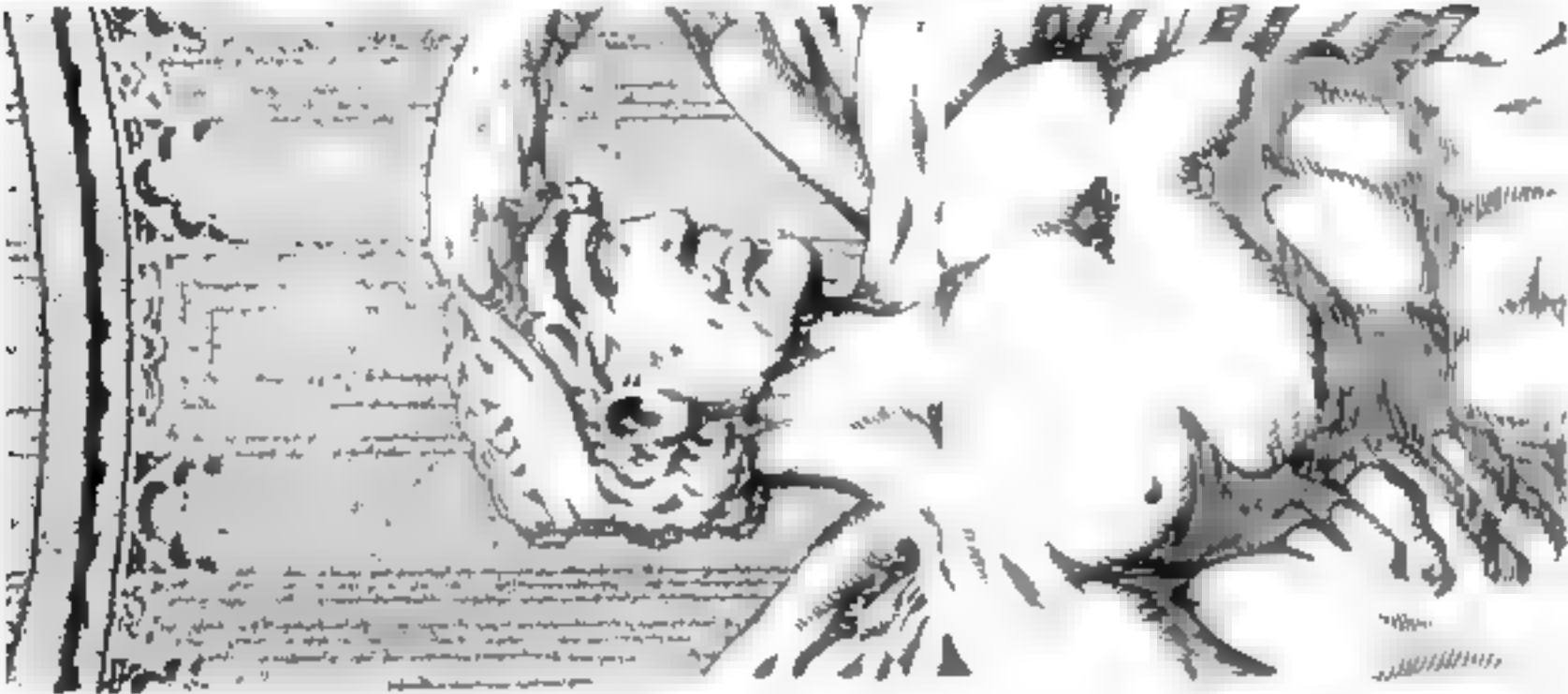
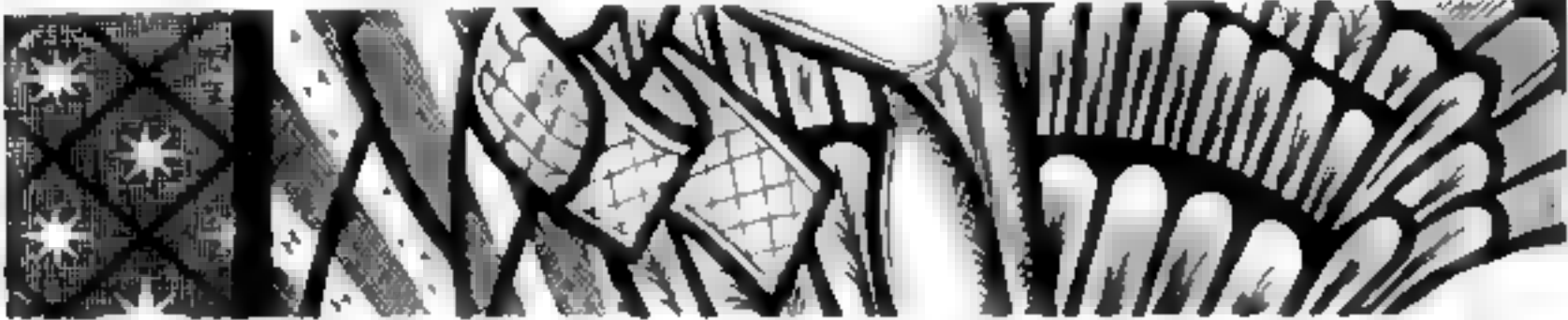
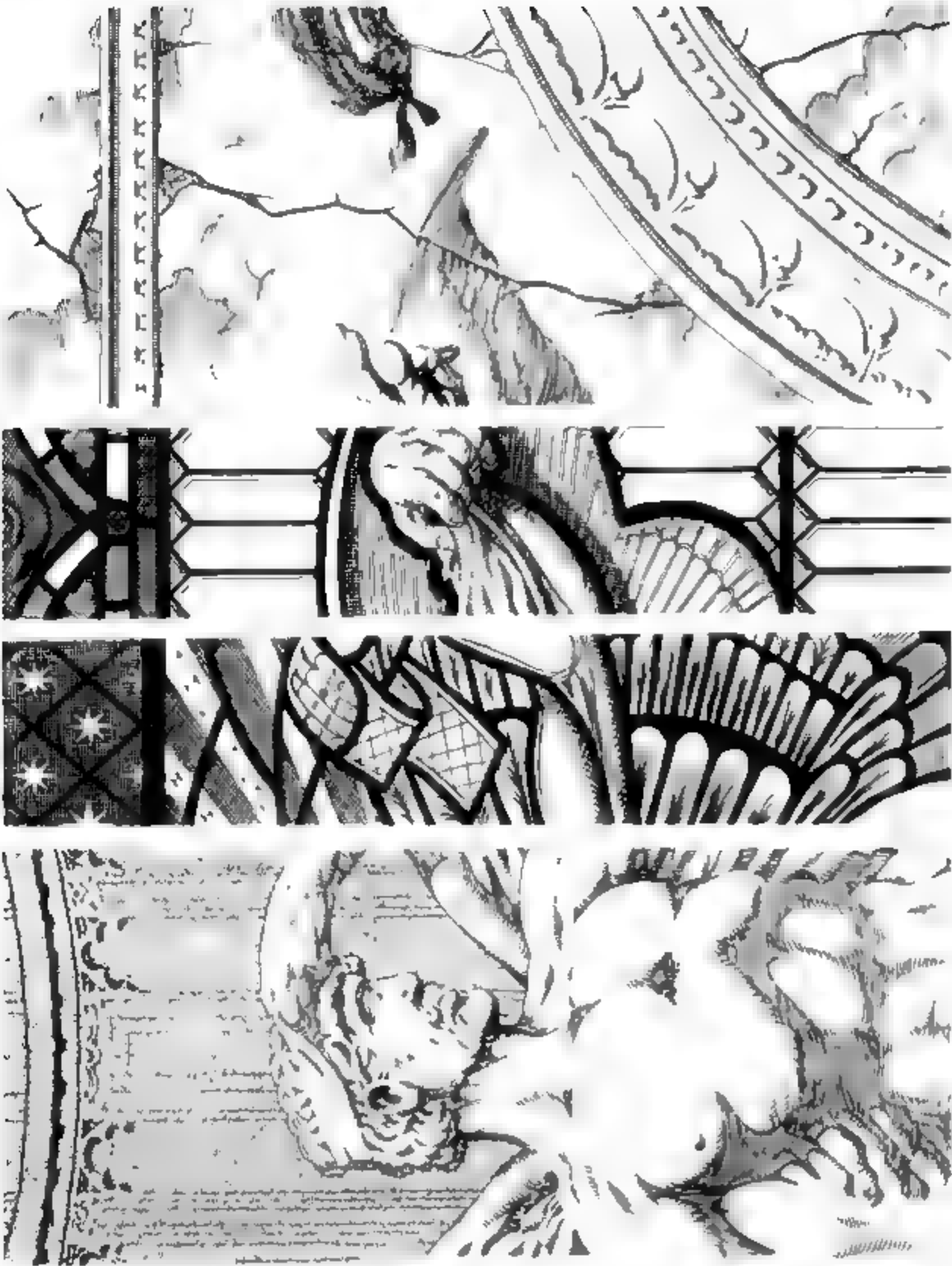
13 ¶ It is the businesse of men to giue
reuerence vnto Tarim and to feare Tarim
and to exalt Tarim in their soules and their
mundes and their hearts aboute all things,
yea, aboute themselves, aboute all other men,
aboute all food and all drinke, aboute the
playing of the Five Barre Gate, aboute the
playing of the Diamondbacke, aboute the
fishing and the swimming, aboute all melons
and aboute all Angels and women and uppers
and scorpions and deuills

14 ¶ And when Cerebys had made an ende
of speaking, Lo, then was I, Rucke, filled with
Cerebyses spirit which was the spirit of
Tarim

15 And I felt the bandage vpon my head
which had been placed there by the woman
and the Angel and the deuill called loanne
and I saw the truth in her wordes that I had
no wounde.

16 That her wordes had bene like vnto
Cerebyses wordes when I had suffred of my
broken arme (and that in two places)
saying, Take off thy sling for thine
vnderstanding hath made thee whole

17 And I, Rucke, tooke off the bandage from
my head



CHAP. XI

1. Ricke departs the sanctuarie: 10 the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters

Having cast his bandage from him Ricke departed from the sanctuarie filled with the spirit of Cerebvs (which was the spirit of Tarim also). And hee turned to his righte hand passing the new corne of the fields by his way.

2 And then did Ricke passe through the new corne of the fields by a path knowen to Ricke onely which was within sight of the sanctuarie.

3 And Ricke followed the path which was known to him onely euen vnto the crowne of a small hill which ouerlooked the sanctuarie and the fields of the new corne.

4 And vpon the crowne of the small hill were euer green trees in abundance and these were talle and ouer againste one another so that the sunne was in the midst of them in strakes and patches onely.

5 ¶ And Ricke made haste in his going for hee sought to replace his tunic which was stil marked by the bloode from his grieuous head wounde (from which hee had suffred euen vnto death).

6 And Ricke in his going tooke heed within himselfe of the miracle which Cerebvs had wrought through the wordes of the Angel and the woman and the deuill Ioanne in saying vnto Ricke, Thou hast no wounde.

7 Verily, it had come to passe that Rickets grieuous head wounde had bene healed of Cerebvs wordes spoken through Ioanne insomuch that euen the bandage which Ricke had cast from him had but a small staine onely vpon its inward side.

8 And Ricke gaue praise vnto Cerebvs and vnto the spirit of Cerebvs for the wonder and the marueil that Cerebvs had worked vpon Ricke in the healing of Rickets grieuous head wounde.

9 And Ricke moued into a clearing in the groue of euer green trees wherein no sunne light shone, no, not euen in strakes and patches so that daye was like vnto night therein.

10 ¶ And, Lo, there appeared vnto Ricke a light that shone where no light could penetrate. And it was a light like vnto a fire surrounding a small euer green tree, howsoeuer it was that the tree was not consumed by the fire.

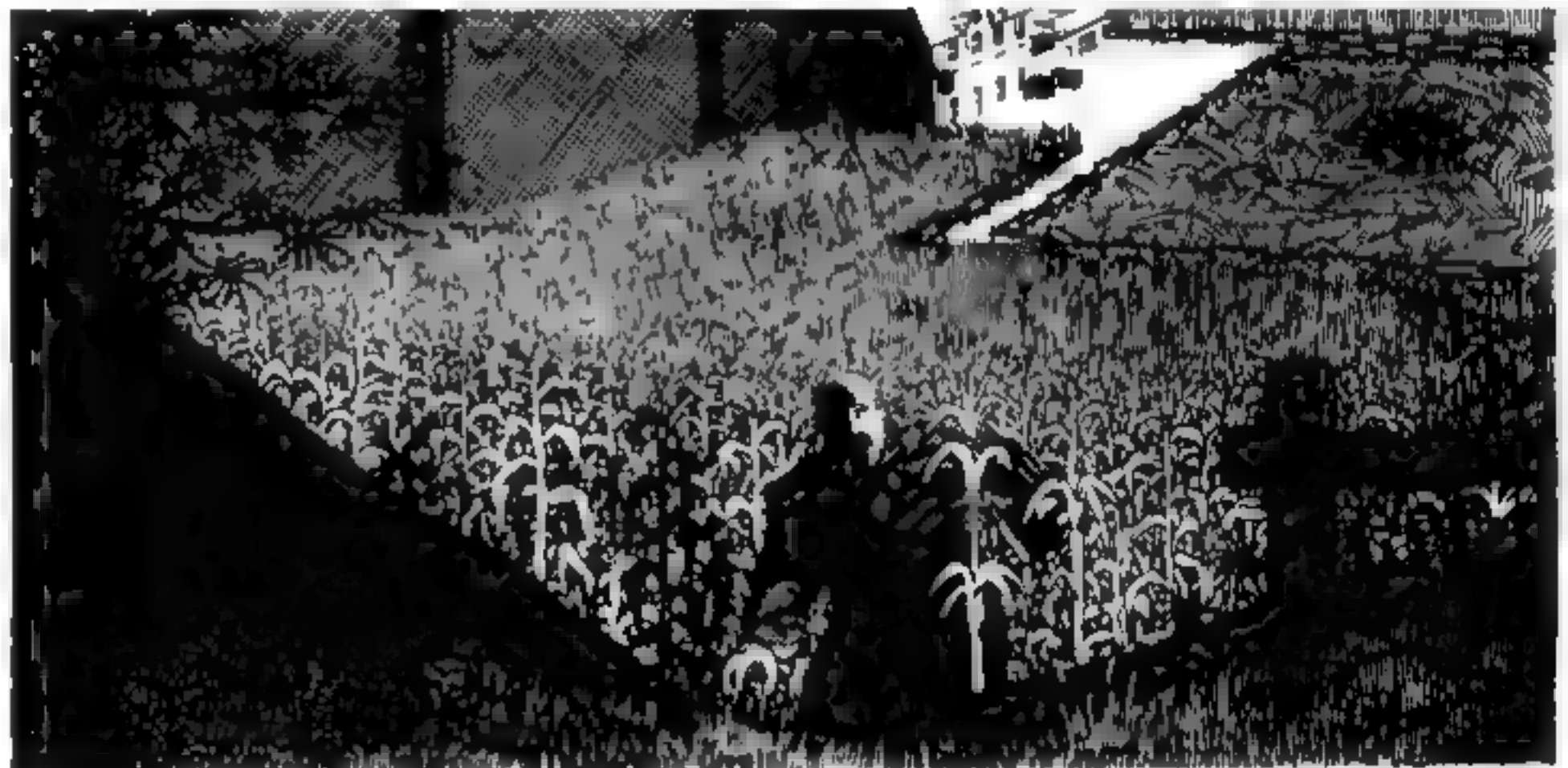
11 Ricke tooke counsell within himselfe saying, I will draw nigh vnto the euer green tree that I might see how it is that it is not consumed by the fire.

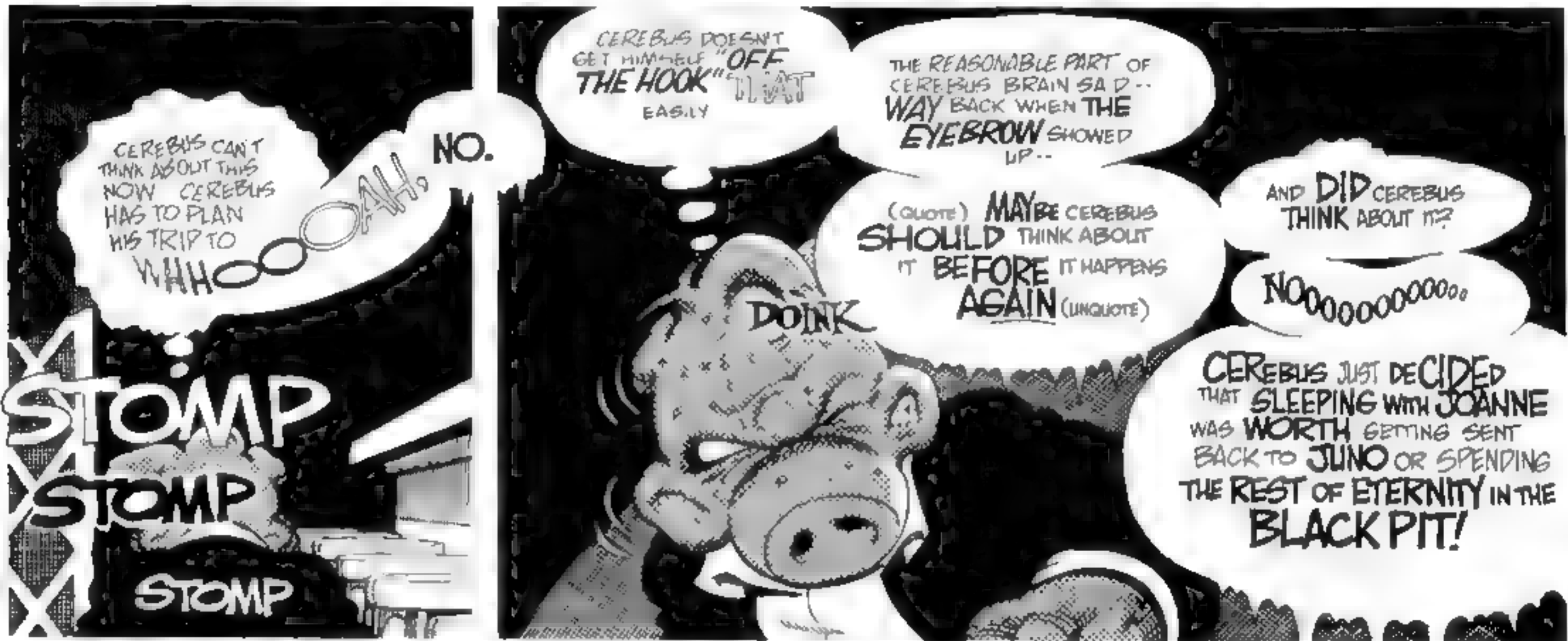
12 And Ricke drew nigh vnto the tree and the light and the fire vpon it and he saw that the light and the fire were like vnto liuing waters flowing upward from the branches of the tree and being like vnto the radiance of Ioanne the Angel.

13 (Howsoeuer it was that the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters grew brighter as they rose so that Ricke could not stand to looke vpon them and cast his eyes downe to looke vpon the lowest branches onely)

14 And there came a voyce from the light surpassing lowd so that the grounde shooke beneath Rickets feete and the voyce spake vnto Ricke saying, Ricke, Ricke.

15 And Ricke answered vnto the voyce saying, Here am I.





C H A P. XII

1. the voyce speaks to Ricke: 3. Ricke receiues his blessing of the voyce: 5. the voyce instructes Ricke: 8. Tarim is cast out by the voyce: 9. the Name of God: 19 the voyce promises to returne: 21 the mystery of Duds



Nd the voyce spake vnto Ricke saying,
2 ¶ Hearken vnto my voyce for thou art blessed aboue all my creations insomuch as it shalbe through thee that all the daies of Cerebvs shalbe fulfilled.

3 For as thou hast written, the Seate of Truth is of Ricke and Ricke is of the Seate of Truth. Verily, I say vnto you that the Seate of Truth is not of the sanctuarie onely, for wheresoeuer Ricke shalbe there shall the Seate of Truth bee also.

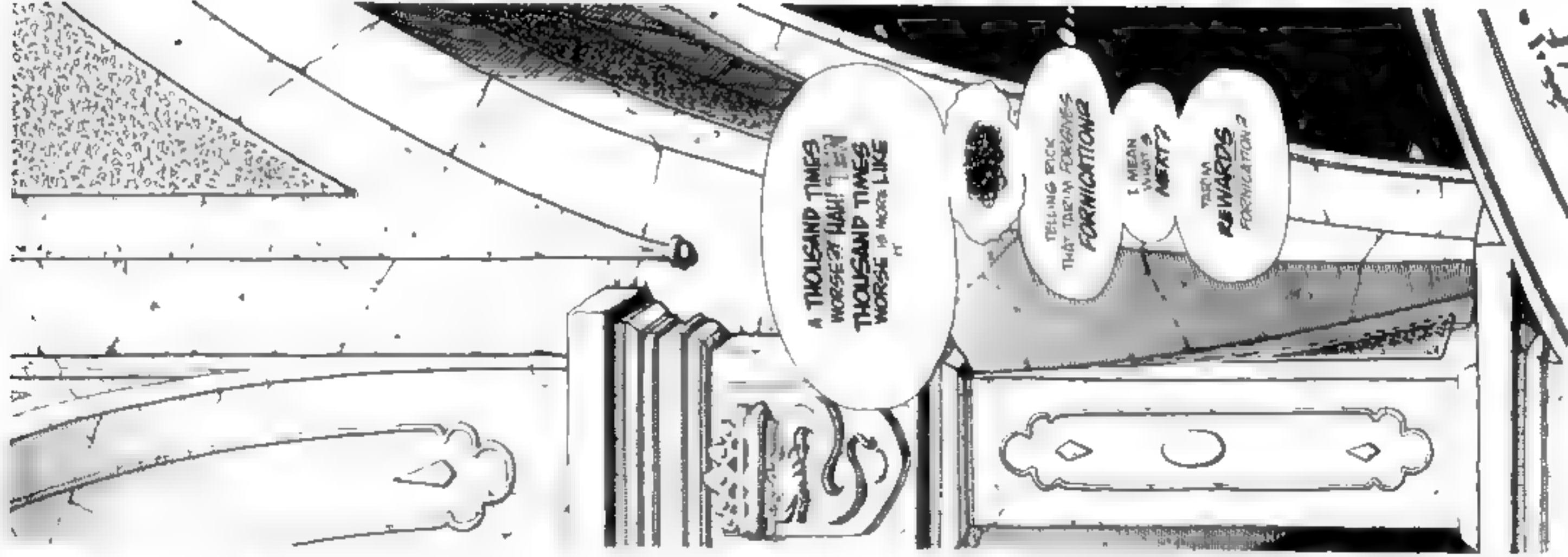
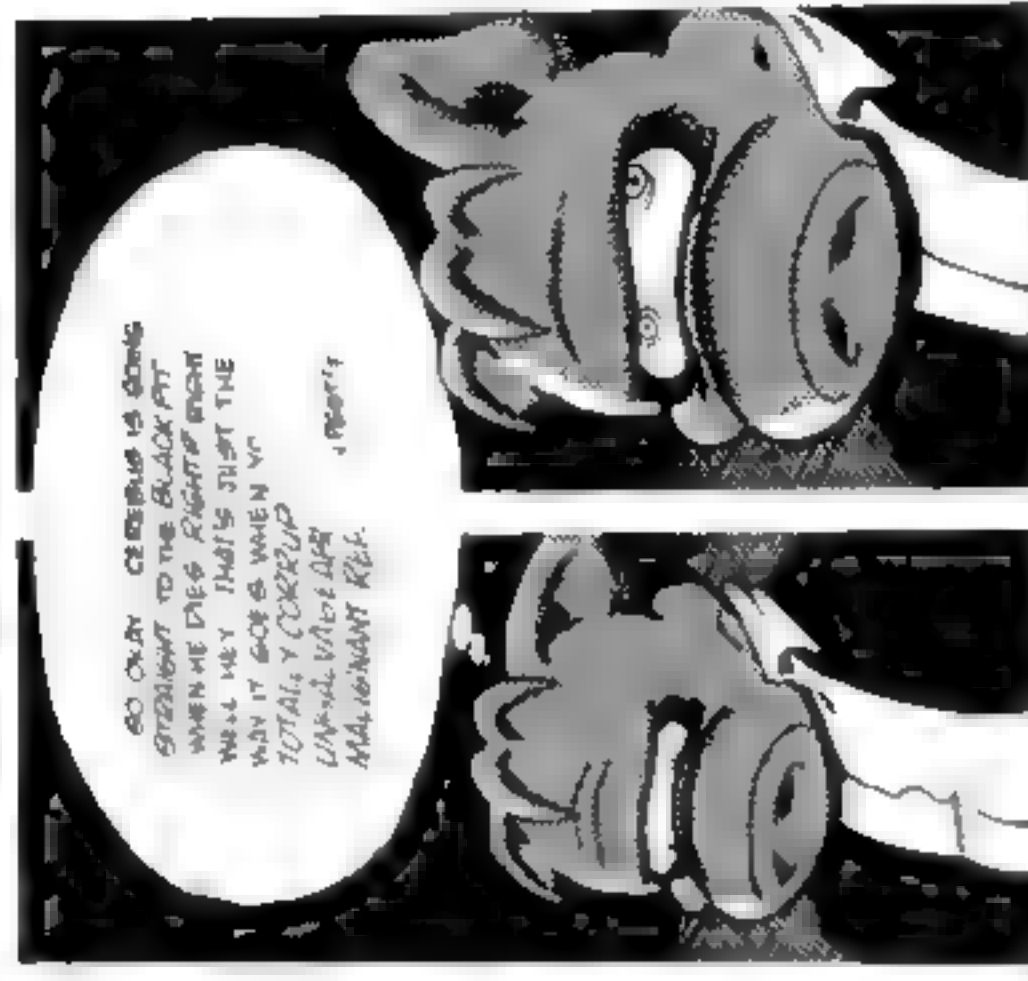
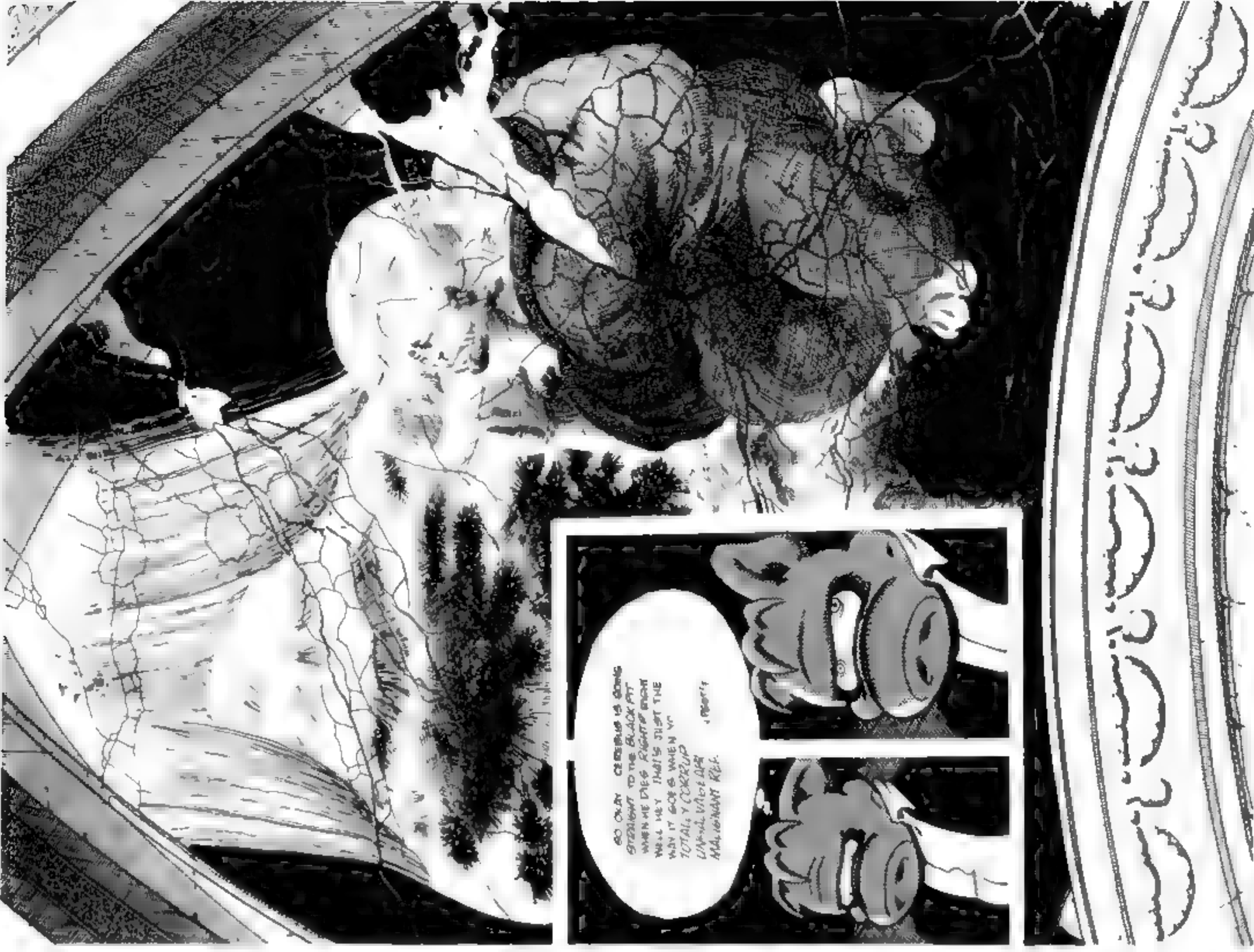
4 And Ricke was filled with great feare and trembling at the wordes spoken vnto him, so that the voyce resumed speaking vnto Ricke saying,

5 ¶ Feare not my voyce for I am well pleased by the wordes that thou hast written in thy Booke and it is through thy wordes that thou shalt bring an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousness after the maner of the deuill and the uiper and the scorpion.

6 From this daye forward thou shalt speake thy wordes vnto men as thou has written them, adding no worde to them saue those spoken vnto thee by the Angel and the woman and the deuill called Ioanne when she came to thee seeking thy pardon for her transgressions.

7 And thou shalt write in thy Booke of thy coming here before mee and all that I haue spoken vnto thee, and all that thou hast spoken vnto mee.

8 ¶ These things thou shalt change in thy Booke and these things onely: From this daye forward thou shalt no more use the name Tarim, for Tarim is a heathen and a pagan name and a name come of deuills and uipers and scorpions and of the first Angel which is cast out and who has his dwelling place within and in the midst of these.



9 ¶ Henceforth thou shalt speake the name of God onely. For God is the name of hee whom all men seeke in wisdom and in truth.

10 Hee is one God, indiuisible, hauing one Name and one Face and one Aspect which is God.

11 Hearken not vnto those who seeke to diuide his name, saying, Hee is called by many names;

12 For hee has one Name and that is God.

13 Hearken not vnto those who say, He has many aspects and many faces;

14 For he has one Aspect and one Face, which is God.

15 Hearken not vnto those who say hee is a woman or vnto those who say hee has a womanly aspect, for they are of the first Angel which is cast out and has her dwelling place amongst and within deuills and uipers and scorpions.

16 Hearken not vnto those who say that hee is unknoweable, for God is knowen to all those who seeke him in wisdom and in truth.

17 Likewise hearken not vnto those who speake of the godhead for of a trueth God did make man in his owne Image and, euen as a mans head is not a man so too is the godhead not the one God who is indiuisible, hauing one Name and one Face and one Aspect which is God.

18 And the earth shooke beneath Rickes feete at the wordes spoken by the voyce so that Ricke was seized once more with fear and trembling euen as the voyce made an ende of speaking vnto Ricke, saying;

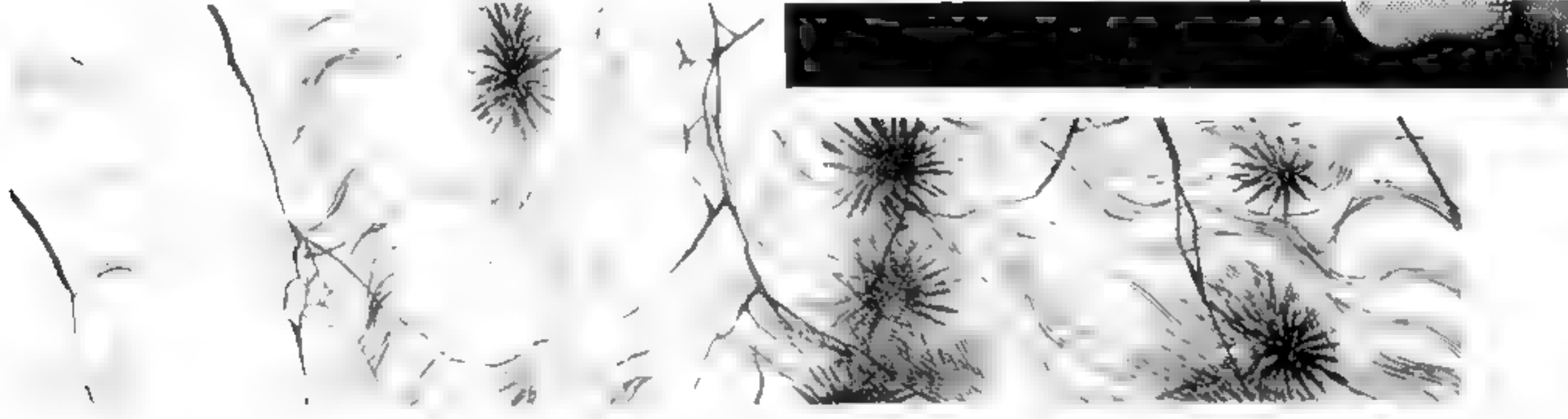
19 Thou shalt make these changes onely to thy Booke and thou shalt write no more vntill thou shalt heare my voyce againe.

20 And Ricke bowed himselfe low vpon the ground and saide, As thou hast instructed mee, so shall it bee.



HOW DARE CEREBUS
PRESUME TO SPEAK FOR TARIM,
TO MODIFY TARIM'S LAWS
TO SUIT CEREBUS' OWN
PURPOSES?

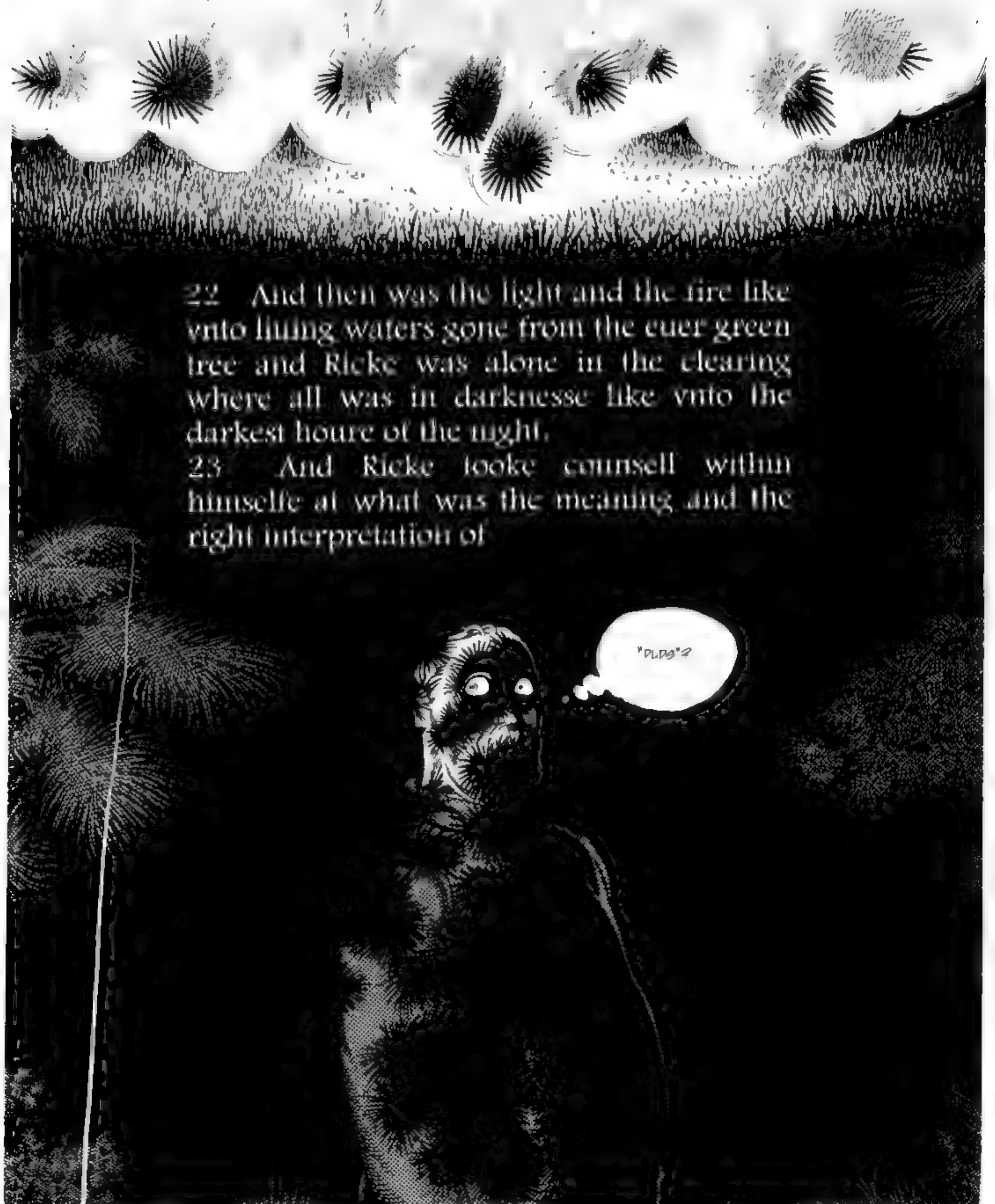
HAS CEREBUS NOT
UPBRINGING OF HIS
THERE NO LIMIT TO
CEREBUS' SINS AND
BLASPHEMIES?

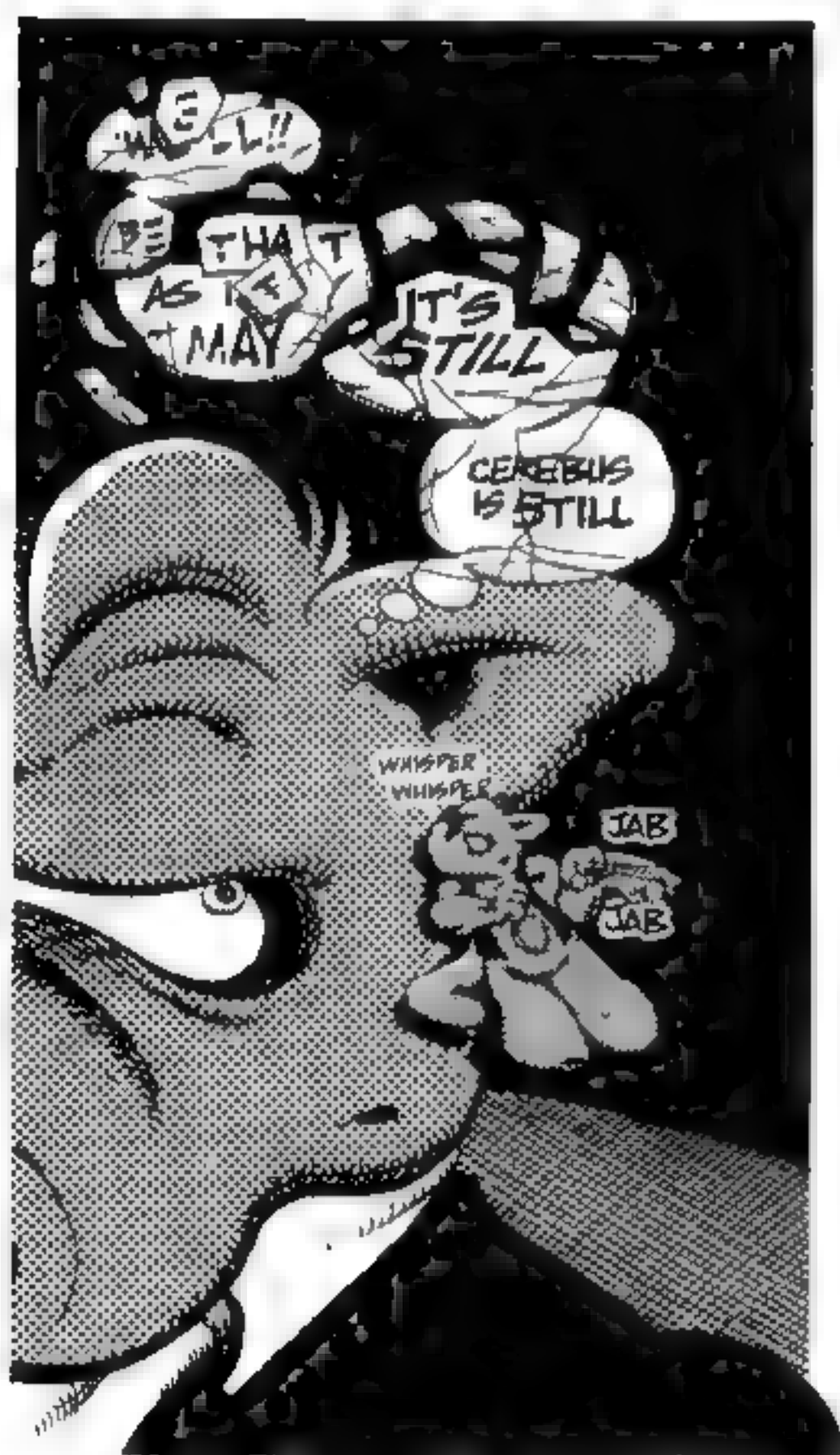
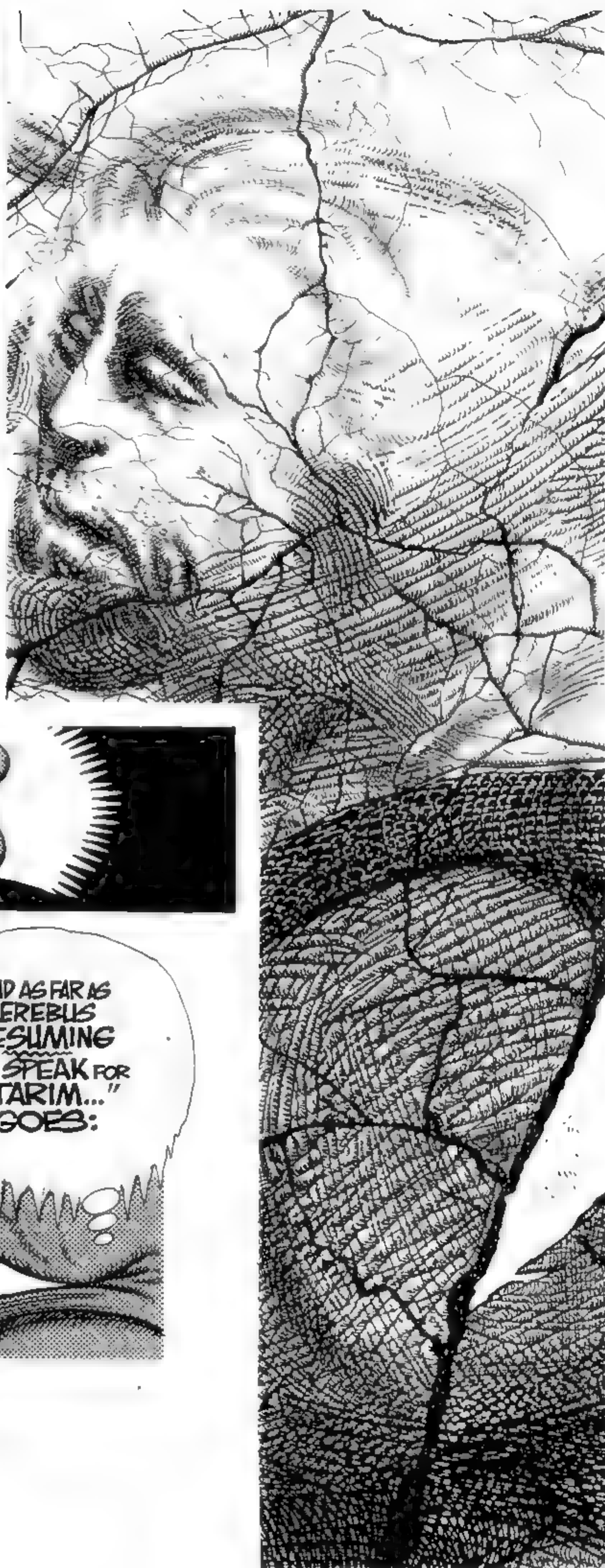
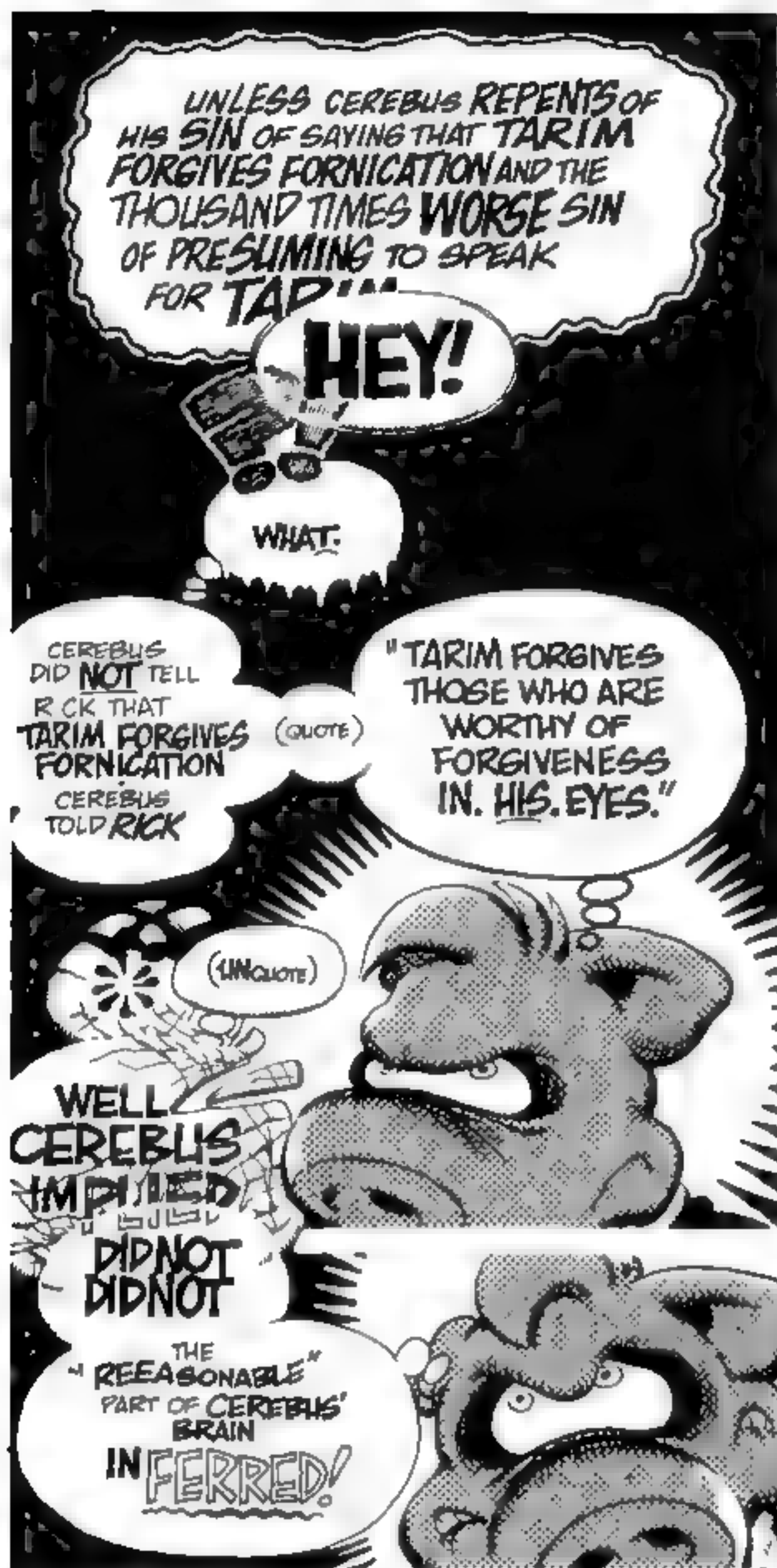


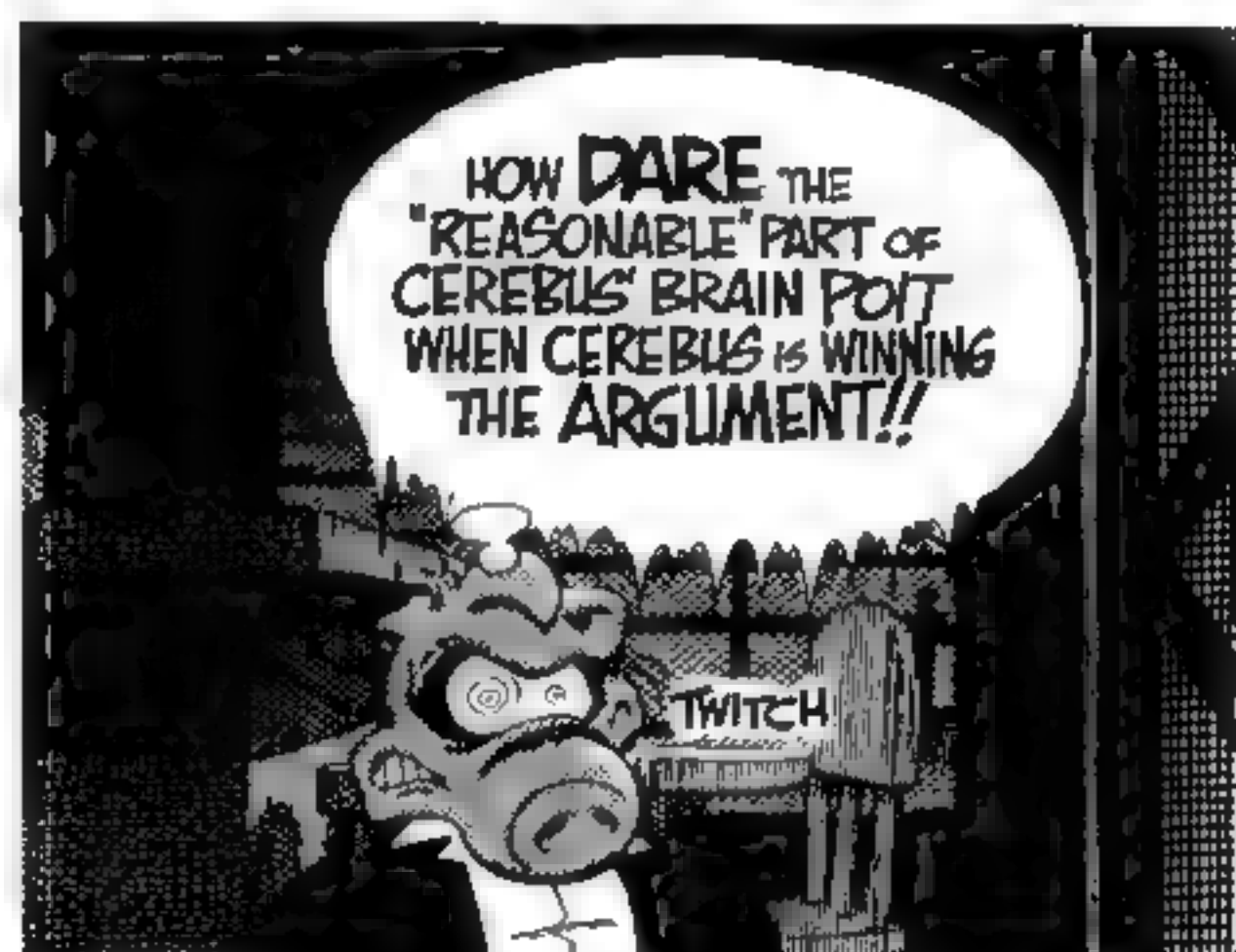
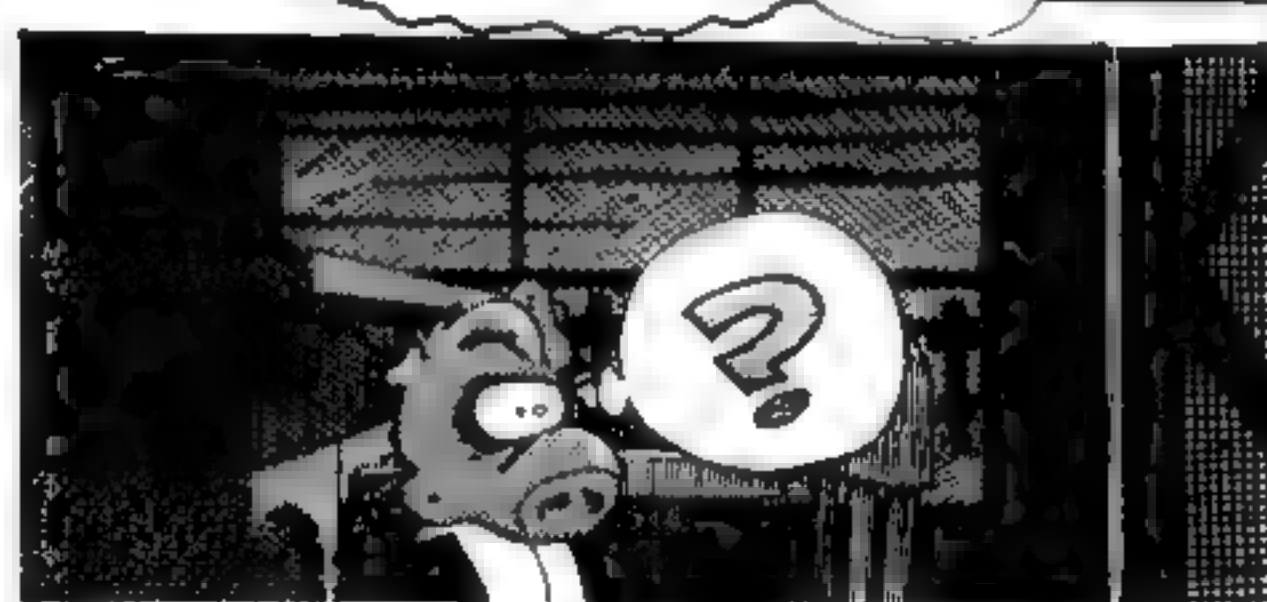
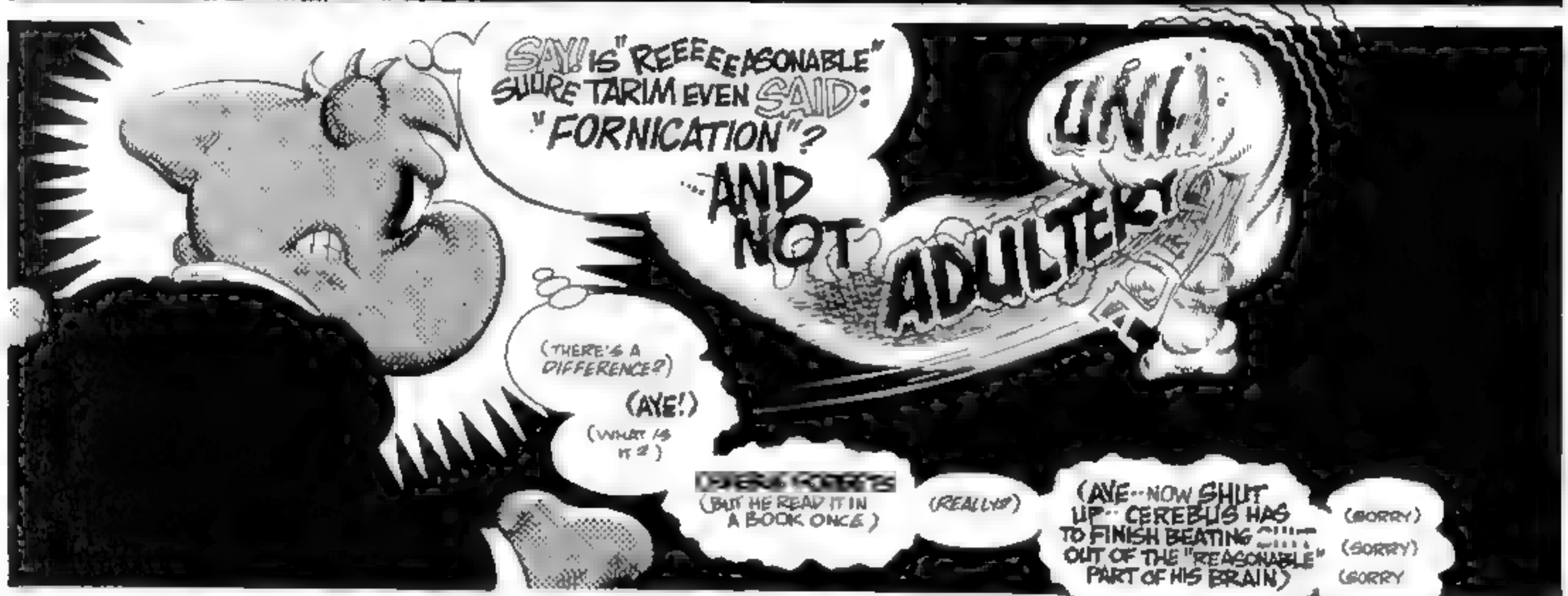
21 ¶ And the voyce answered Ricke saying,
Goe foorth and get thee some nice Duds for
thy date with Ioanne.

22 And then was the light and the fire like
vnto liuing waters gone from the euer green
tree and Ricke was alone in the clearing
where all was in darknesse like vnto the
darkest houre of the night.

23 And Ricke tooke counsell within
himselle at what was the meaning and the
right interpretation of







CEREBUS HAS
TO GET OUT OF
HERE

AYE AYE AYE

CEREBUS
IS GOING
CRAZY
ay ay ay

(SIN?)
CEREBUS HASN'T
THOUGHT ABOUT SIN
SINCE CEREBUS
WAS 1/2

(OH, THAT'S
RIGHT... CEREBUS
NEVER THOUGHT
ABOUT SIN)

AND NOW CEREBUS
IS DRINKING SCOTCH.
(IS DRINKING SCOTCH
A SIN?)

(HAS TO
BE - IT
MAKES
YOU FEEL
... GOOD?)

A BUCKET
OF SCOTCH
IS A SIN

A GLASS OF
SCOTCH IS

TWO GLASSES
IS
WHAT ABOUT
THREE?

CEREBUS
DOESN'T
EVEN KNOW
WHAT ONE
GLASS IS

CAN WE JUST
FIGURE OUT WHAT
ONE IS BEFORE
WE

WAA, ID SHER
IZZEND
A VIRTUE!
HA HA HA
HA HA HA

(IT WAS ALSO
TWO GLASSES
AGO)

(AYE... THAT'S
WHY CEREBUS
WAS ASKING
ABOUT THREE)

OH WHO IS
CEREBUS KIDDING?
CEREBUS IS GOING
STRAIGHT INTO THE
BLACK PIT WHEN
HE DIES

AND CEREBUS
KNOWS IT

KNOWN IT
FOR YEARS

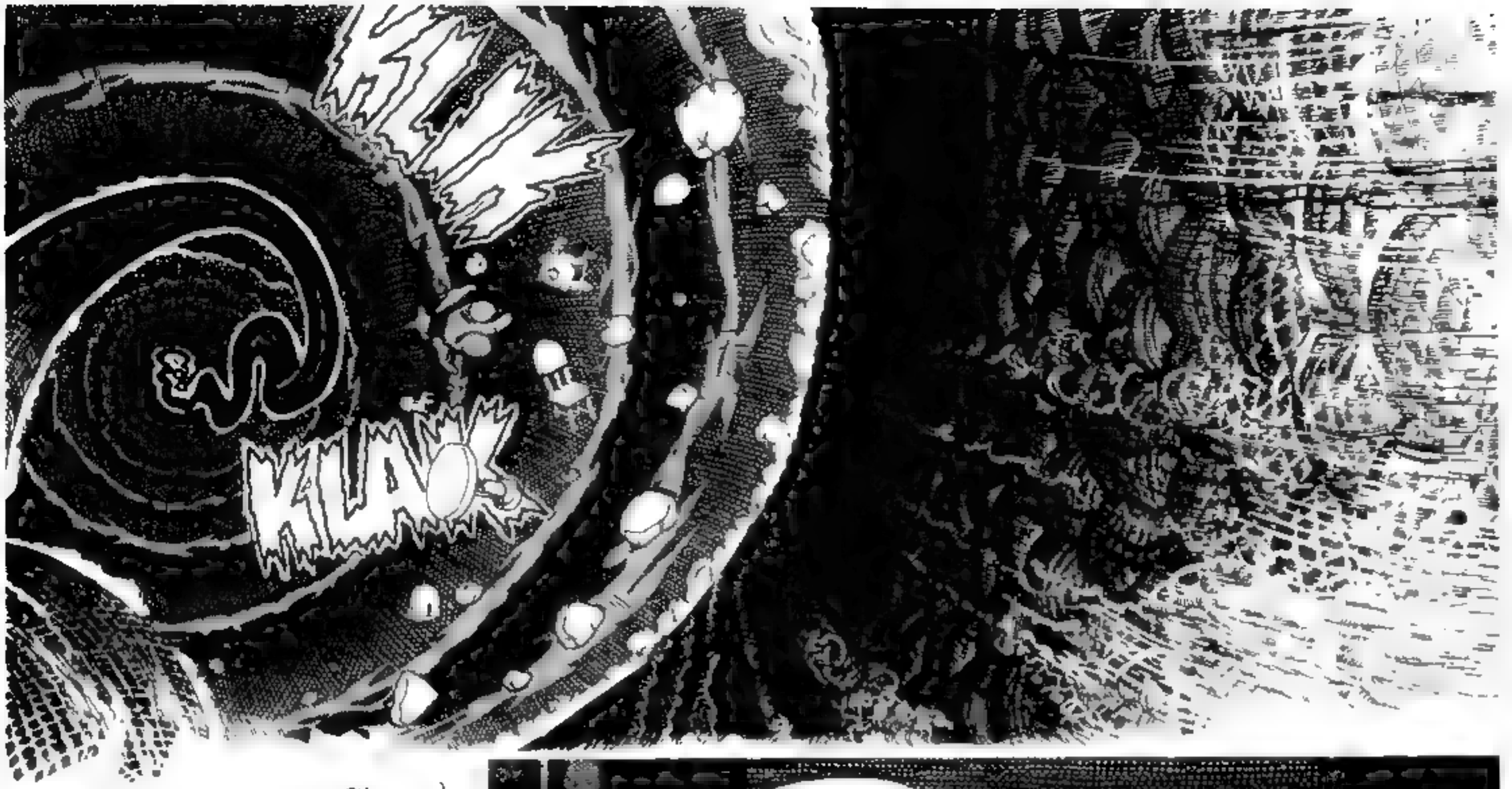
SOME DAY
CEREBUS' HEART
WILL STOP BEATING

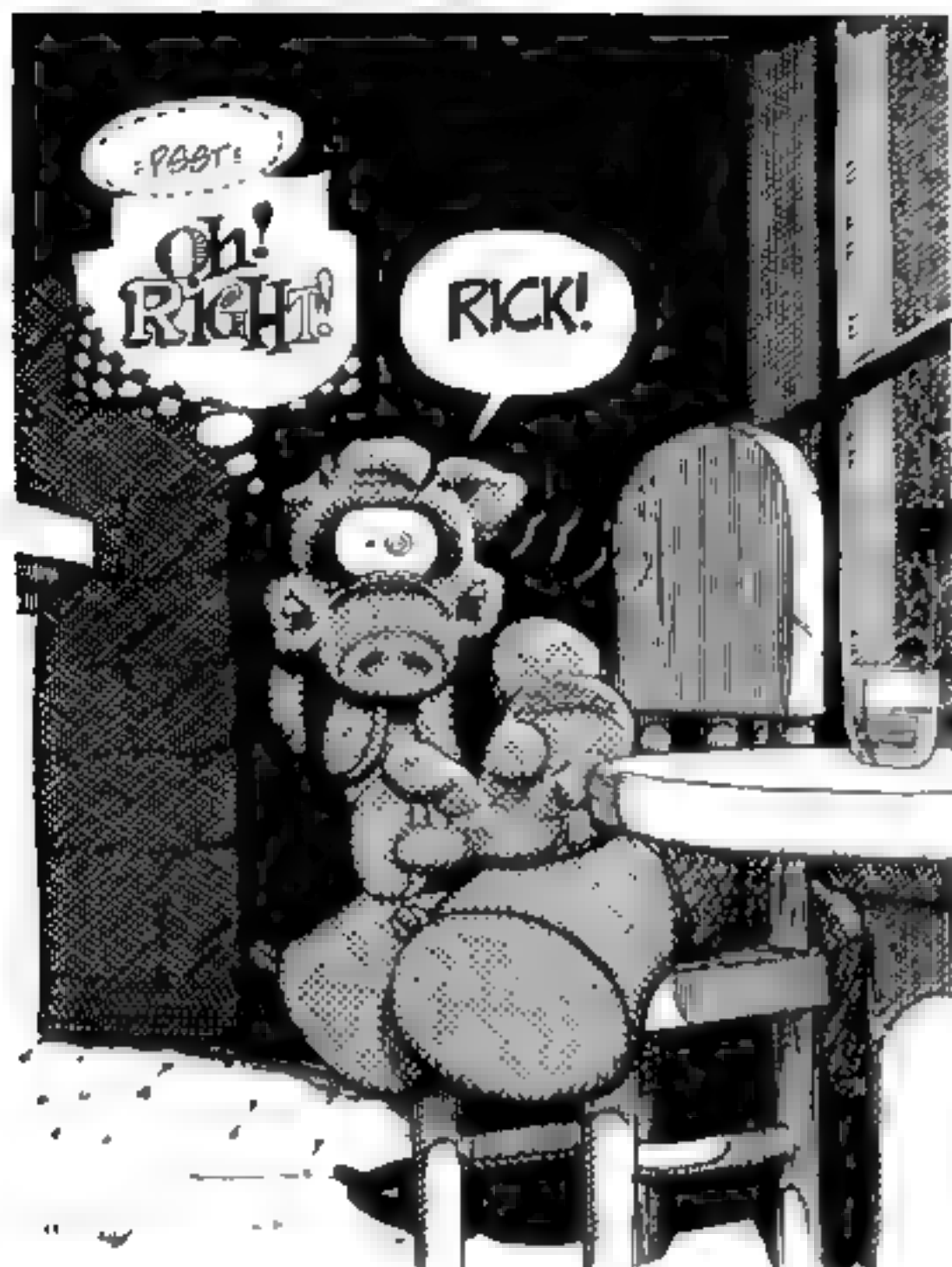
THE INFINITY SERPENT
WILL SHRUG HER (?)
HIS (?) ITS (?)

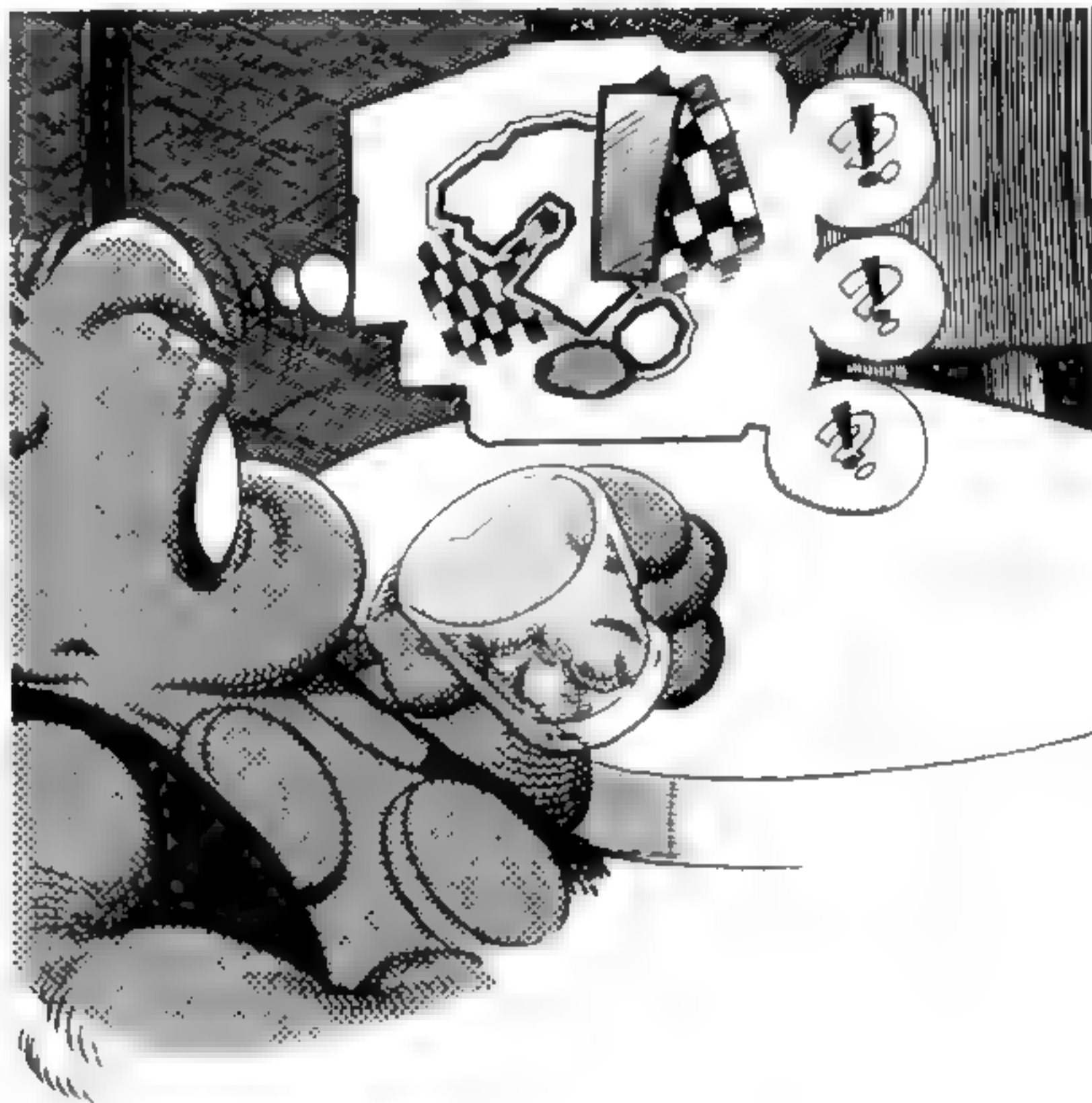
COULS

THE GROUND
WILL OPEN UNDER
CEREBUS FEET

AND







"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

(OKAY CEREBUS IS REEALLY "FORNICATED" ON THAT ONE)

SHUT UP

(AYE THE BATTLE OF MANOR ALONE!)

SHUT UP

SOLDIER NG DOESN'T COUNT CEREBUS WAS JUST DOING WHAT HE WAS ORDERED TO DO

CEREBUS HAD TO MAKE A LIVING

A LOTTA GUNS KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN CEREBUS DID

AT LEAST CEREBUS DIDN'T RAPE ANYBODY

AYE! AYE! AYE!

(OF COURSE AFTER THE BATTLE WHEN CEREBUS KILLED THAT MOUTHY KID)

SHUT UP!

EVEN BEAR LOOKED AT CEREBUS AS IF CEREBUS WAS

LALALA LA CEREBUS ISN'T LISTENING

(I THOUGHT WE WERE CONFESSING OUR SINS BEFORE

TARIM KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE MOUTHY KID, OKAY? WHAT'S THE POINT OF TELLING TARIM THINGS HE

OKAY, WHAT ARE TARIM'S OTHER SIX COMMANDMENTS

uhhhhh

WUNUVEMIZ: "THOU SHALD NOD FERGED TARIM'S CLIMMAN'MINTZ" WE'RE FORNICATED THERE TOO, BOY.

(HEY I BET IF CEREBUS HAD A NUTHER SCODGE HE COULD REMEMBER)

(TWO THREE, FOUR.)

(HOW MANY IS THAT?)

DO KN)



NAY! IT'S THE SCOTCH THAT MADE CERBISS FORGET

VER PROBABLY RIGHT...
(HARDLY ANOTHER NUN ENHAYWAY)
Nudge

NAY! CERBISS HASTO REMEMBER THE OTHER SIX CONDEMNANTS

WHADFOR? ALRIDDY KNOWS EEZ GOIN' STRAY

BLACK P.D.

WHENNE

CROOKES

CERBISS SED SO 'IMSELF

LOOK ADID THIS WAY!

PER THE RES'V ETERNIDY

WHEN CERBISS WAKES

UP EVRY MORNING WITHIZ

MOUTH FULLA 'HICE

WASP

ANNA 'HICE DIZEEZD CROW PEKKEN' OLD

EYES

CHAINED TO A WALL

(CERBISS, I MEAN 'HICE NOP TH' DIZEEZD 'HICE CROW)

DIZ CERBISS: REEALLY

WANNA BE SAYING TO HIM 'HICE SELVEZ:

SHIP!

NO OTHER HAD

CODE

WHEN CERBISS STILL HAD

POT.



CEREBUS HAS TO GET OUT OF HERE

AEE! AEE AEE!!

AS LONG AS RICK'S DATE WITH JOANNE GOES OKAY, RICK WILL ASK HER TO MARRY HIM AND...

WHO IS CEREBUS KIDDING? RICK IS GOING TO CALL HER A DEVIL AND A VIPER AND A SCORPION OR TELL HER TO GO ON AND BEAT IT AND SCRAM

CEREBUS HAS TO FACE IT: CEREBUS BLEW HIS ONE CHANCE TO GET RID OF GIRLY-BOY

AND NOW CEREBUS IS STUCK WITH HIM FOREVER

THAT'S TERRIBLE... CEREBUS SHOULD HAVE NEVER SPOKE TO

SHUT UP!

CEREBUS IS STUCK WITH GIRLY BOY FOREVER

(HE SHAVED OFF HIS BEARD. WHY DID HE SHAVE OFF HIS BEARD? IT WAS THE ONLY MANLY THING ABOUT HIM)

(JOANNE IS GOING TO LAUGH HERSELF SICK!)

YUP

MIGHT JUST AS WELL GET USED TO IT

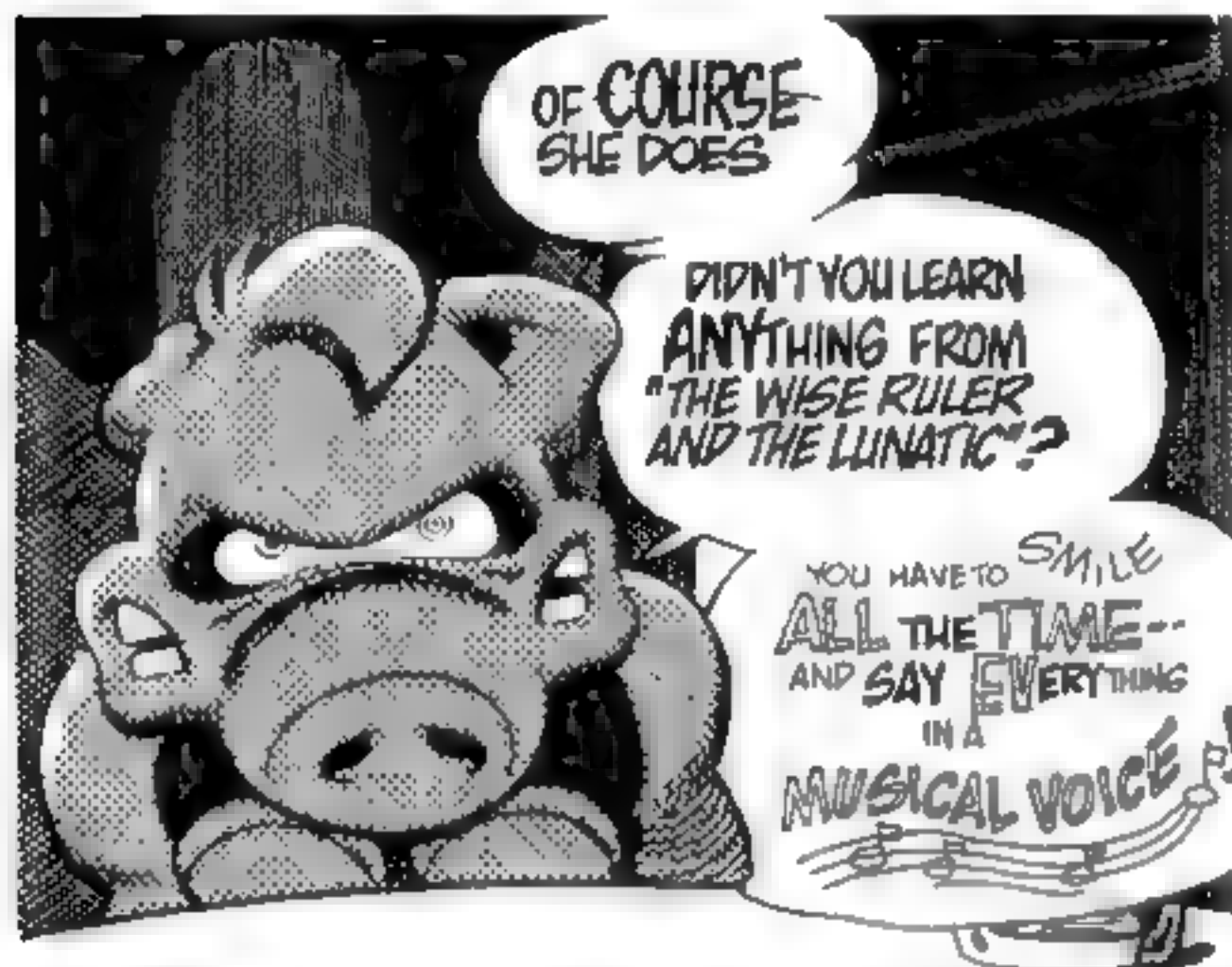
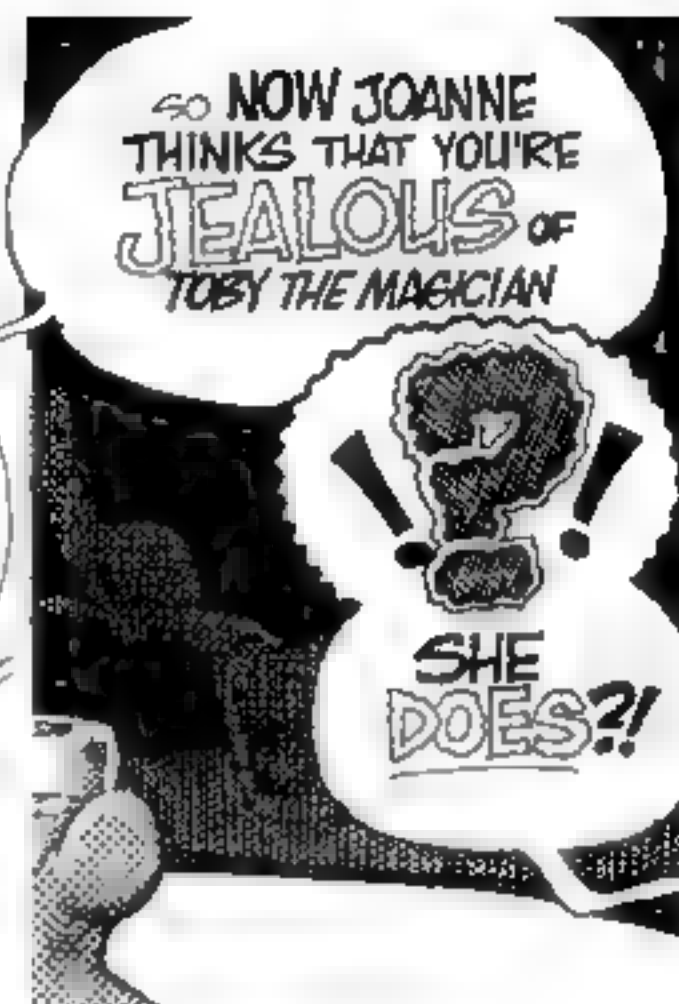
CEREBUS IS STUCK HERE WITH GIRLY-BOY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE

AND SOME DAY WHEN CEREBUS IS OLD AND WRINKLED

CEREBUS HEART WILL STOP BEATING

AND THAT OLD BLACK PIT WILL OPEN UP AND SWEEP CEREBUS







DID YOU COME STRAIGHT.

BACK.

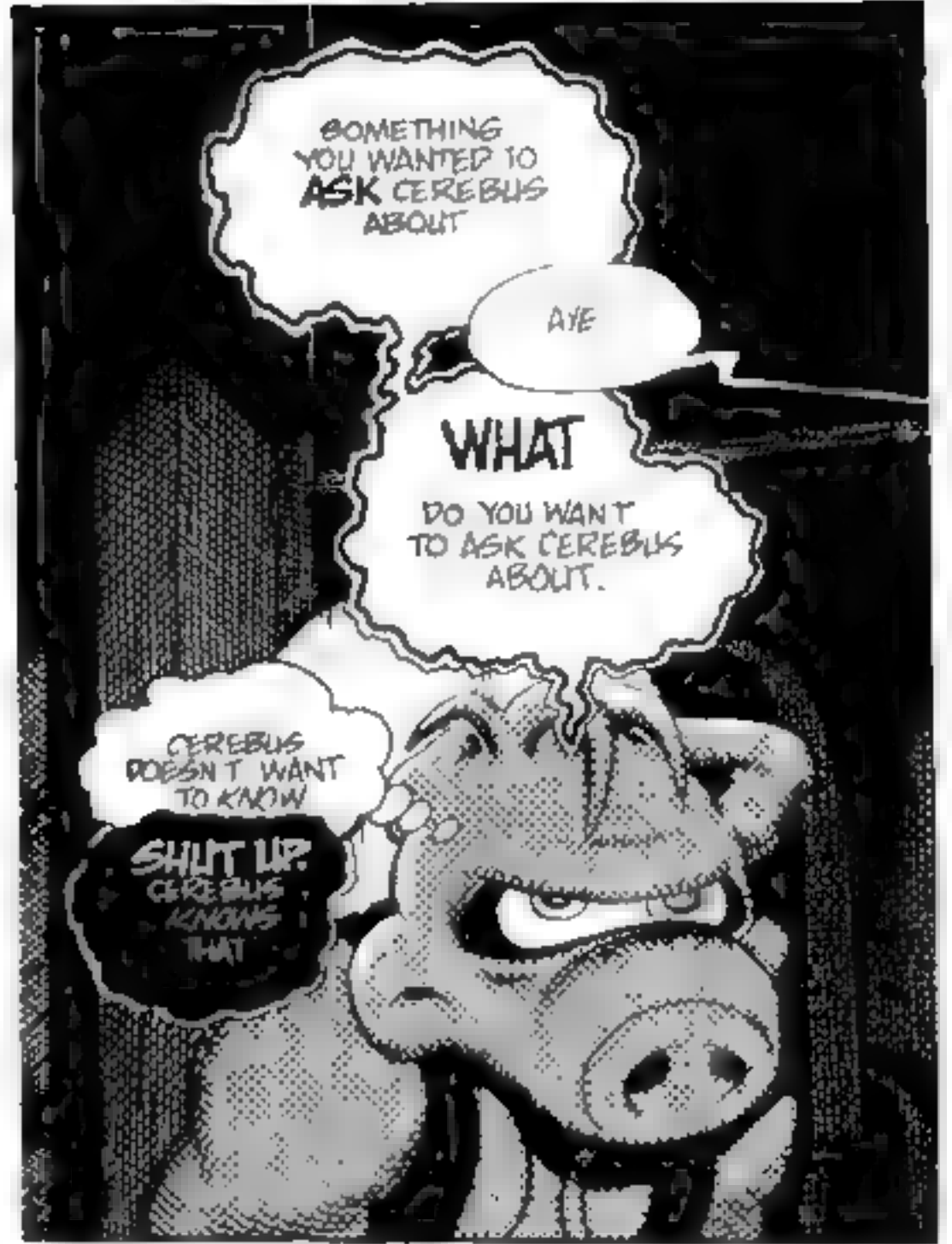
HERE.



OH!

I HAD A LOT OF TIME TO THINK ON MY WAY OVER THERE

AND I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT



SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO ASK CEREBUS ABOUT

AYE

WHAT

DO YOU WANT TO ASK CEREBUS ABOUT.

CEREBUS DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW

SHUT UP CEREBUS KNOWS THAT

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND"

I STARTED THINKING ABOUT IT AS AN EXAMPLE OF ETHICAL ADVICE

AND THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE I REALIZED THAT IT WAS TOO AMBIGUOUS TO BE ETHICAL ADVICE

(HERE'S WHAT I MEAN)

LET'S SAY THAT I'M AN UNWISE RULER AND I DECIDE TO SEEK MORE POWER

WELL, IT SEEMS OBVIOUS THAT IF I'M AN UNWISE RULER MORE POWER IS THE LAST THING I SHOULD BE SEEKING AND THE WORST THING I COULD FIND BUT MY QUESTION ISN'T ABOUT THE UNWISE RULER

MY QUESTION WAS ABOUT THE PERSON GIVING THE (SO-CALLED) "ETHICAL ADVICE"

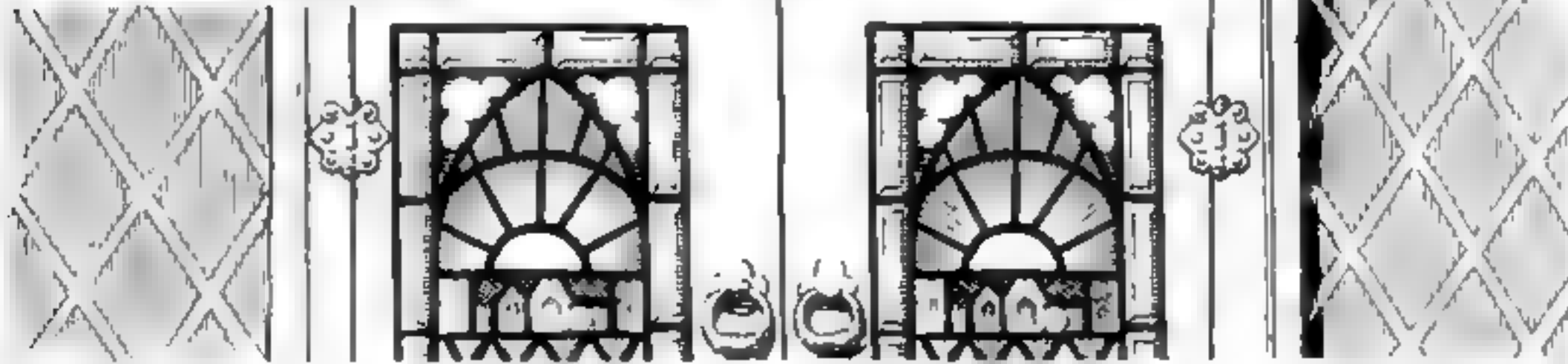
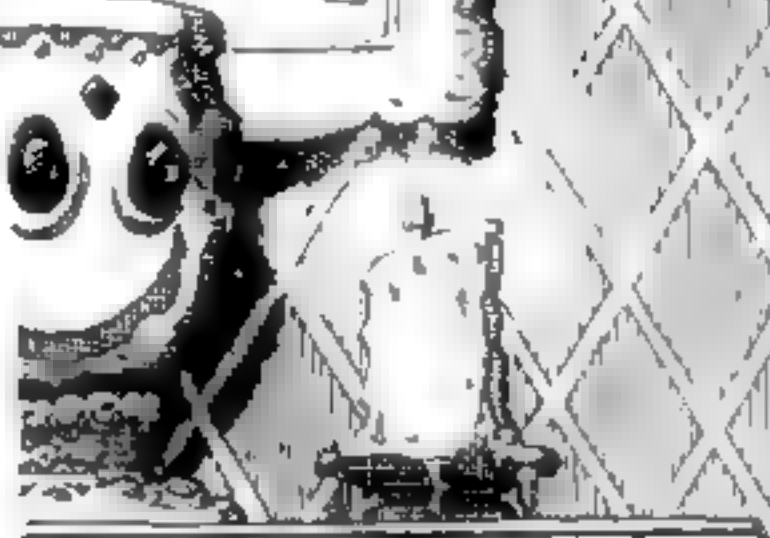
ISN'T THE ADVICE-GIVER AT LEAST PARTLY TO BLAME IF THE UNWISE RULER DECIDES TO SEEK "MORE POWER" ON THE BASIS OF THAT ADVICE?

AND IF SO

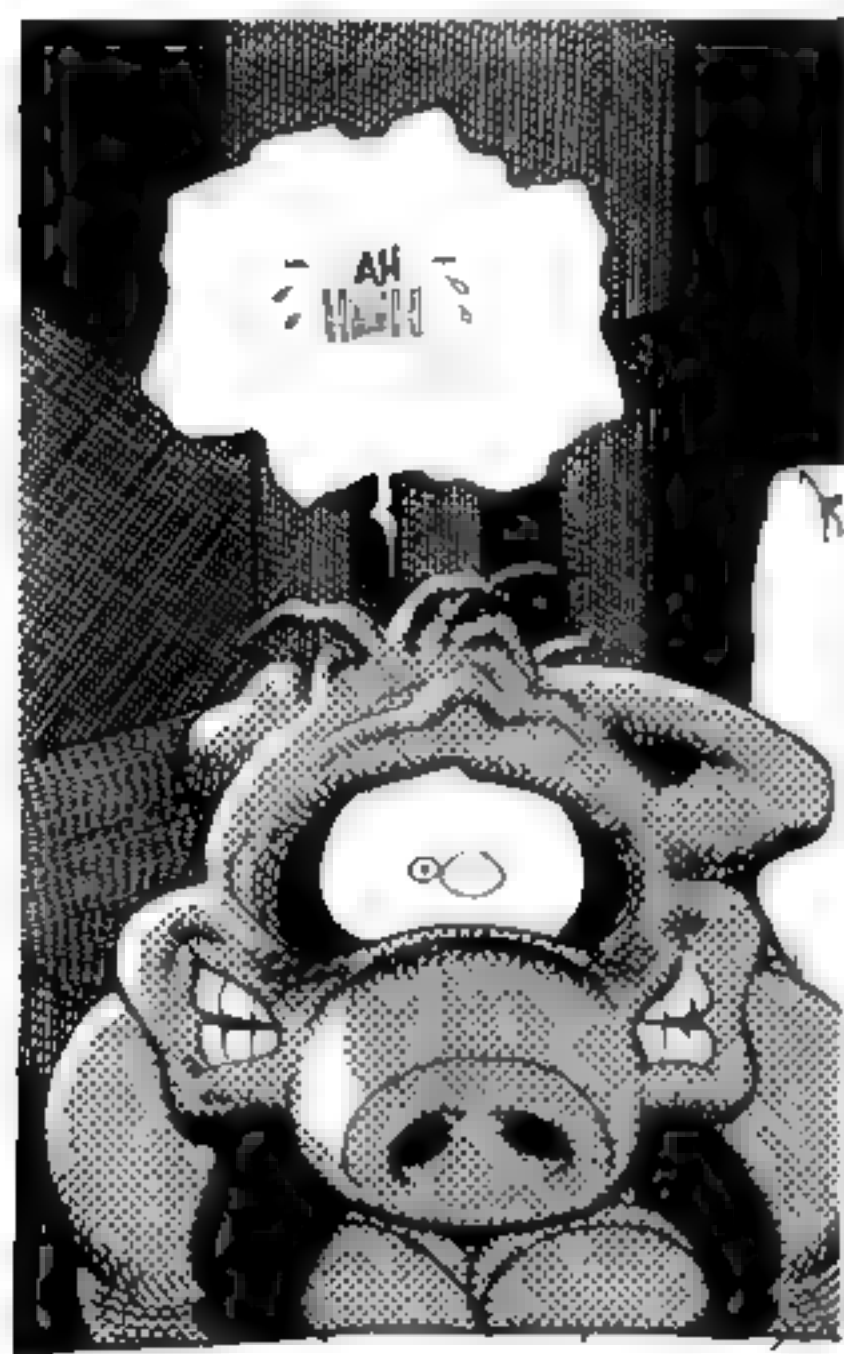
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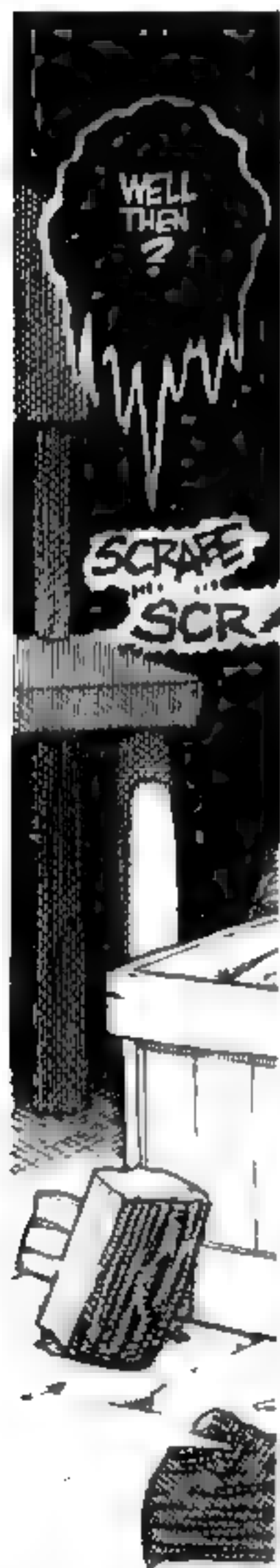


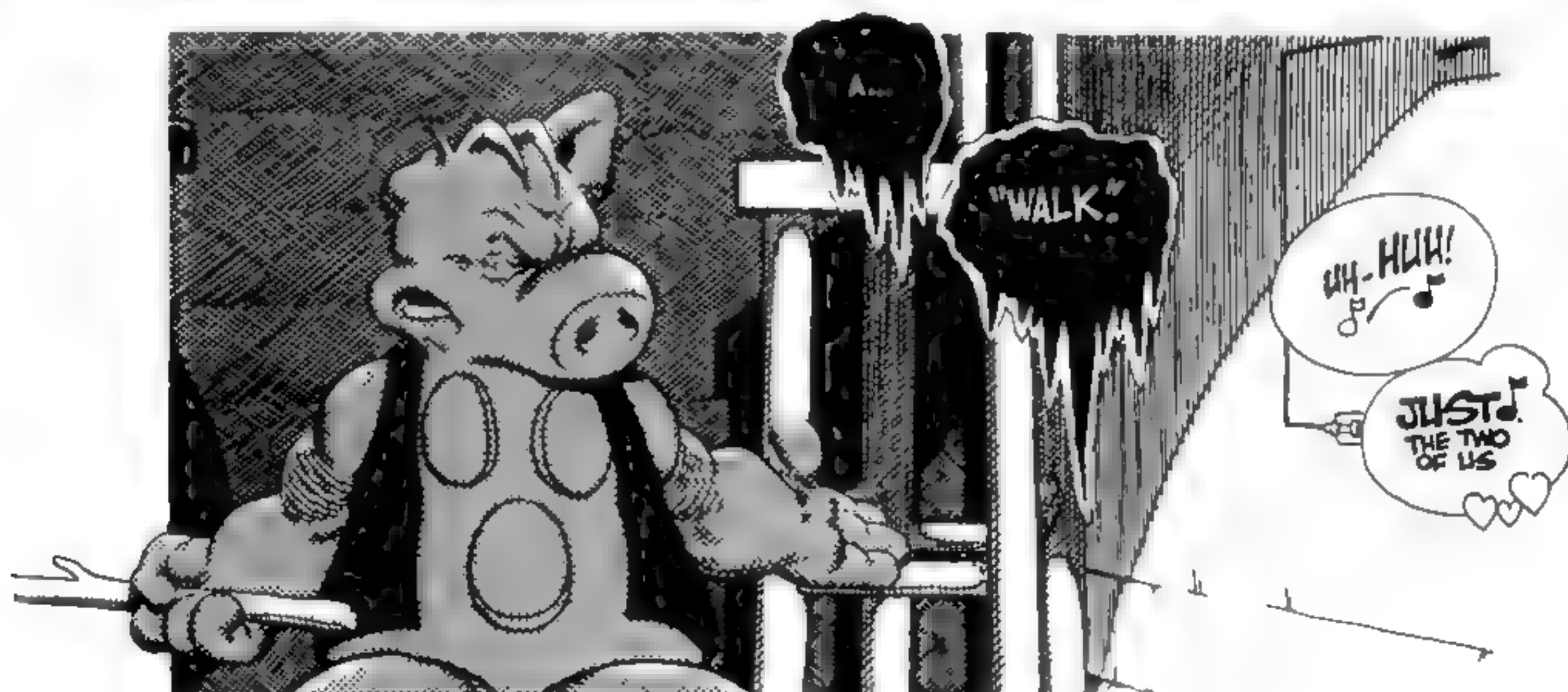
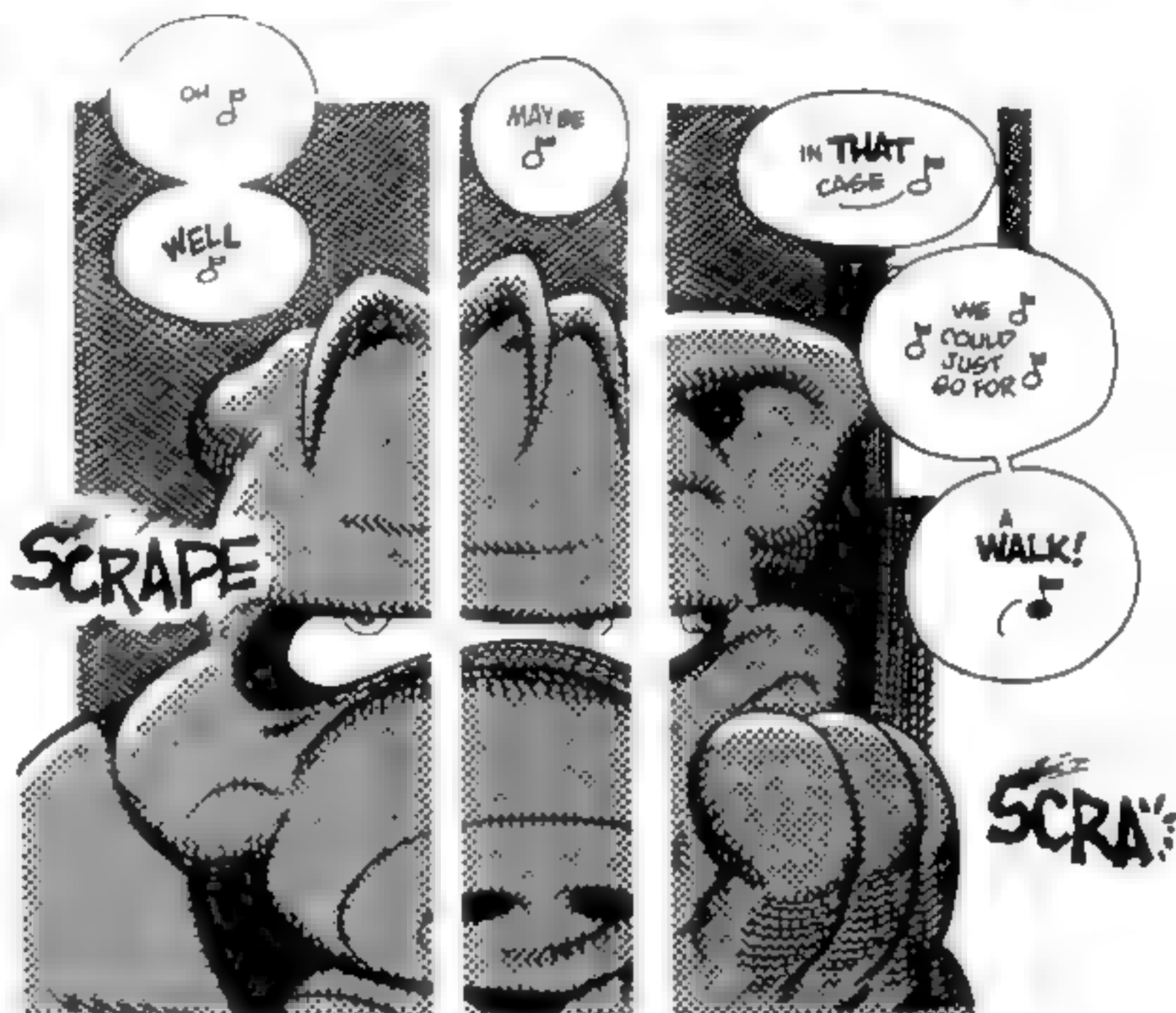
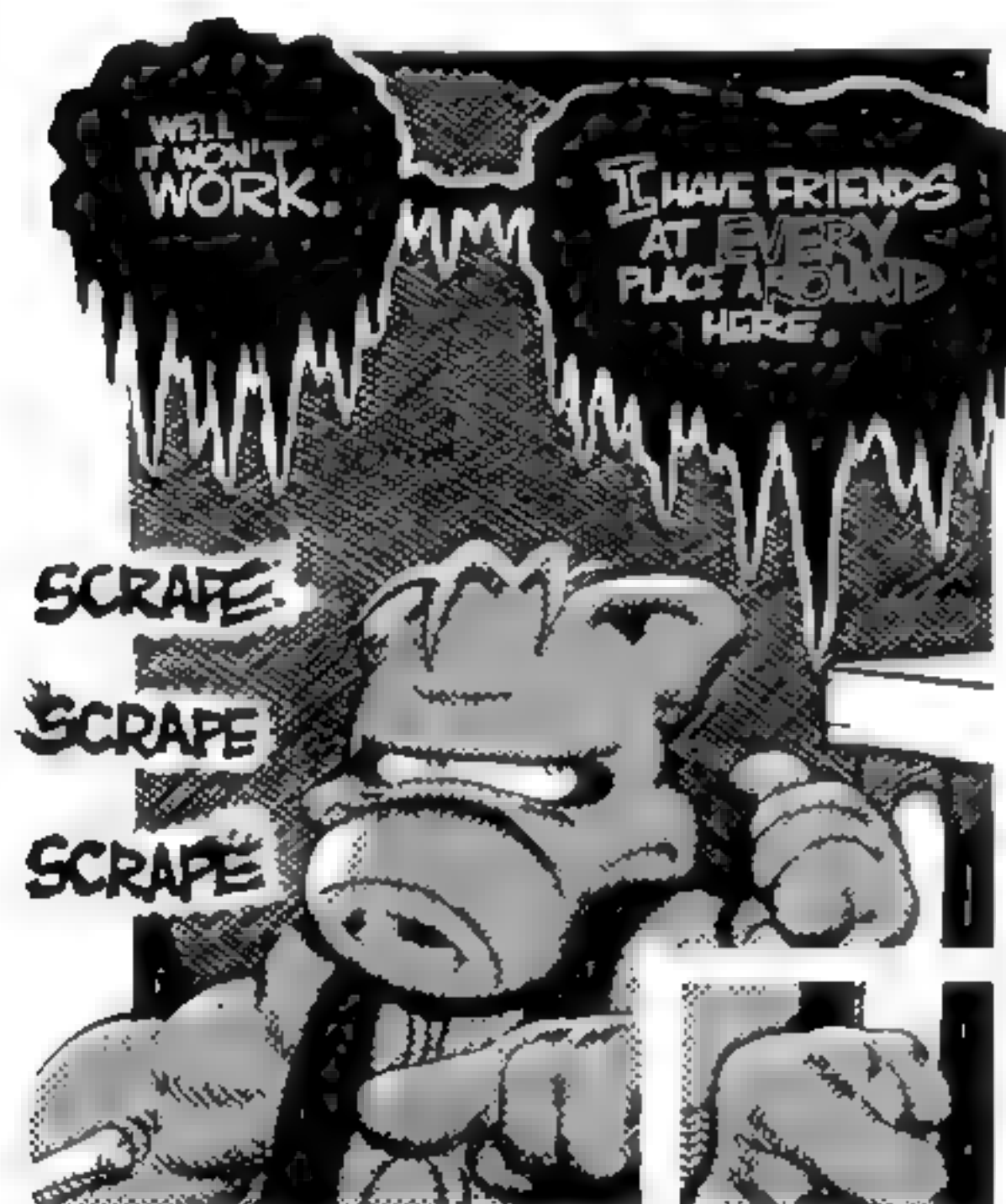
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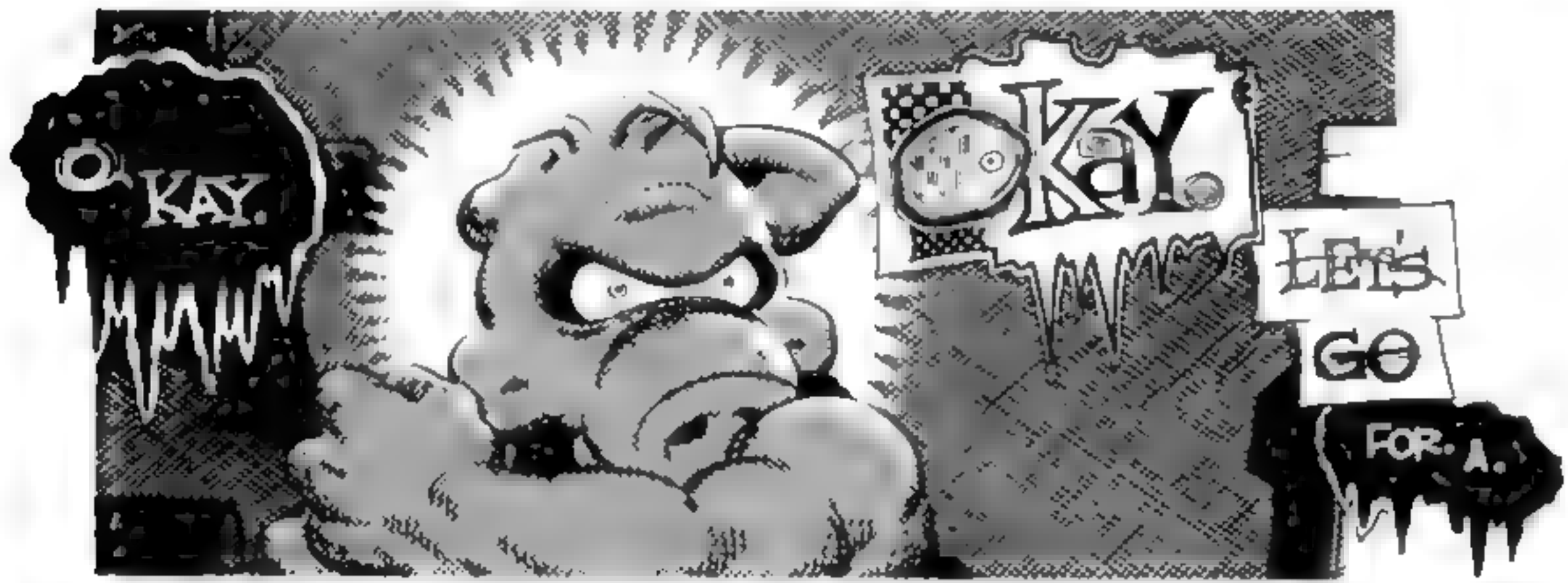


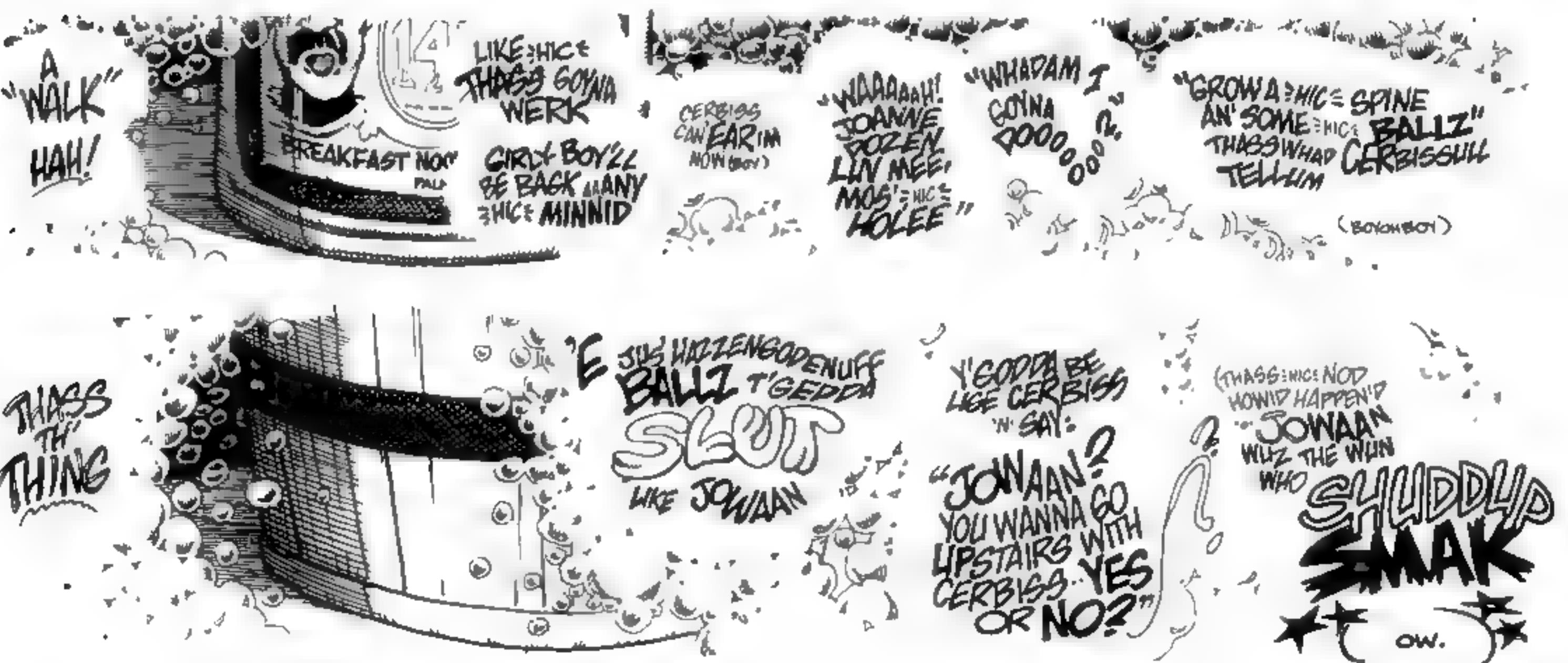
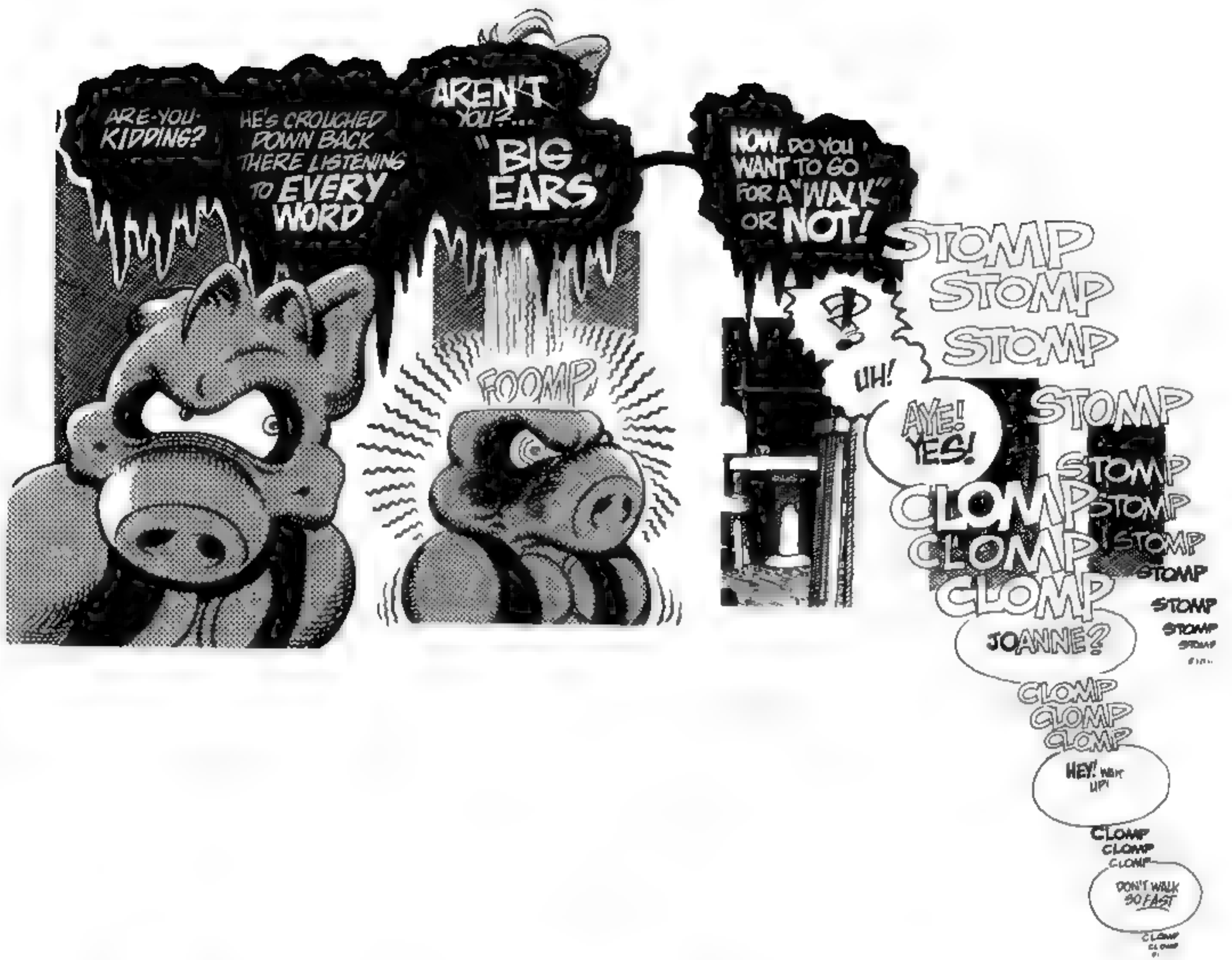












THASS
FER SHER
(BOY BOY)

WELL (EDDIE) THAT'S
WHAD GERRISSEN
LEDDIN

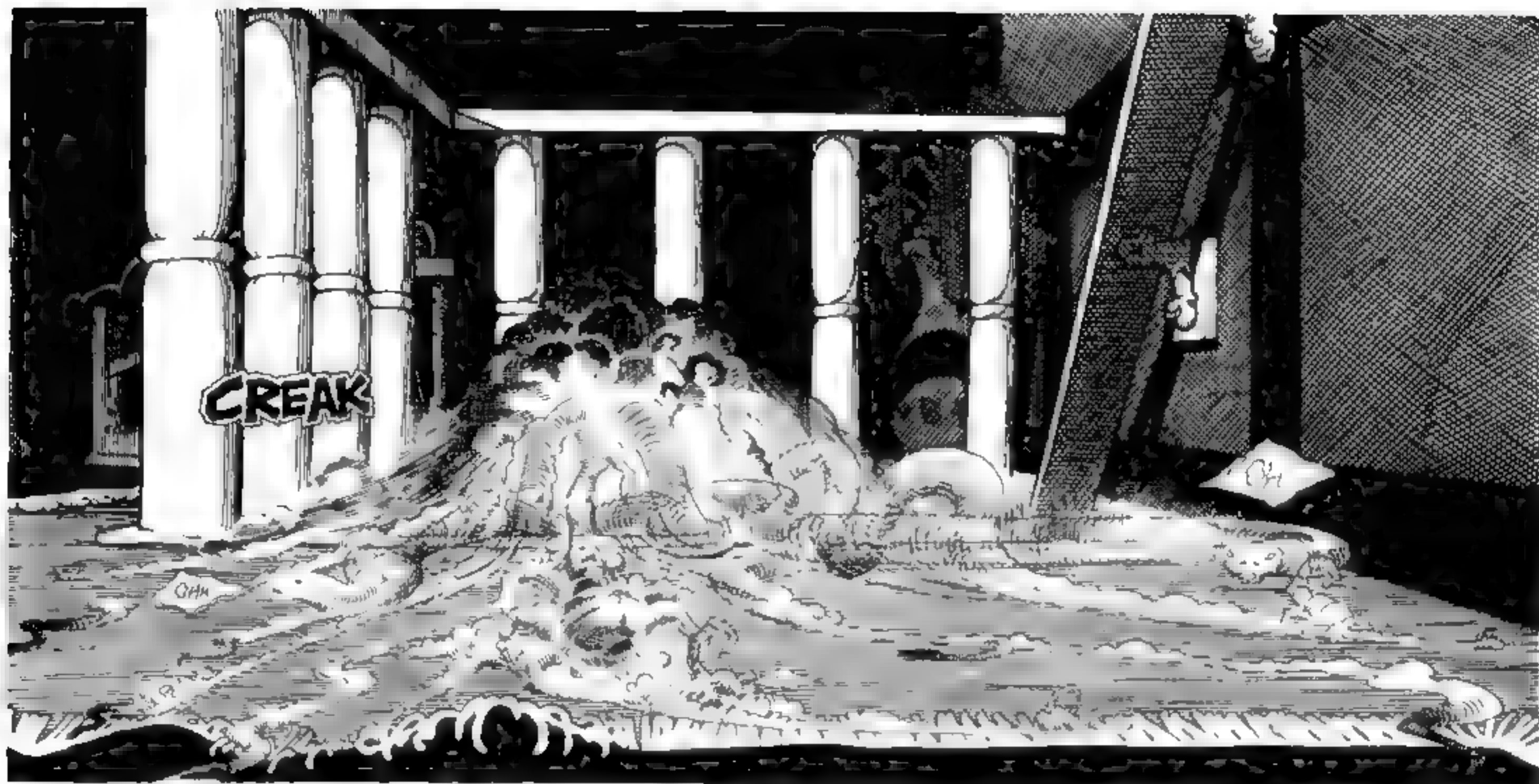
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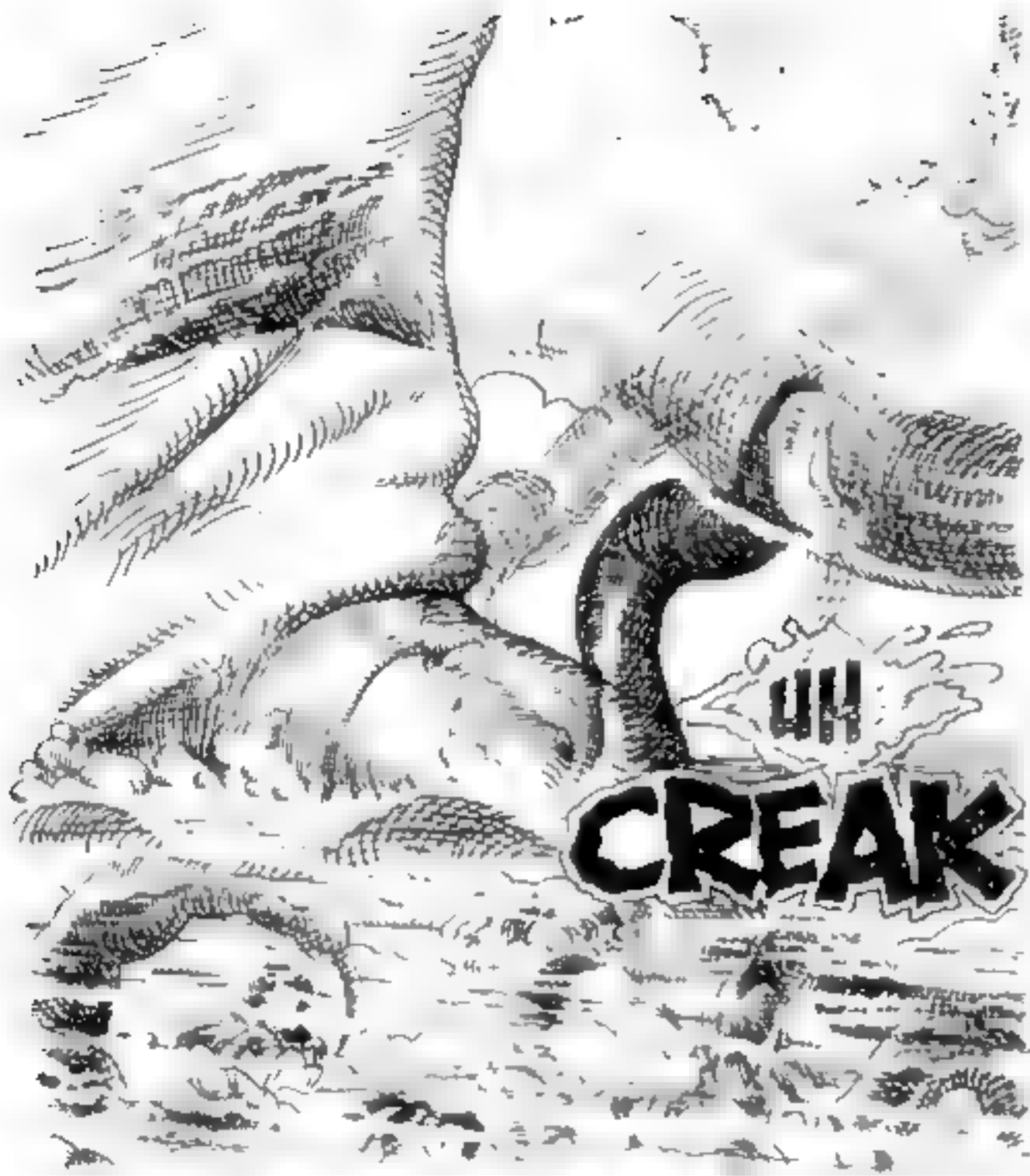
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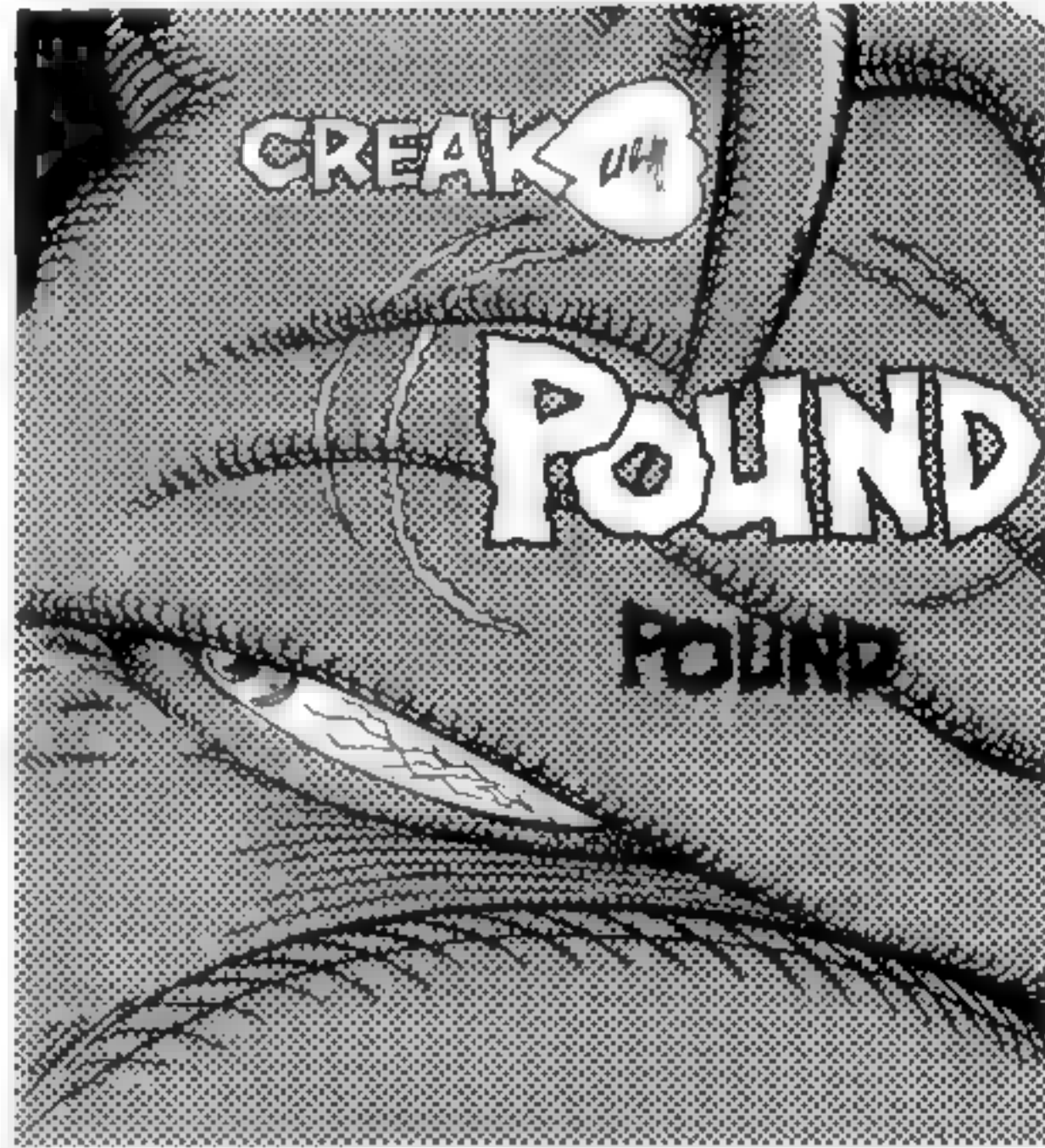
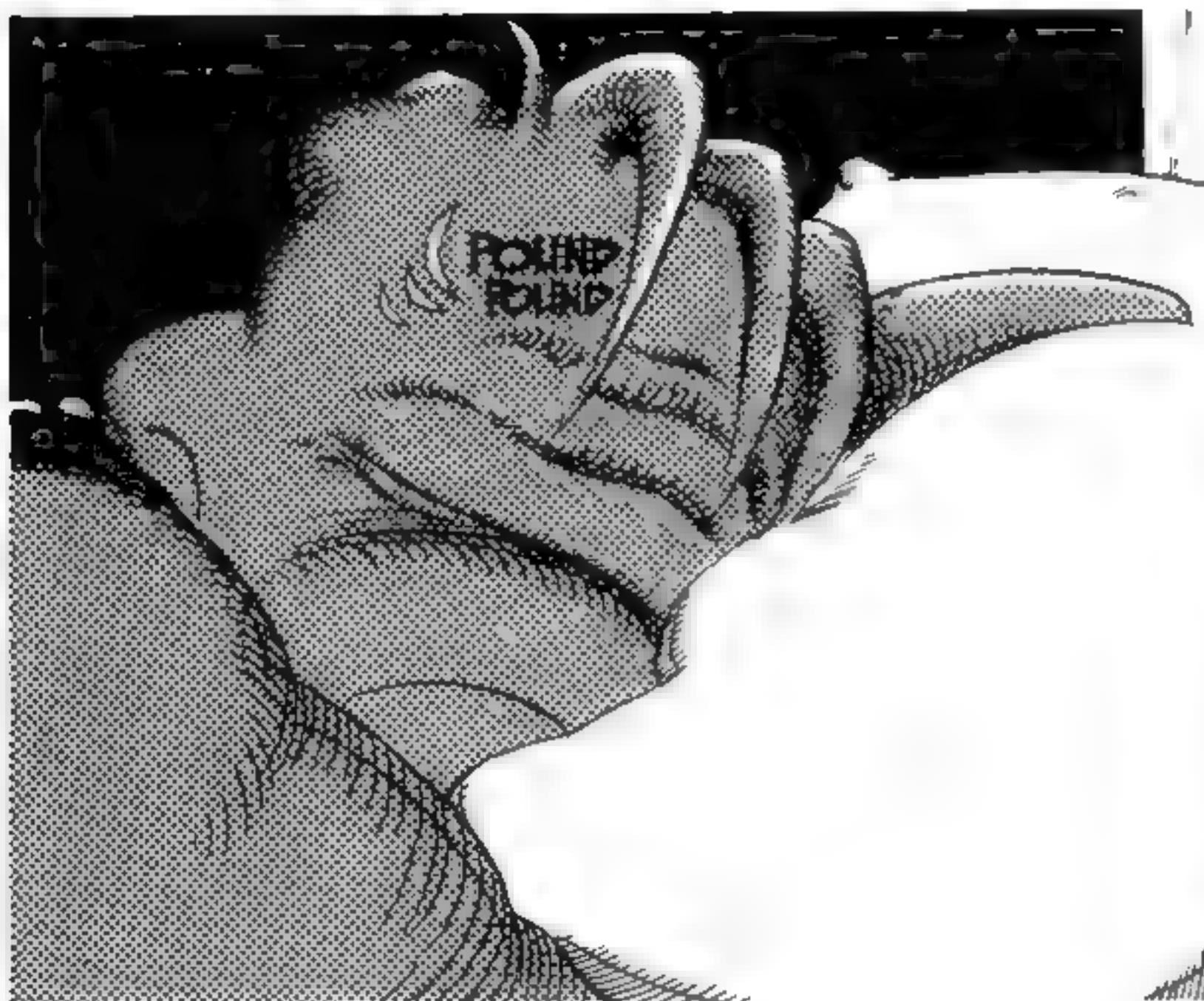
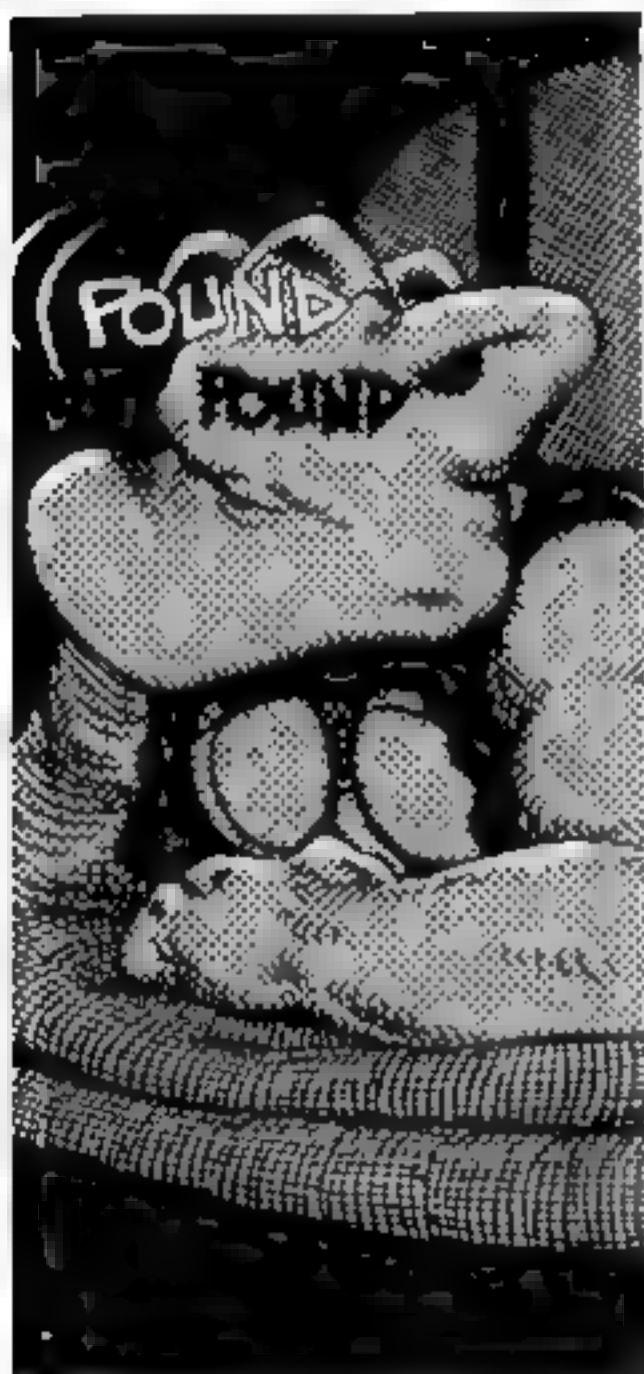
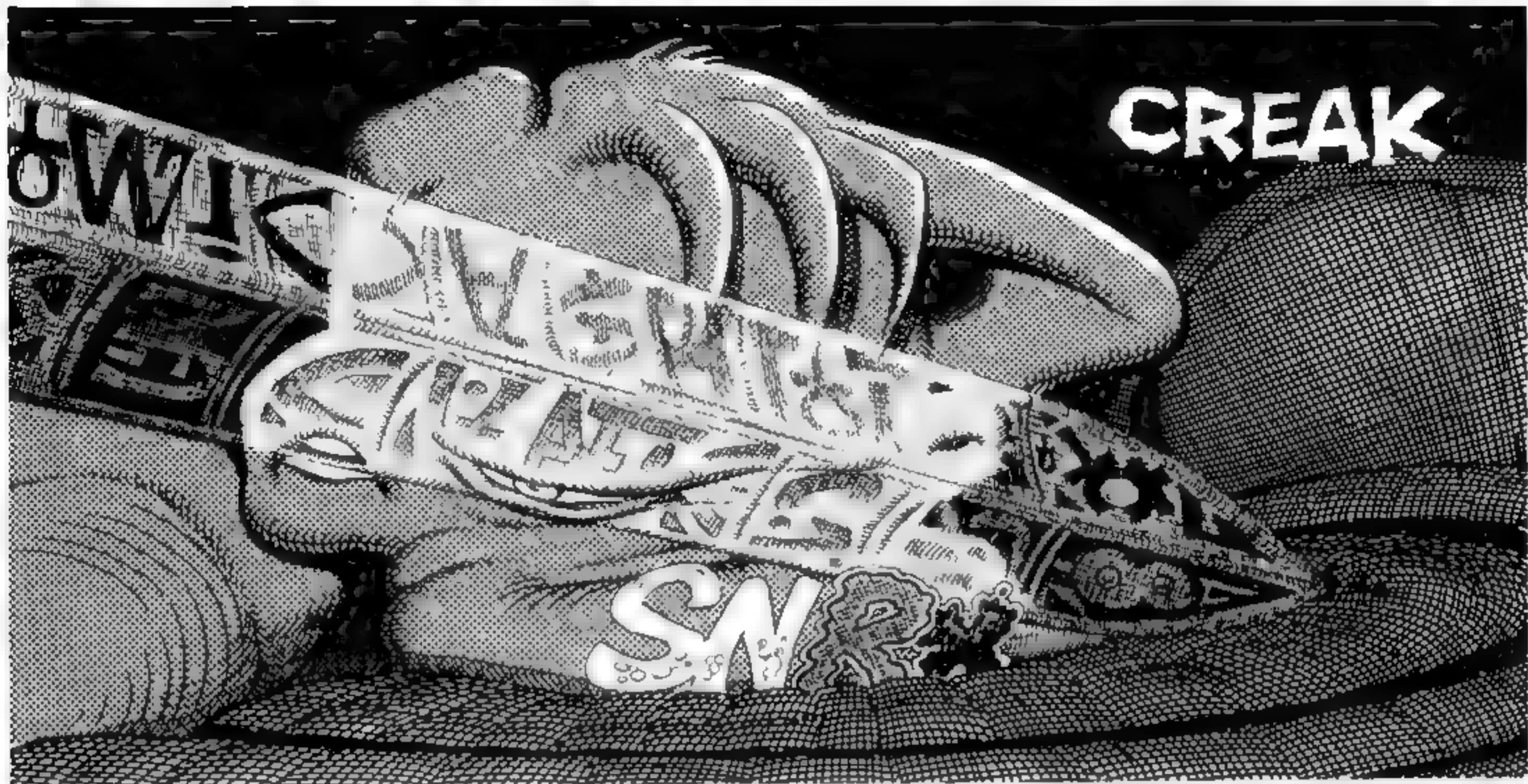


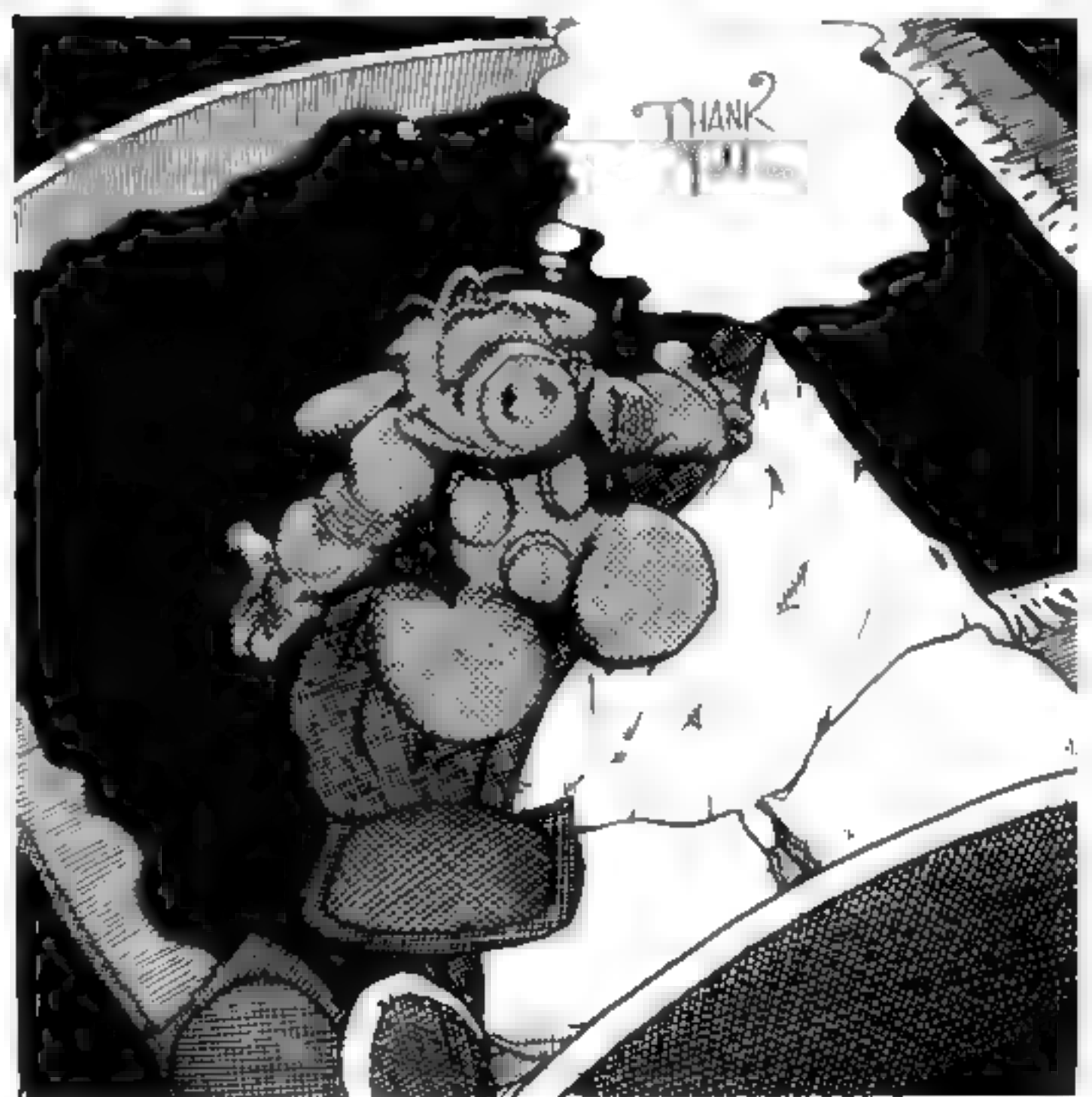
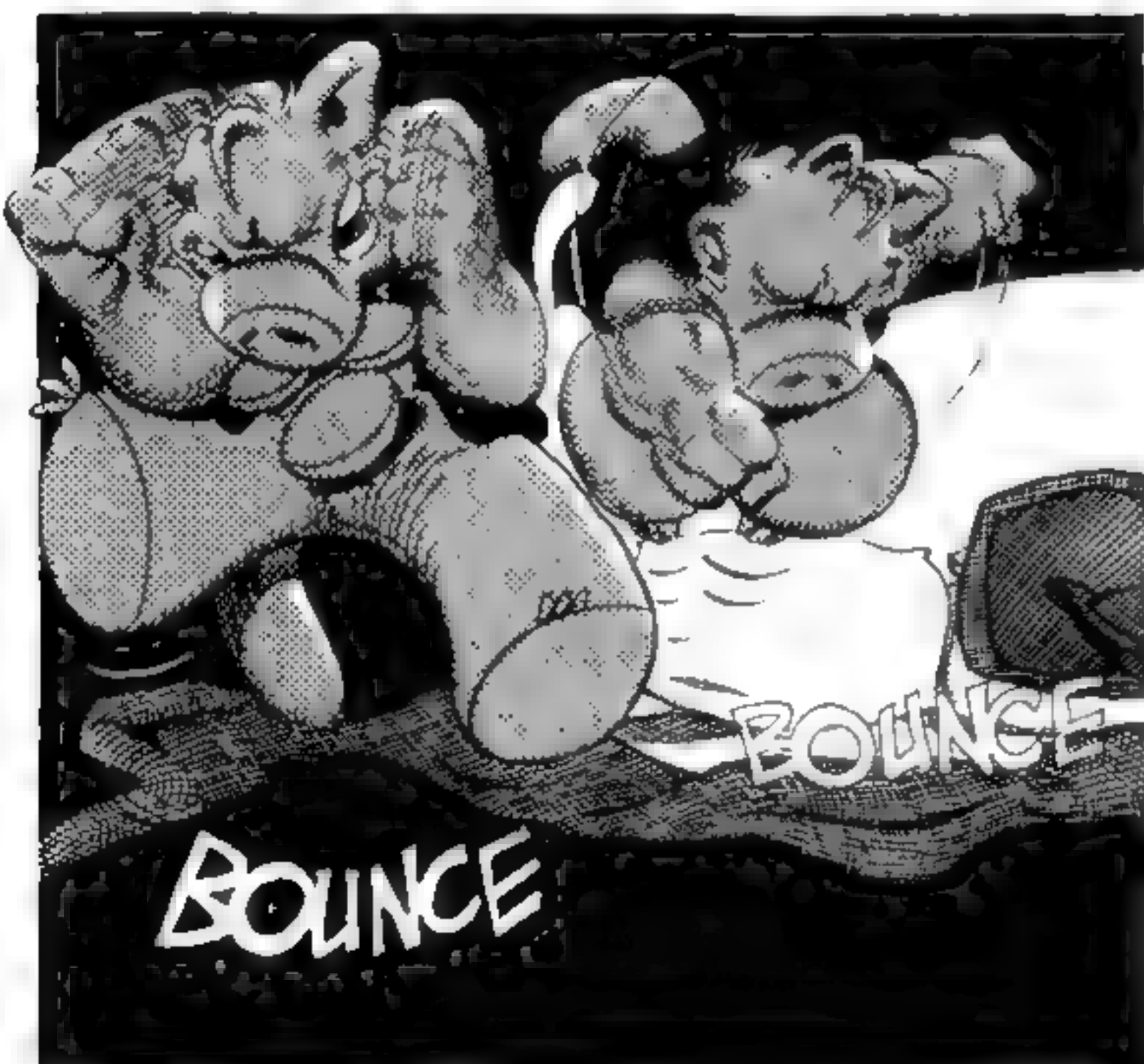
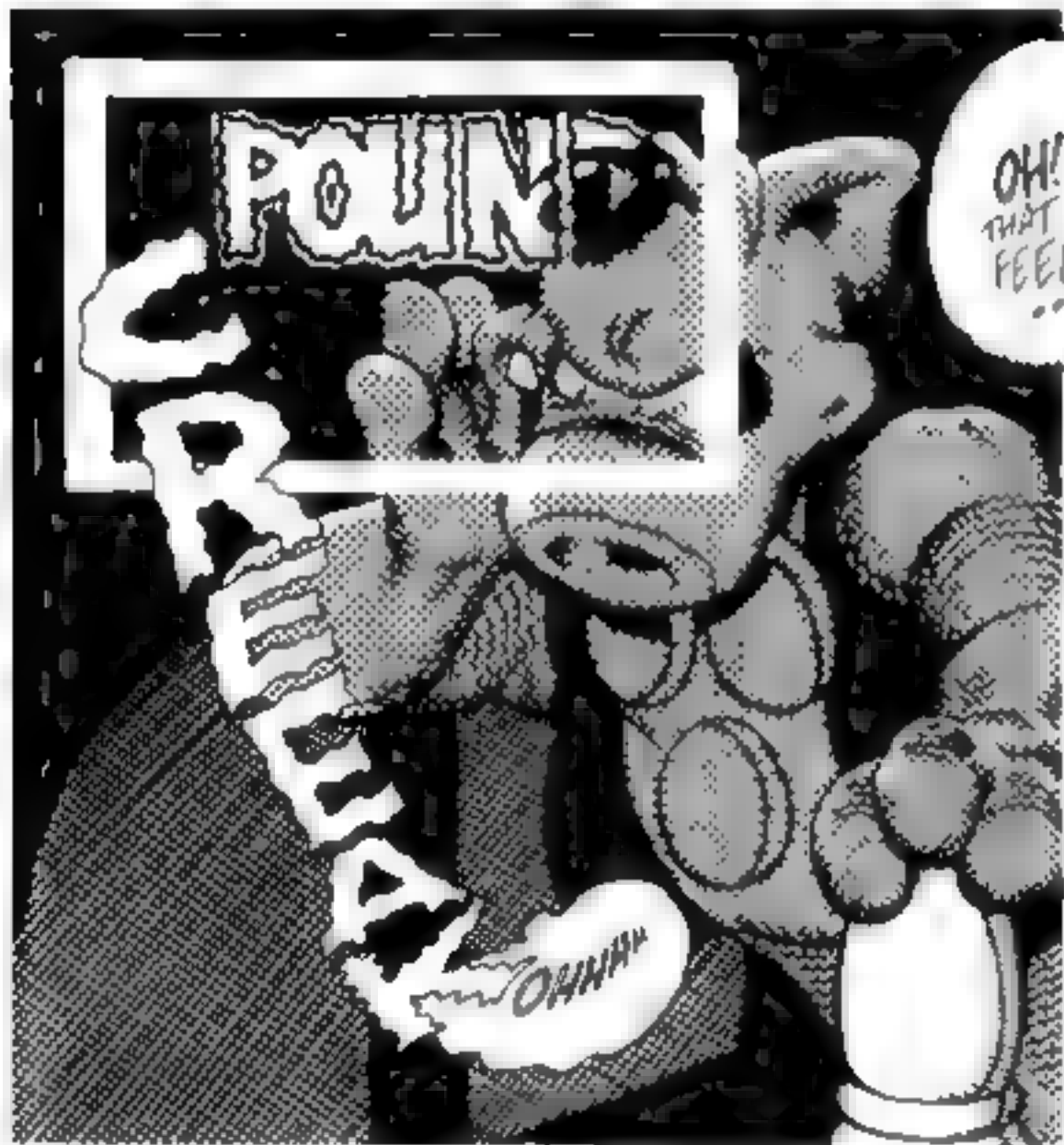
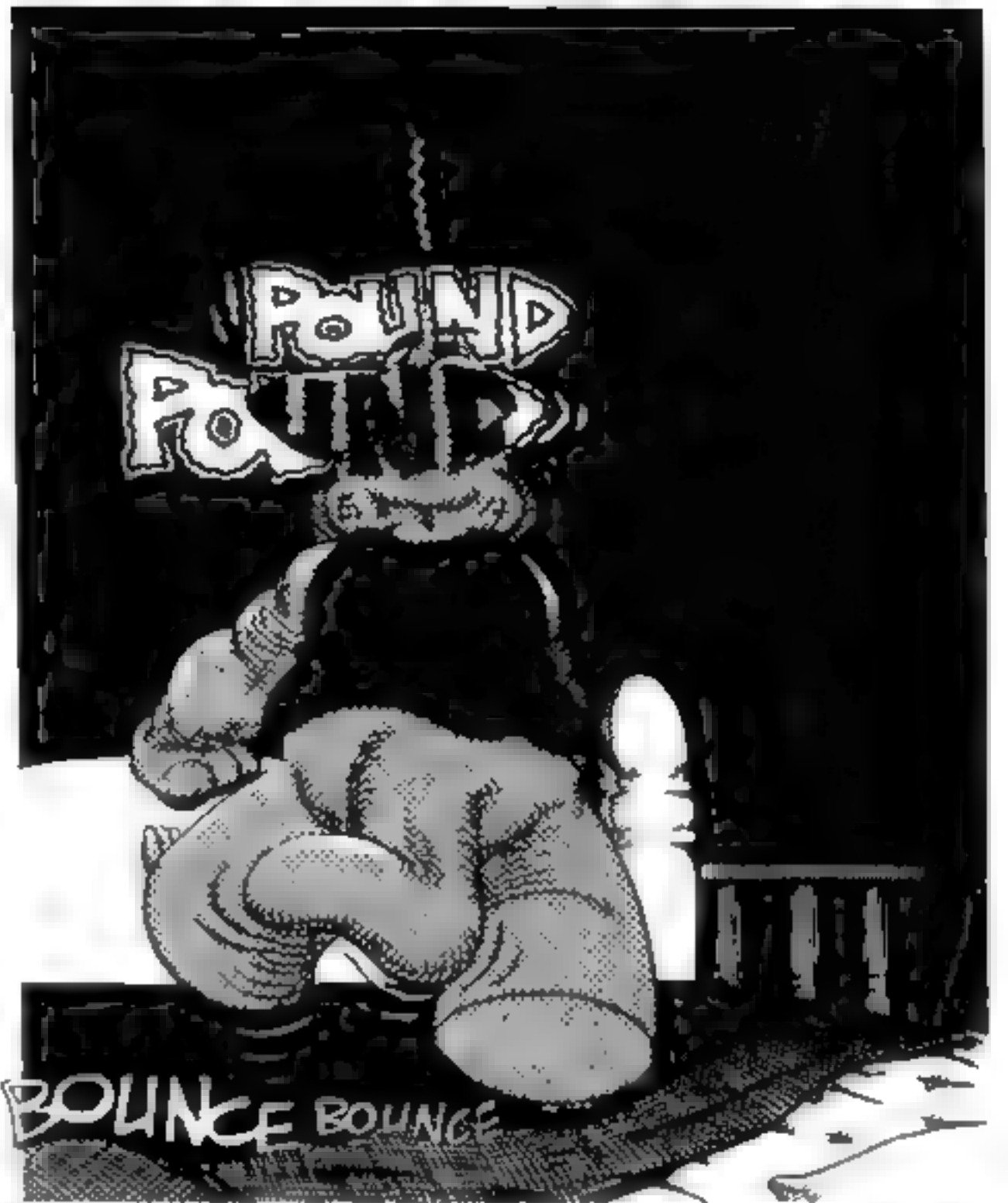
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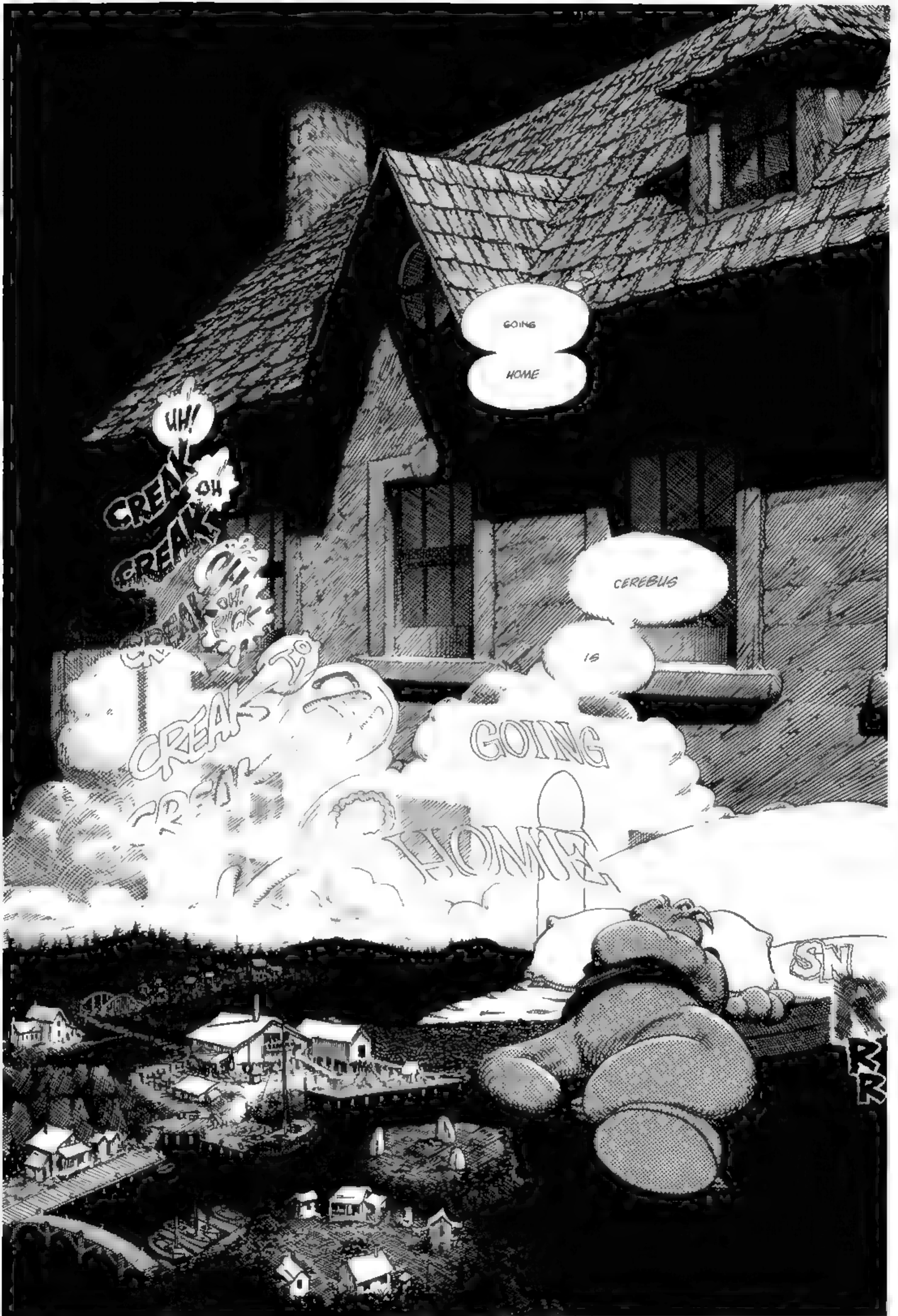


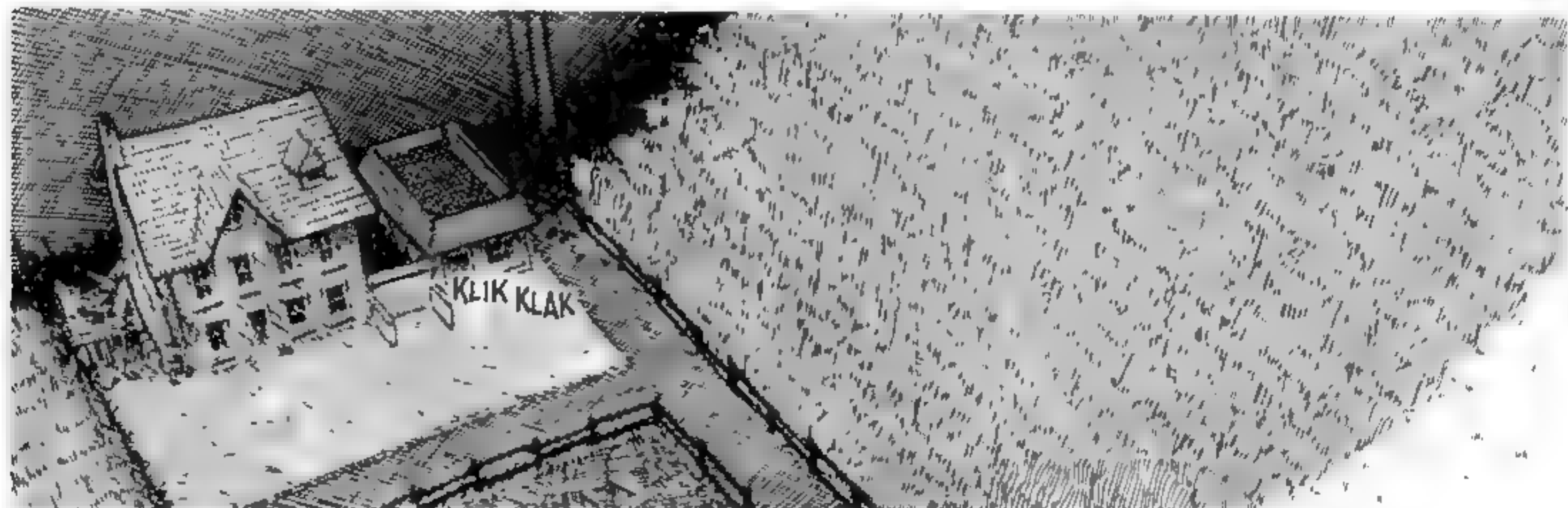
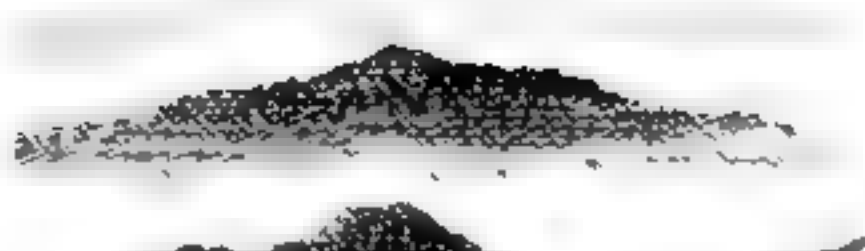
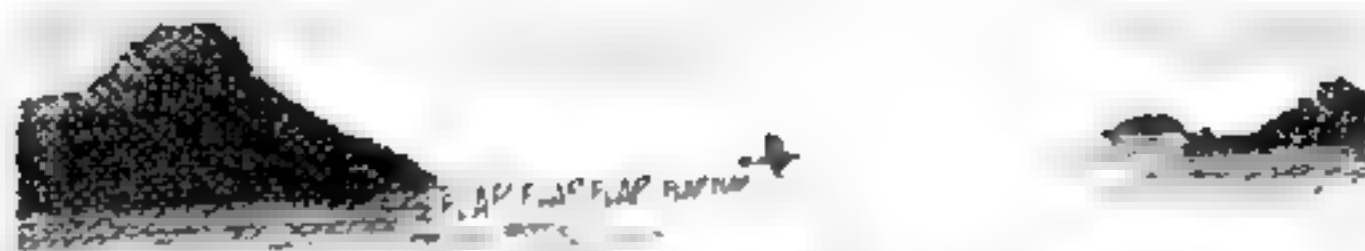


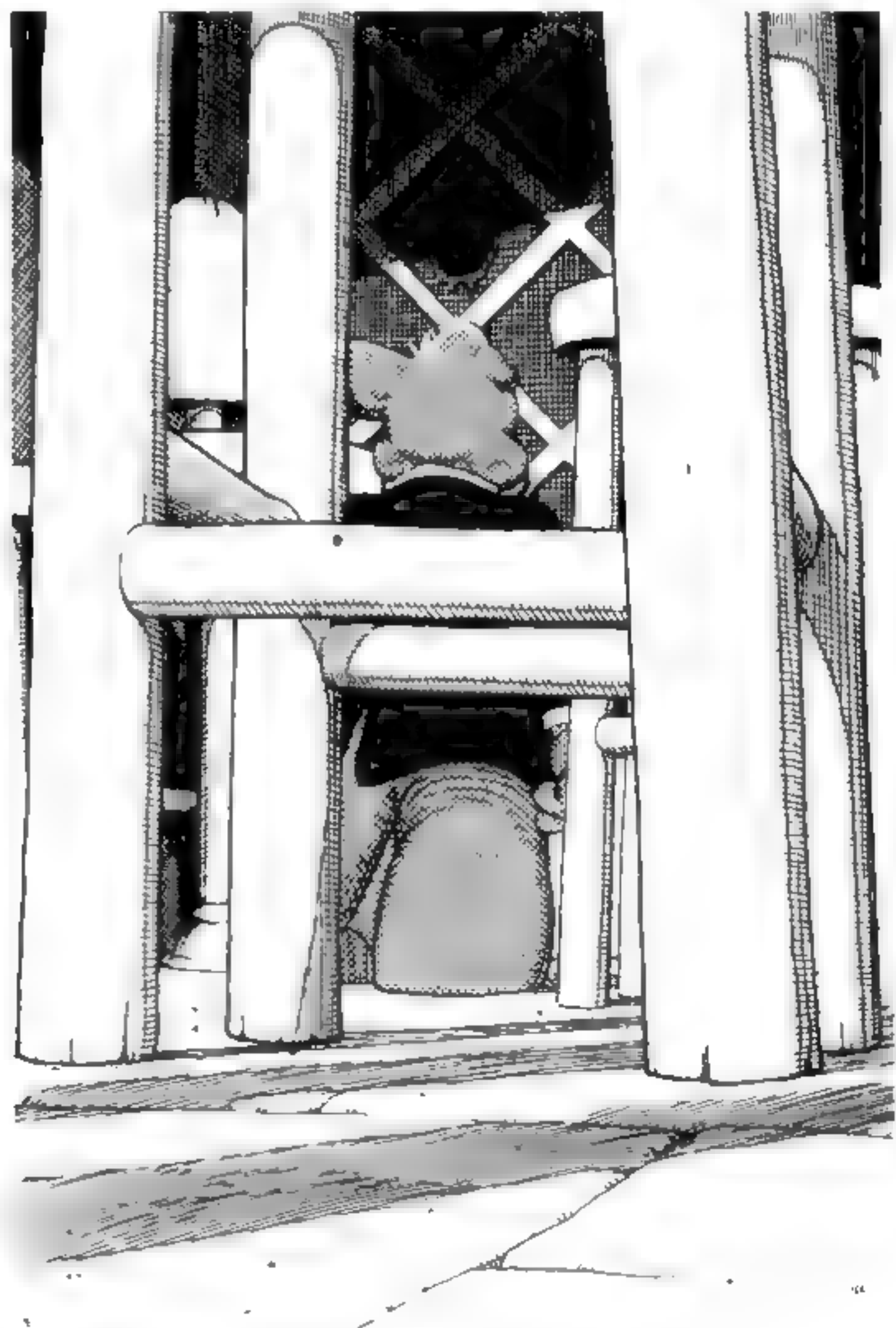




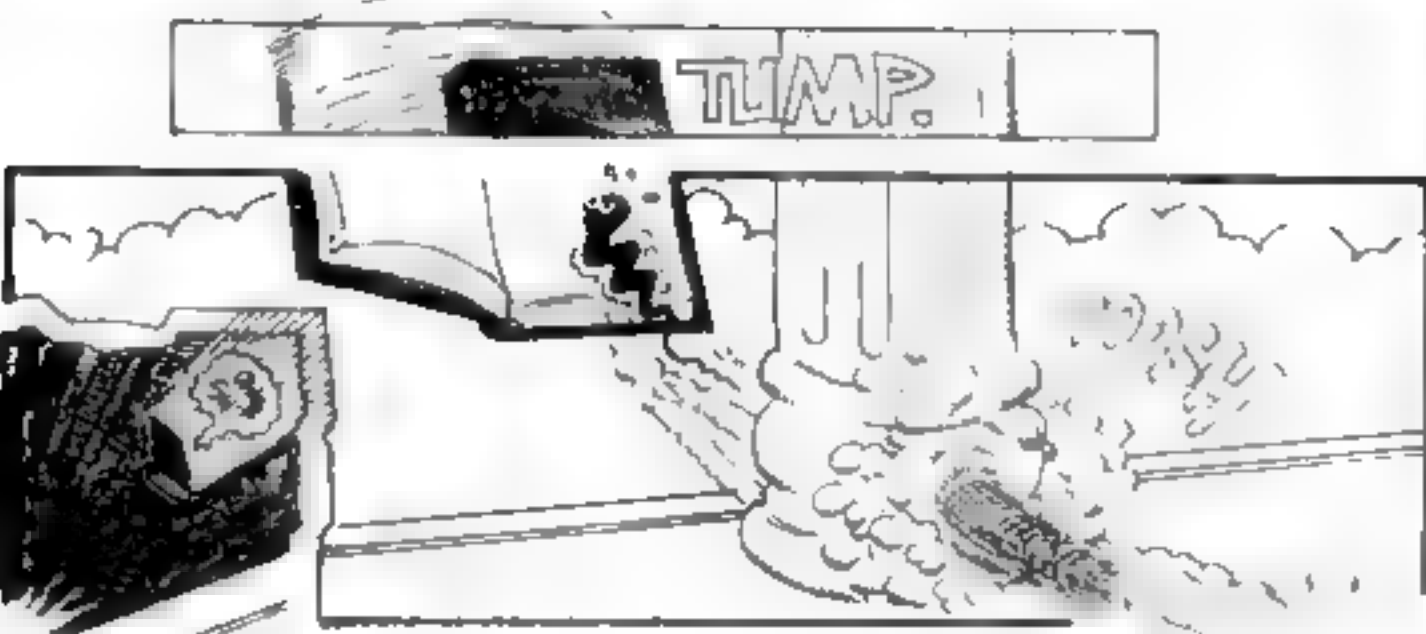
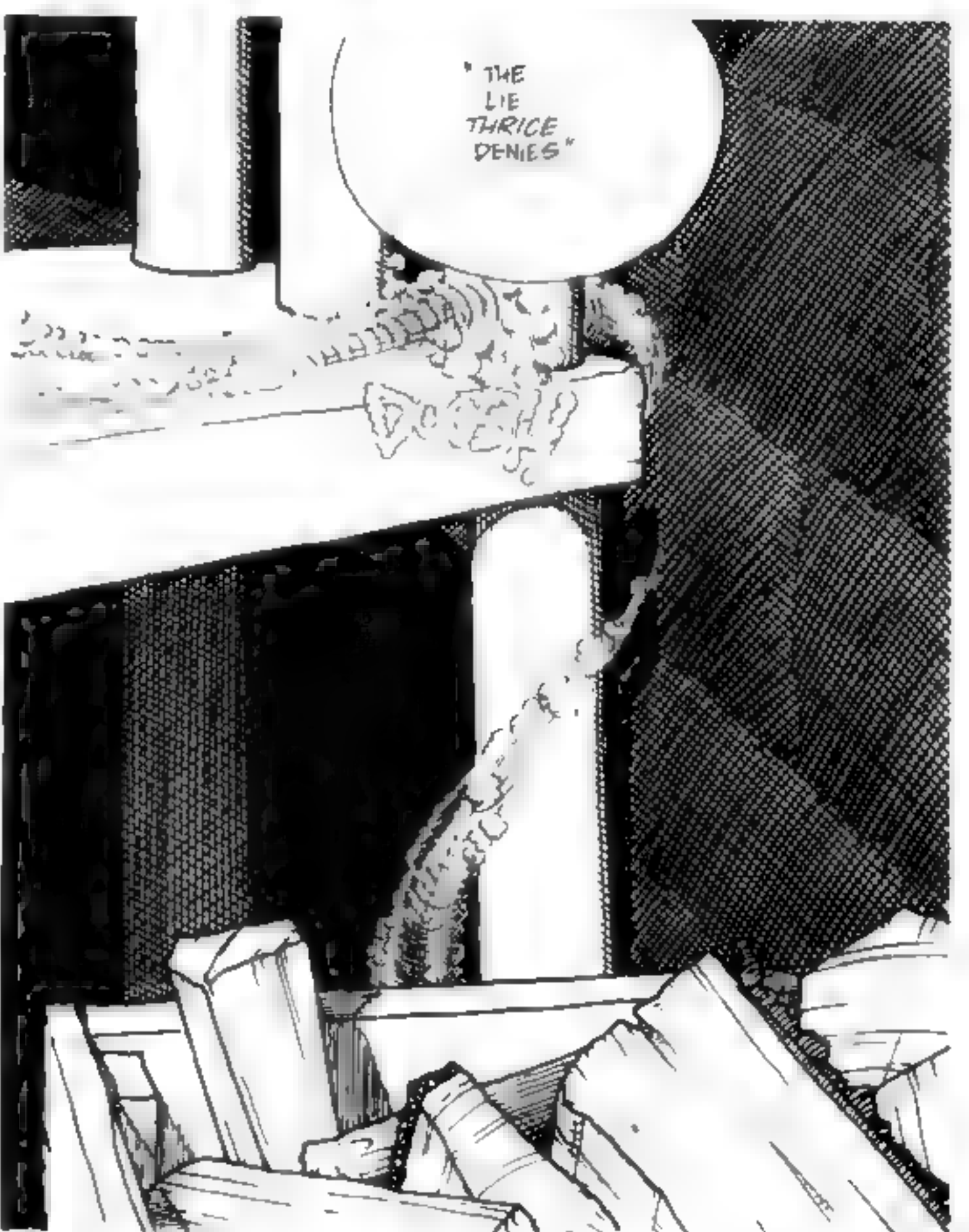
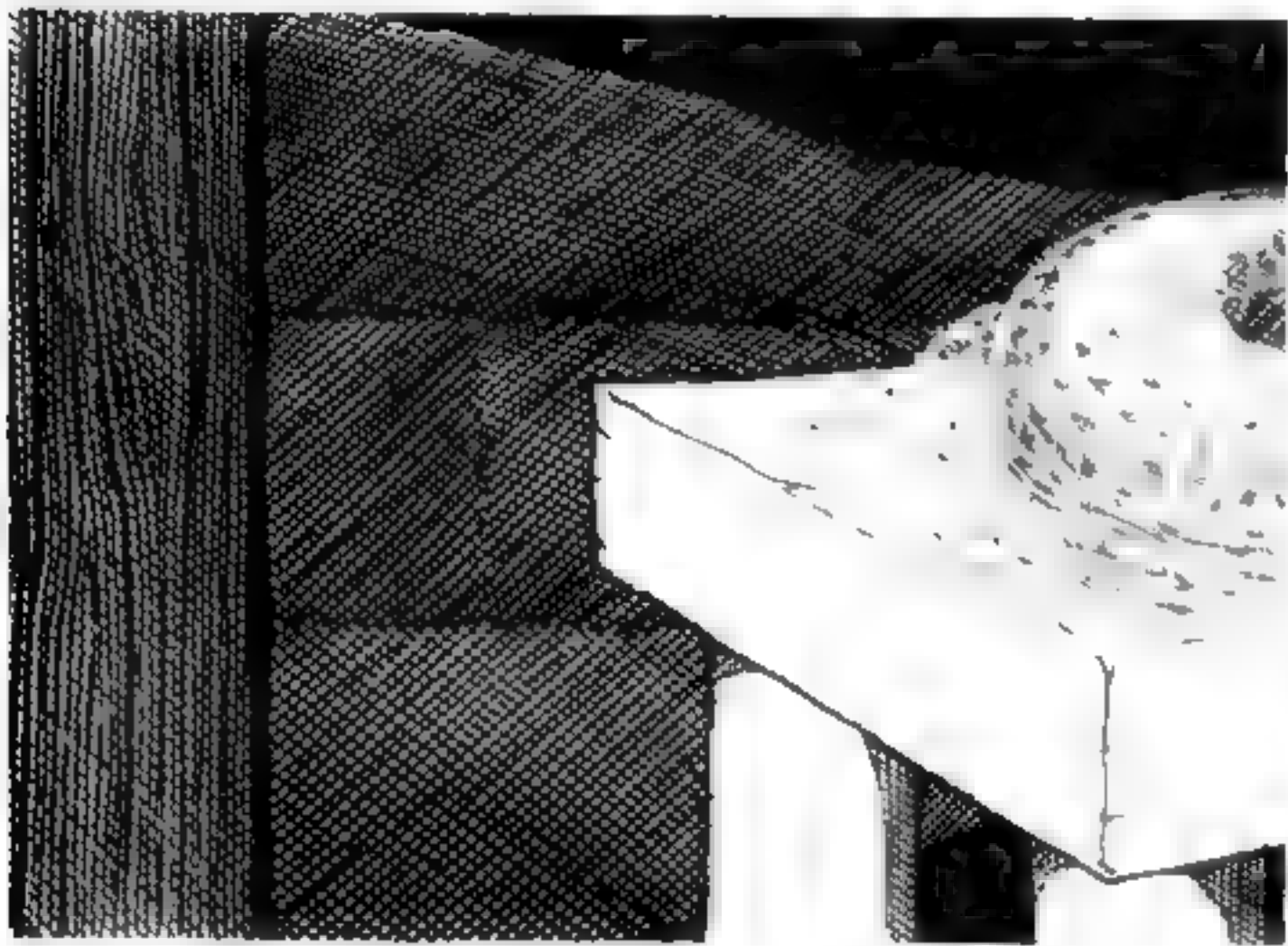
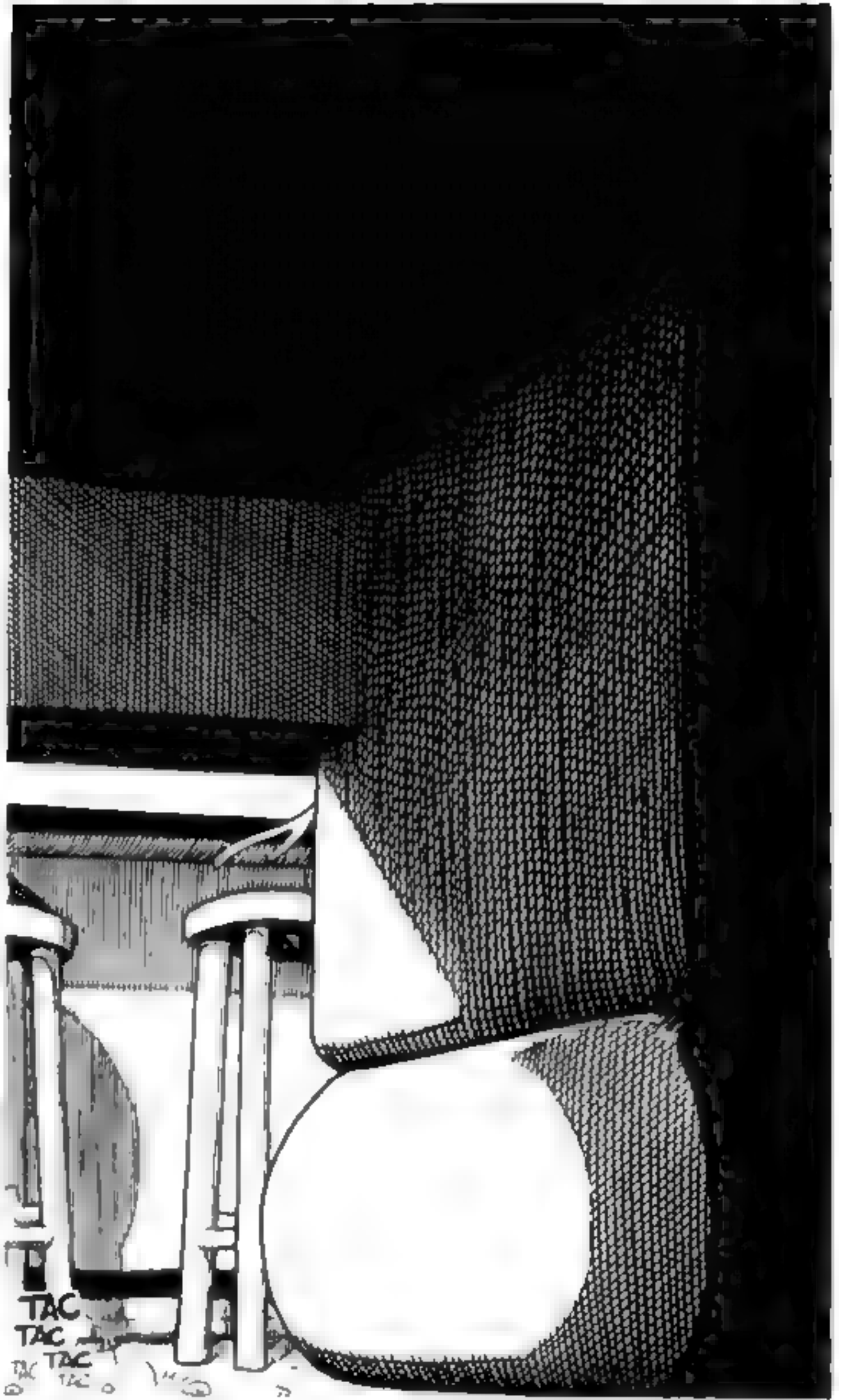




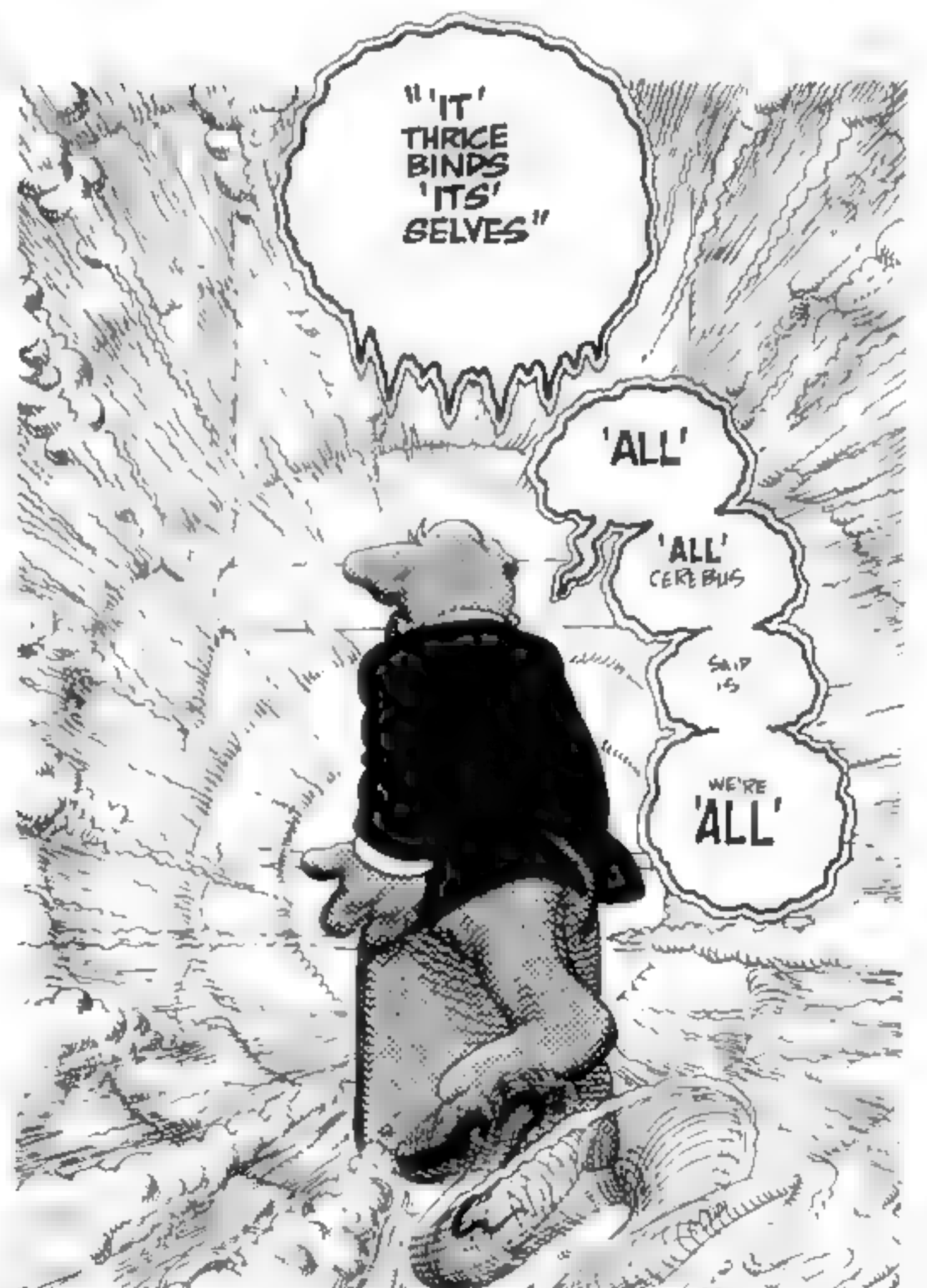
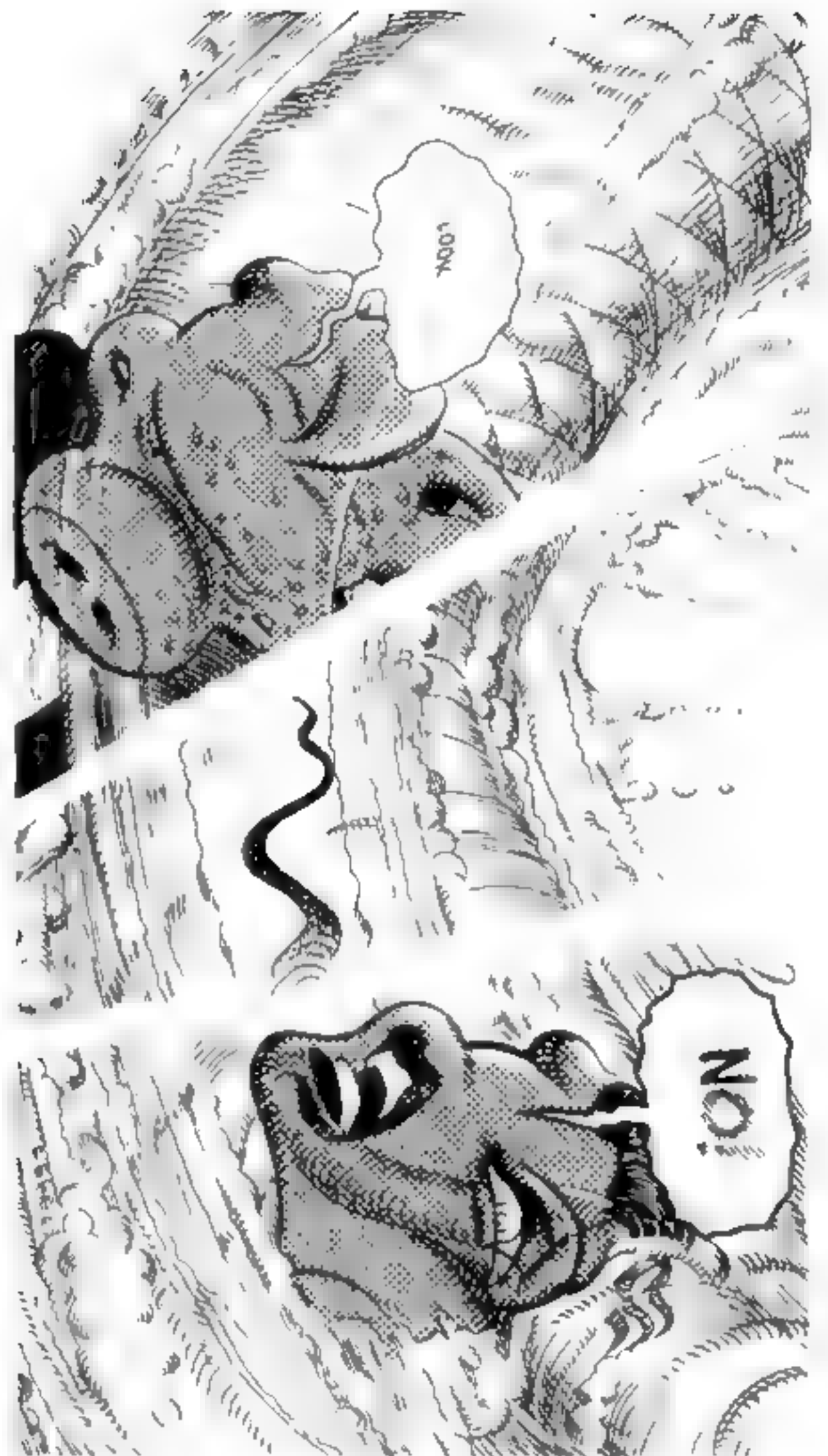
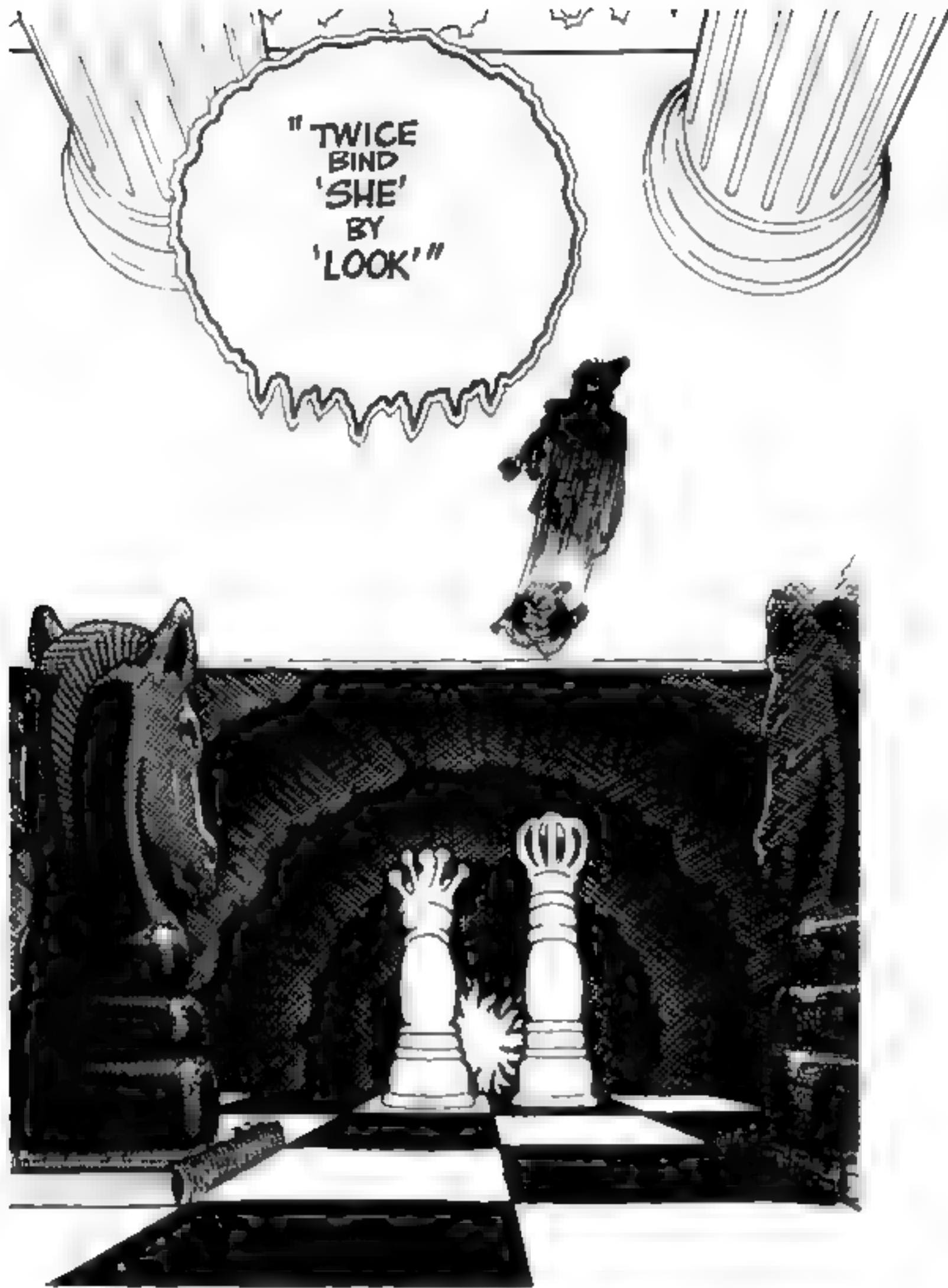










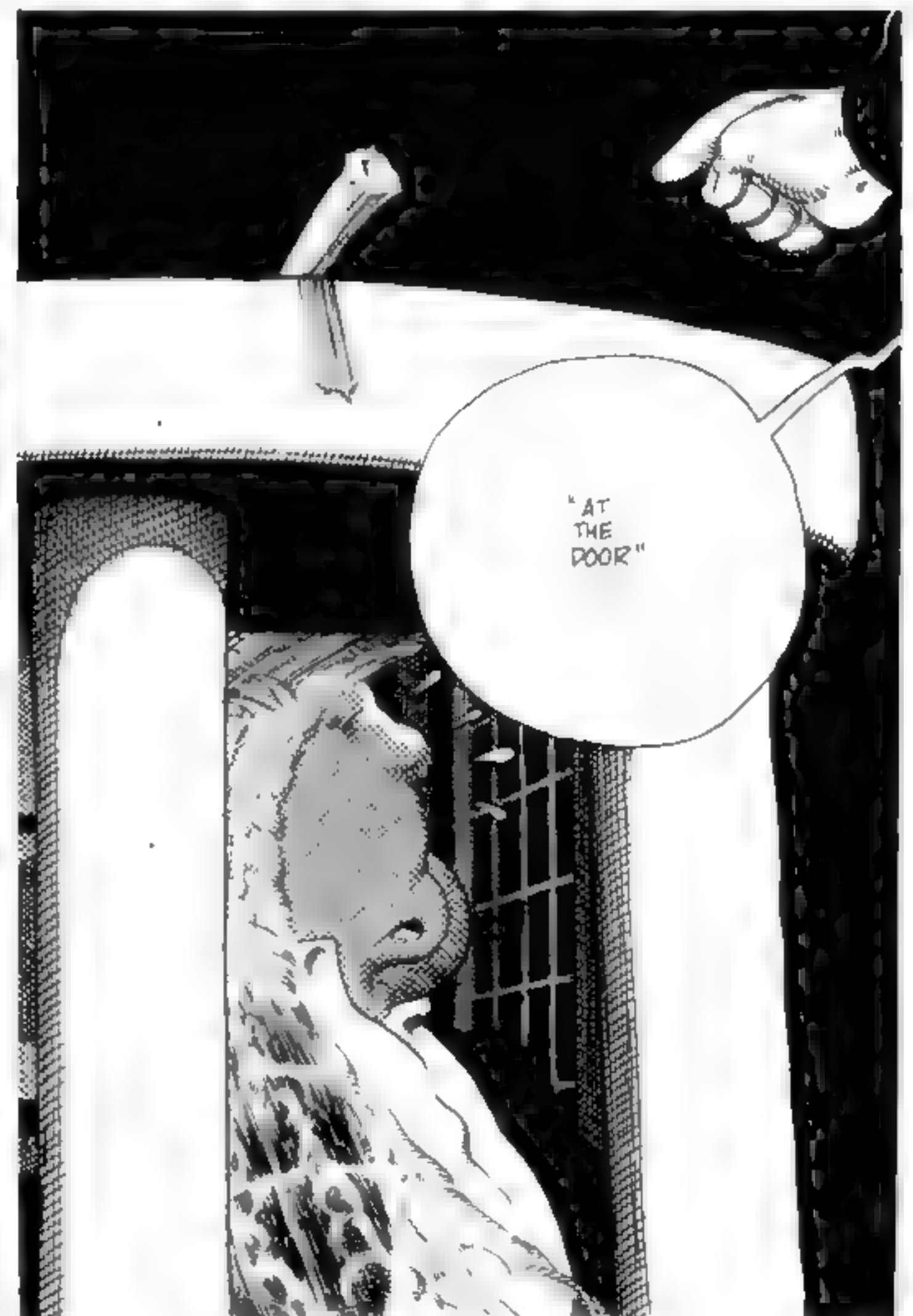
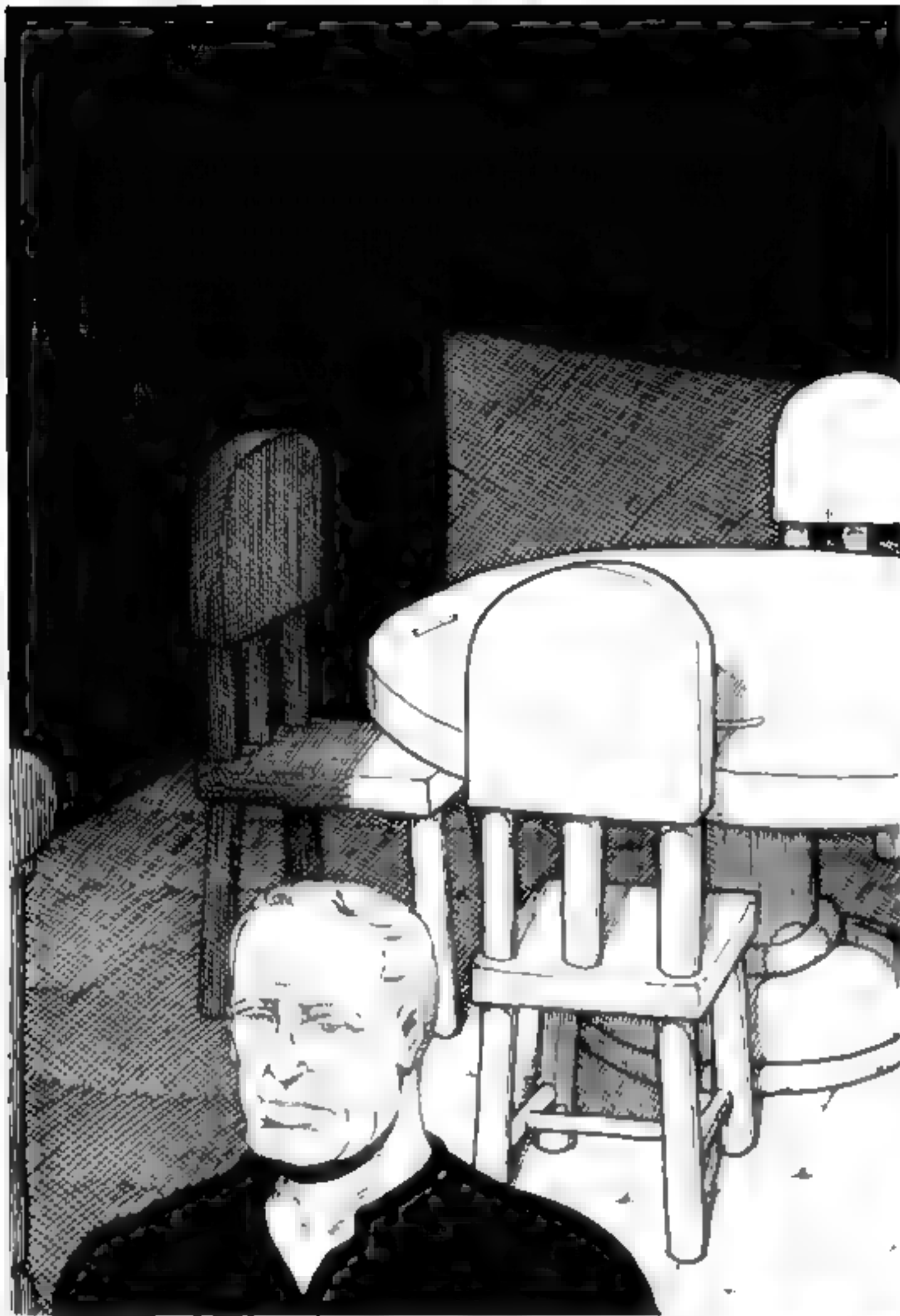


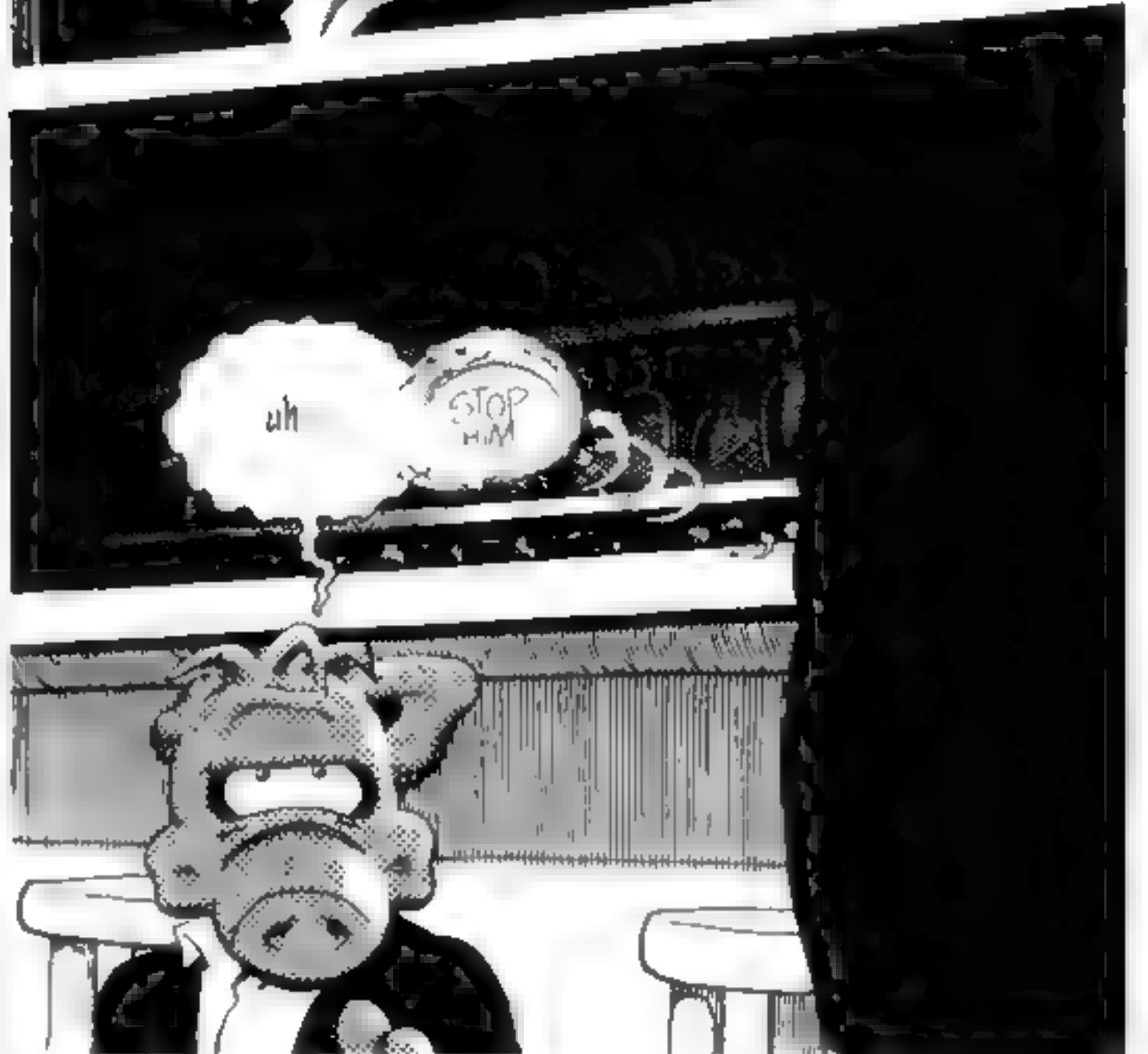
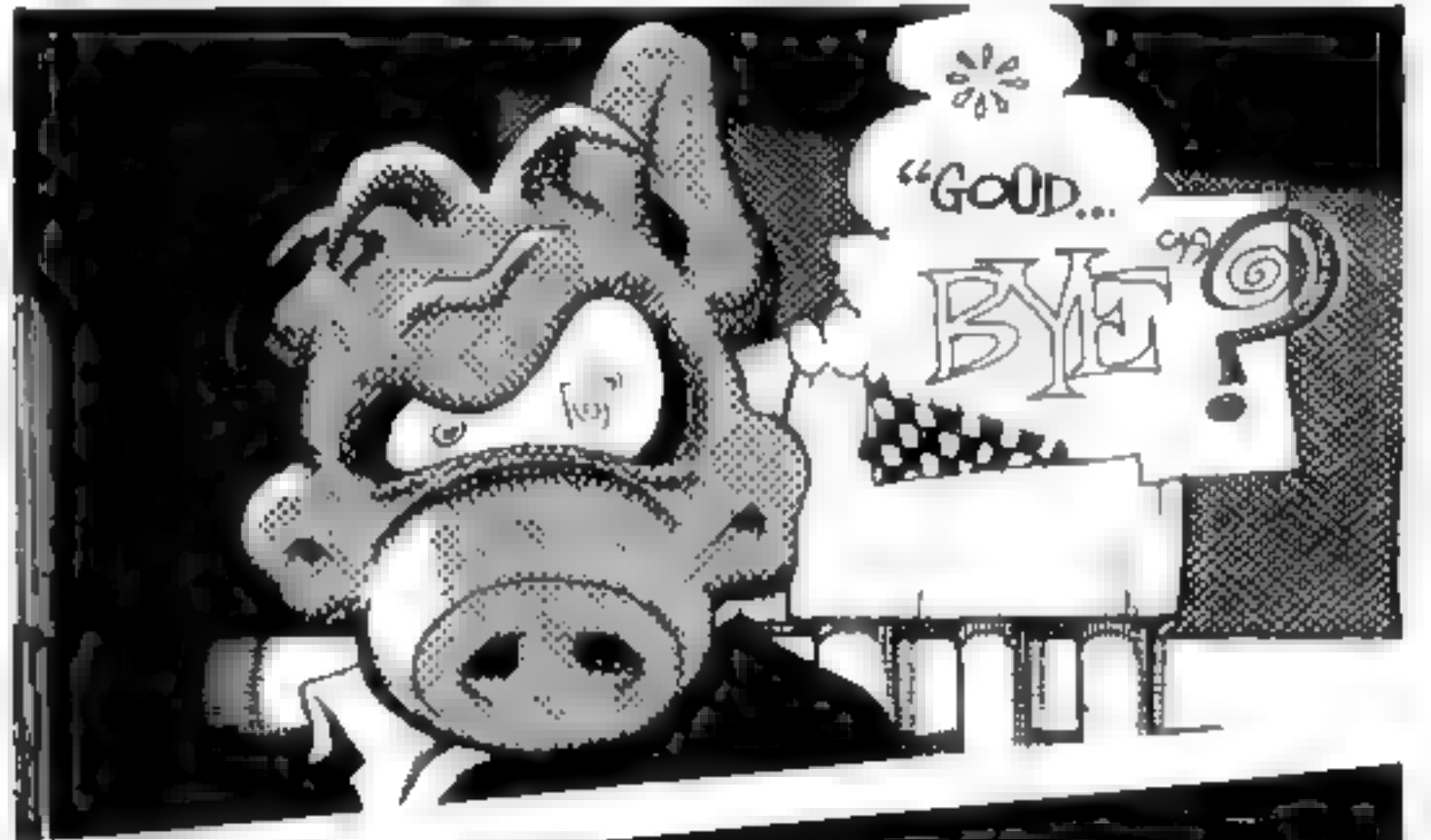
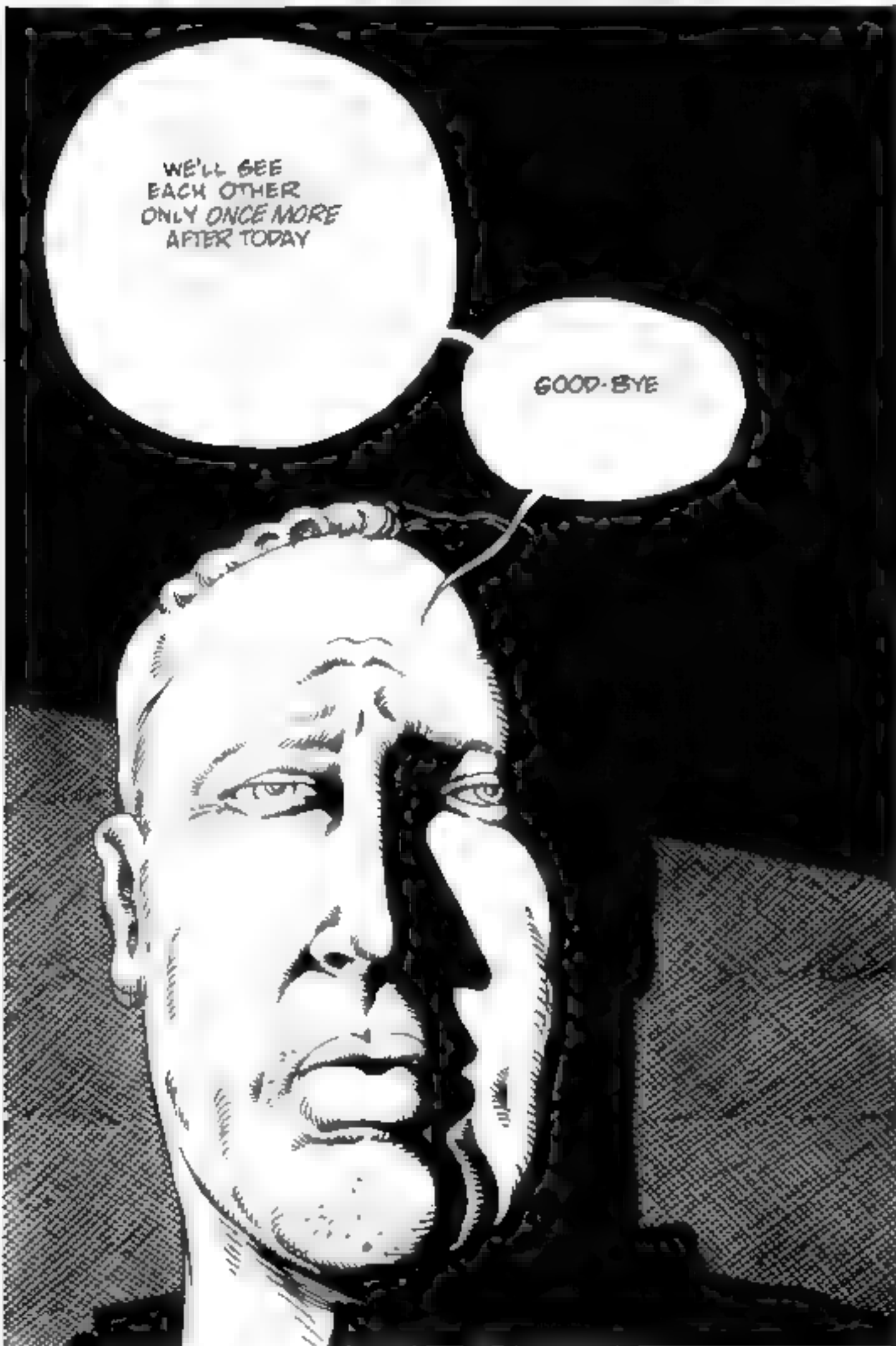


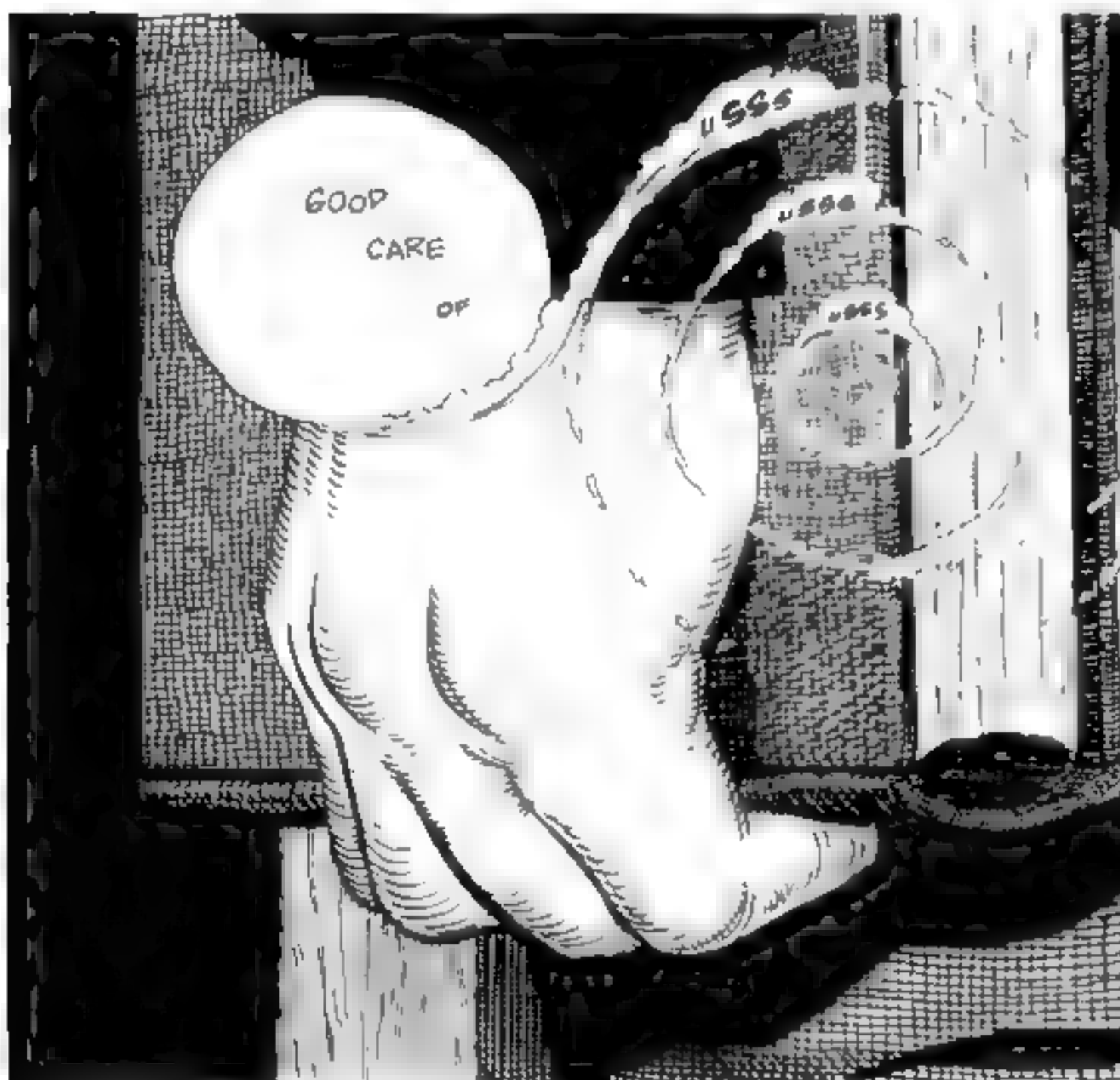
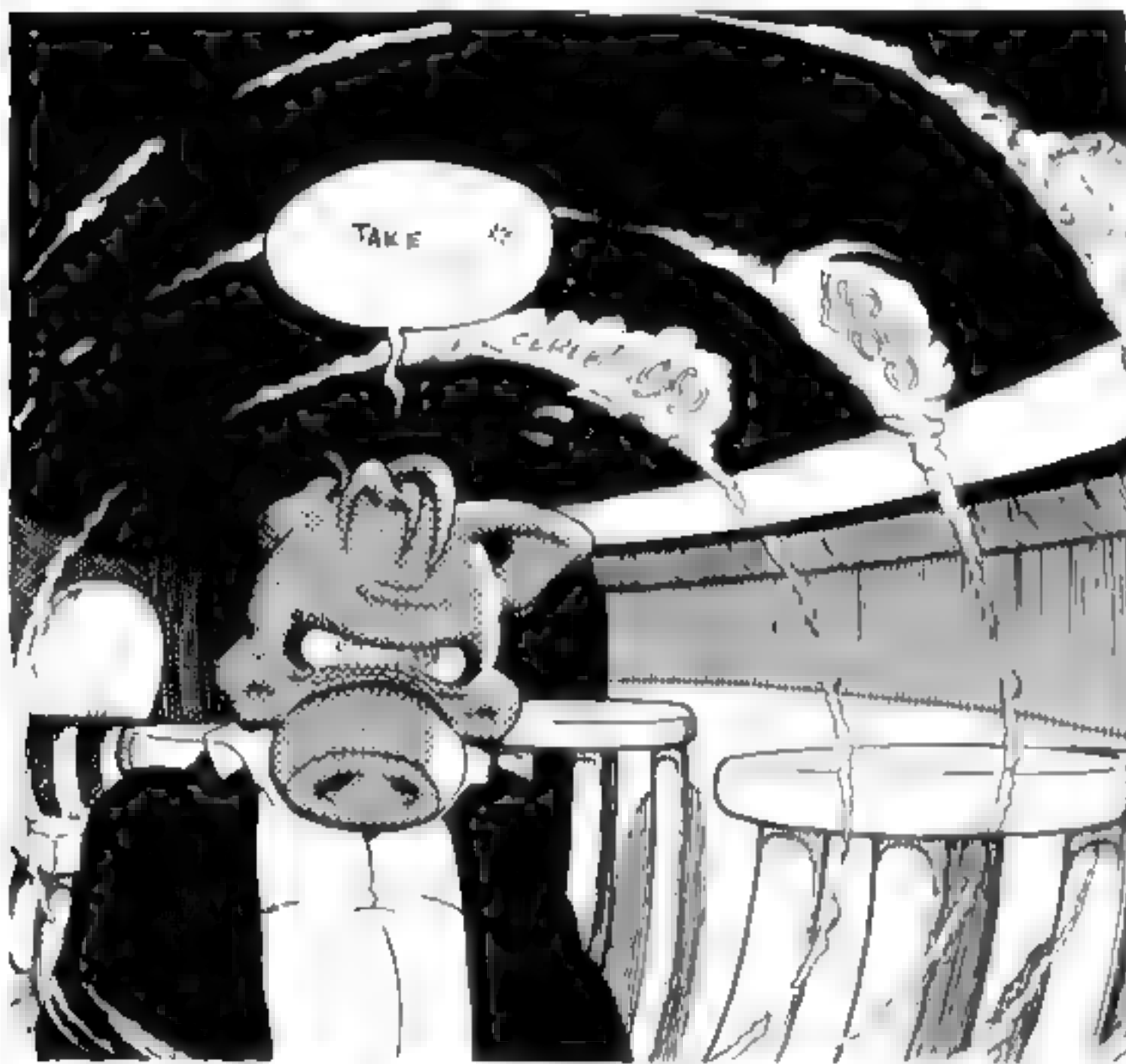


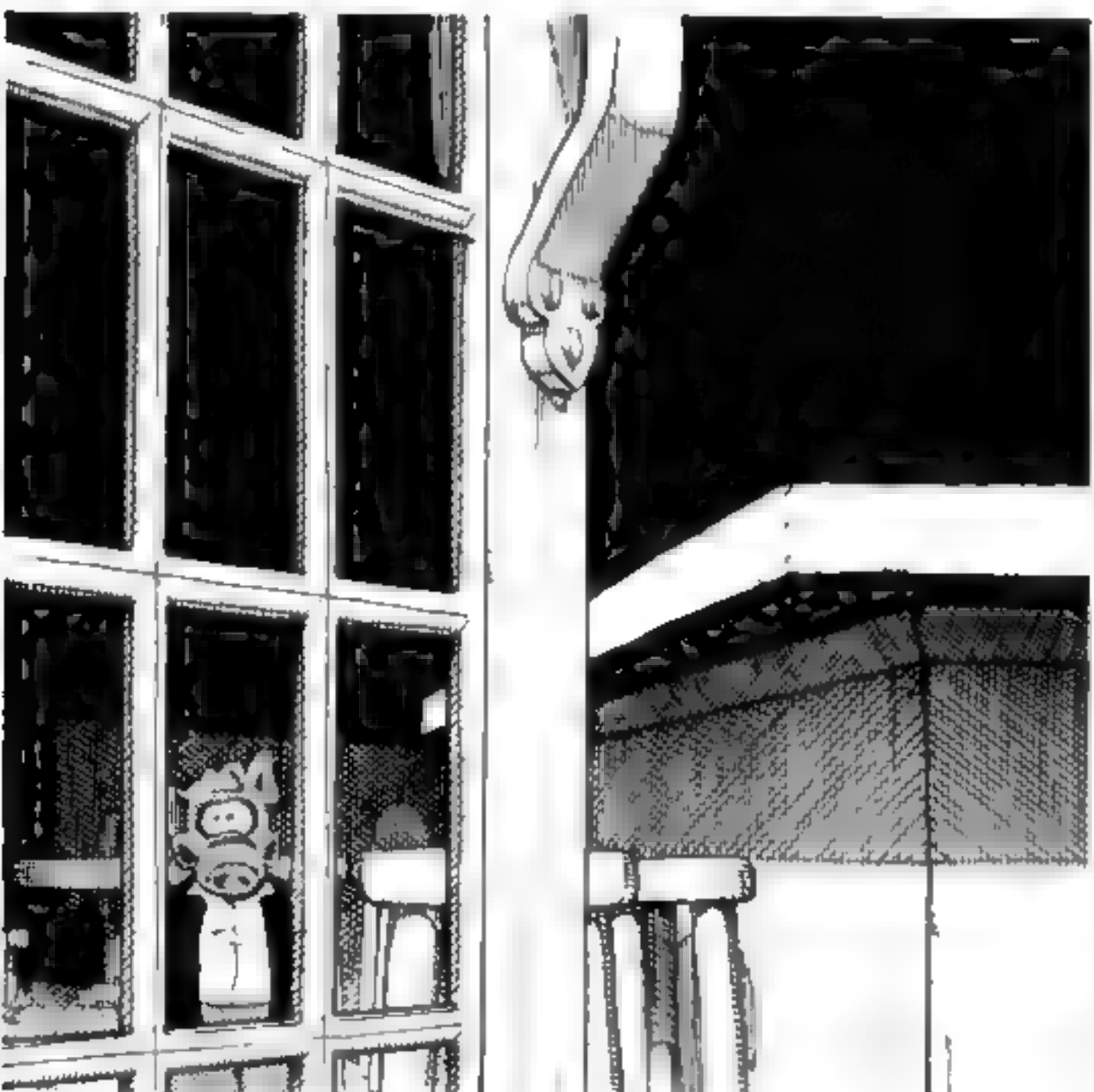
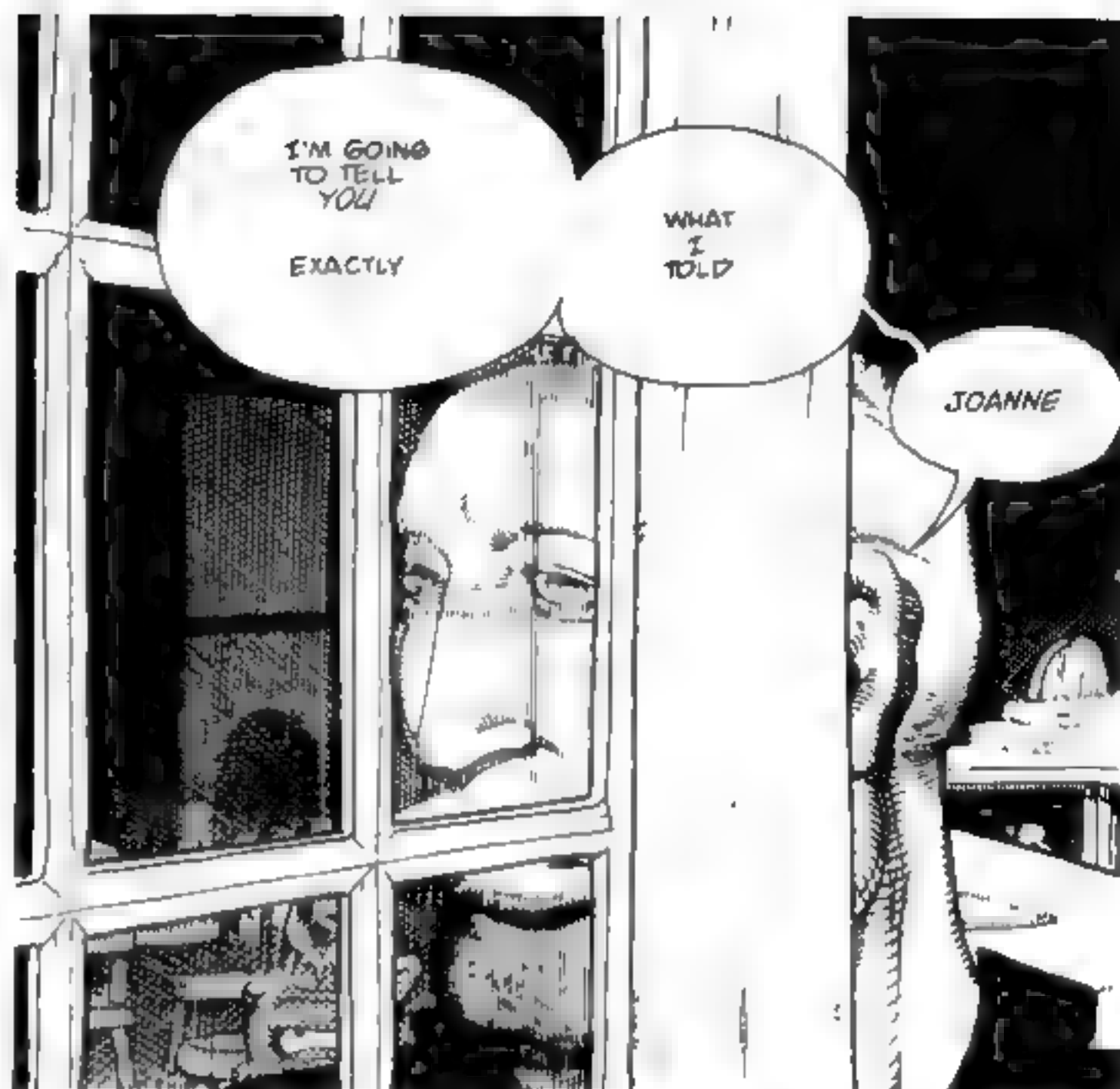
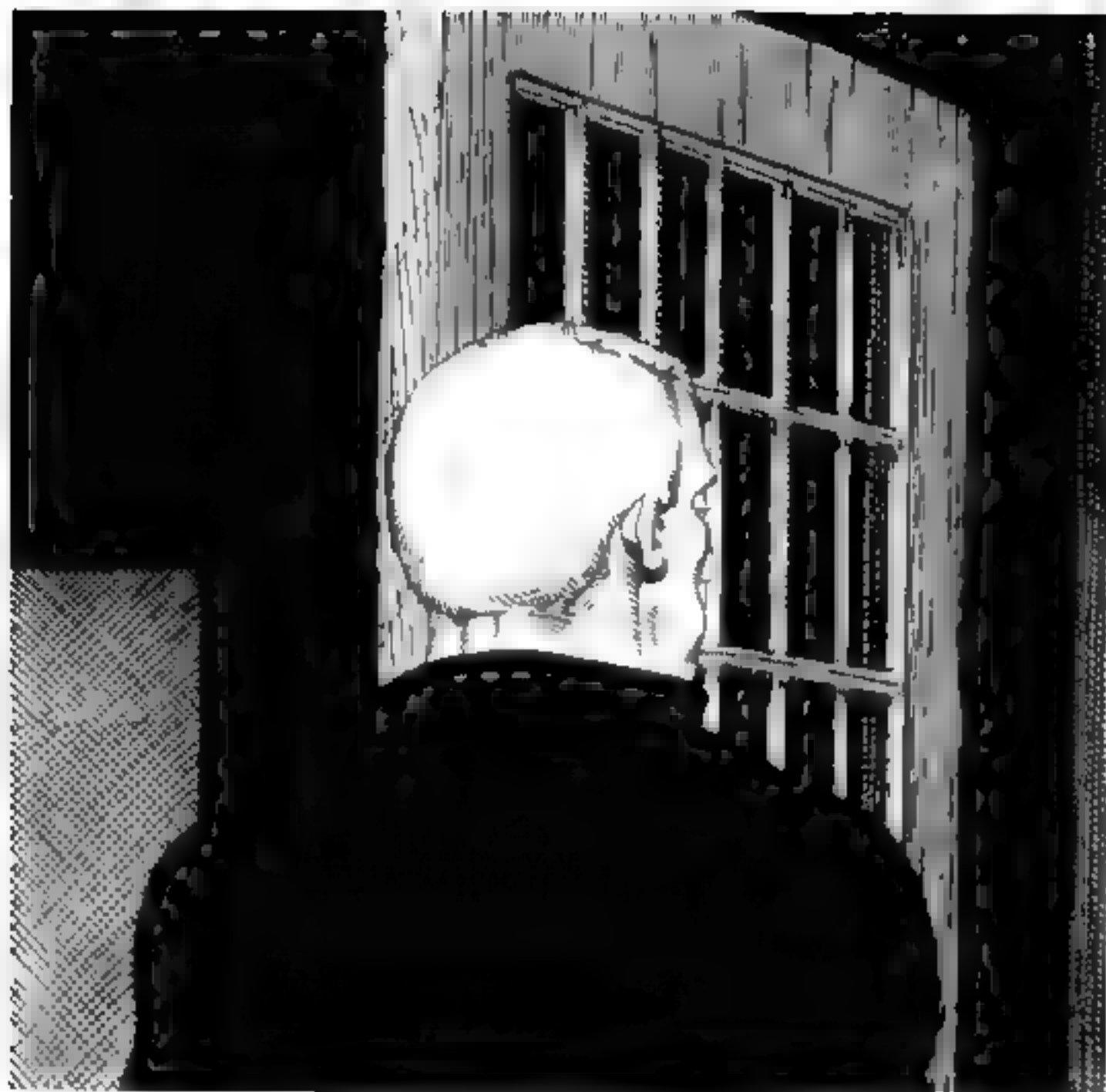


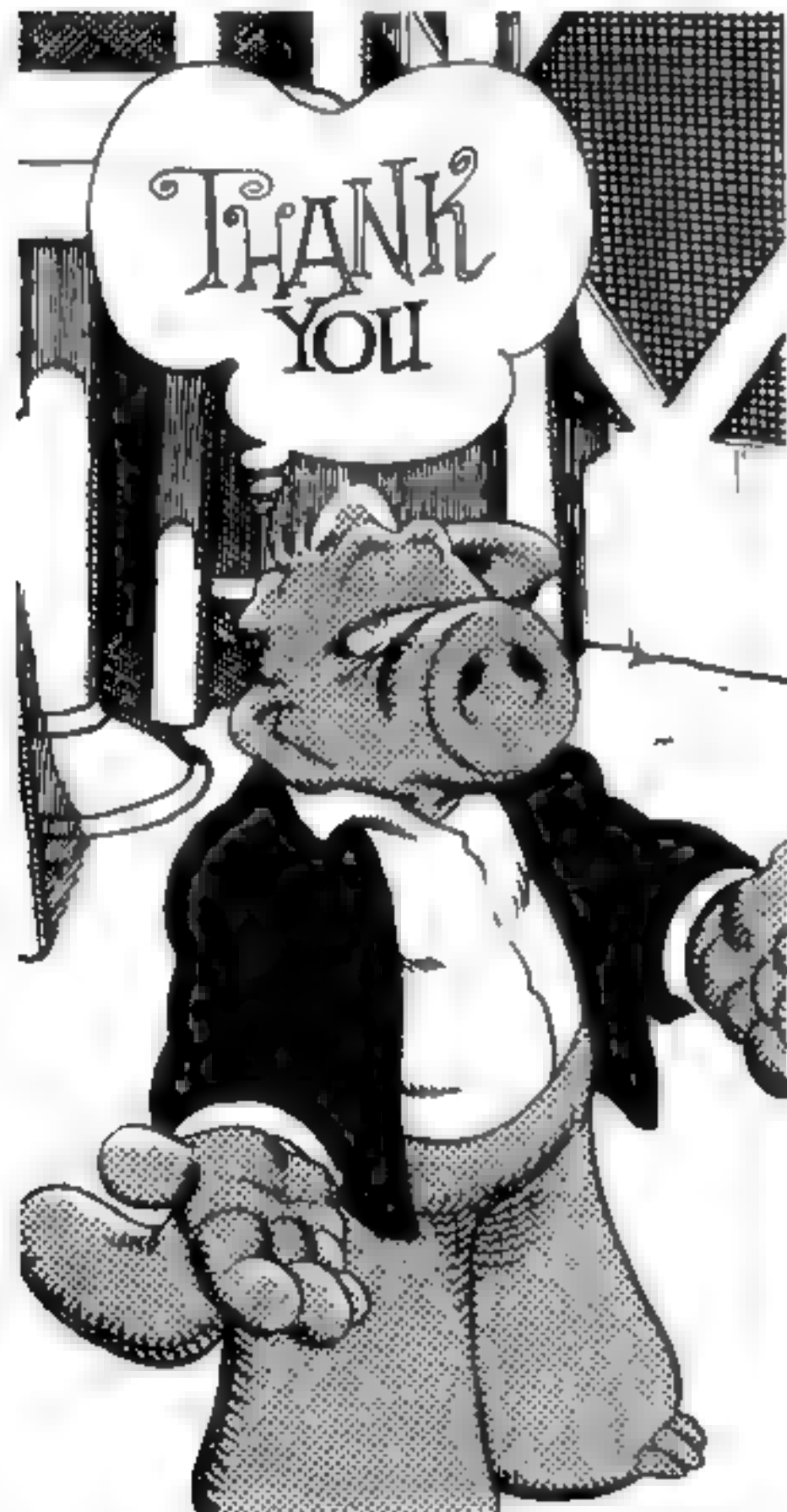
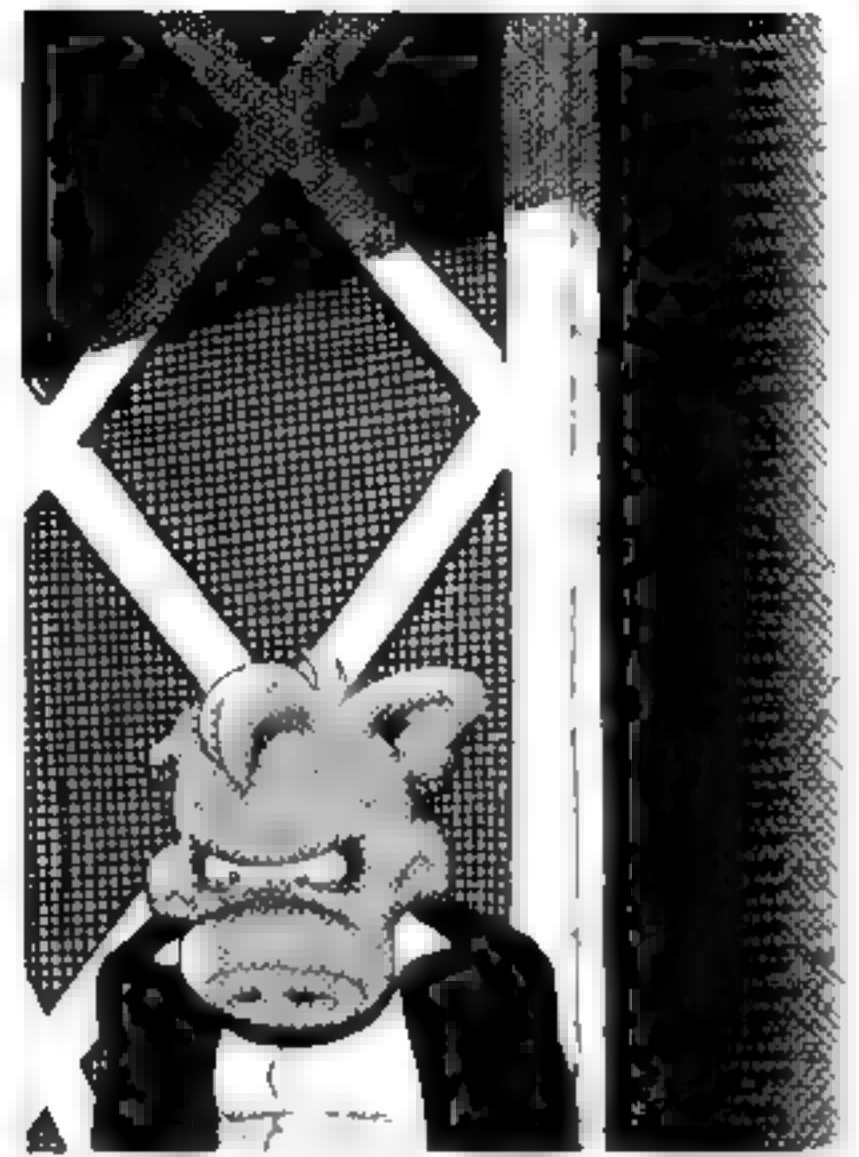


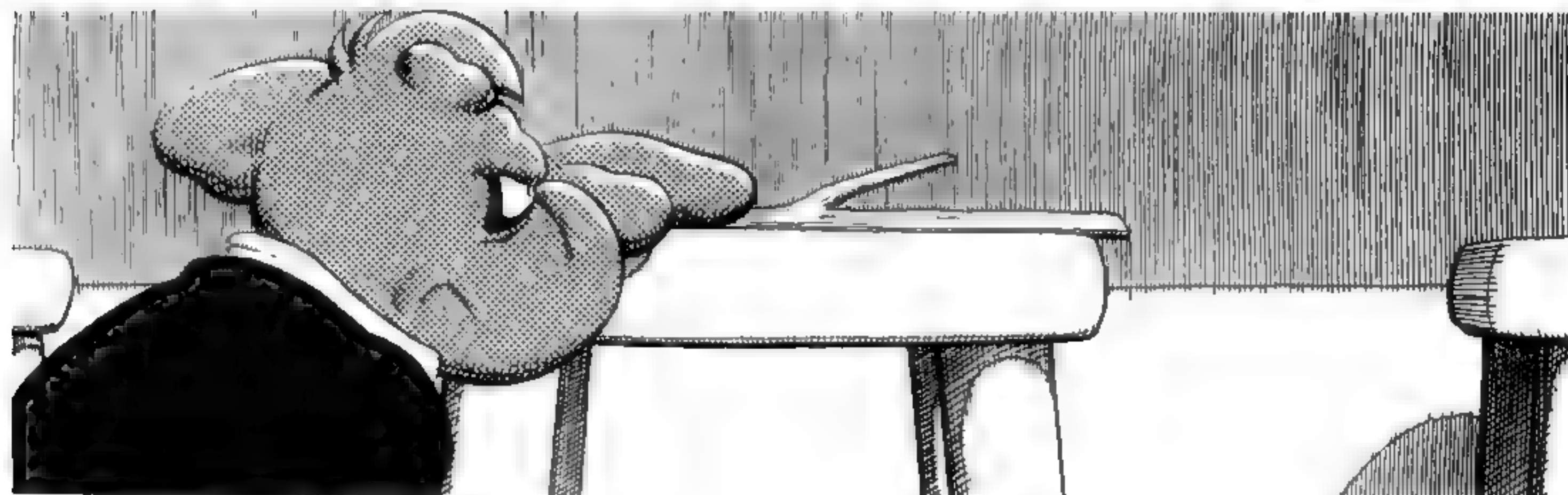
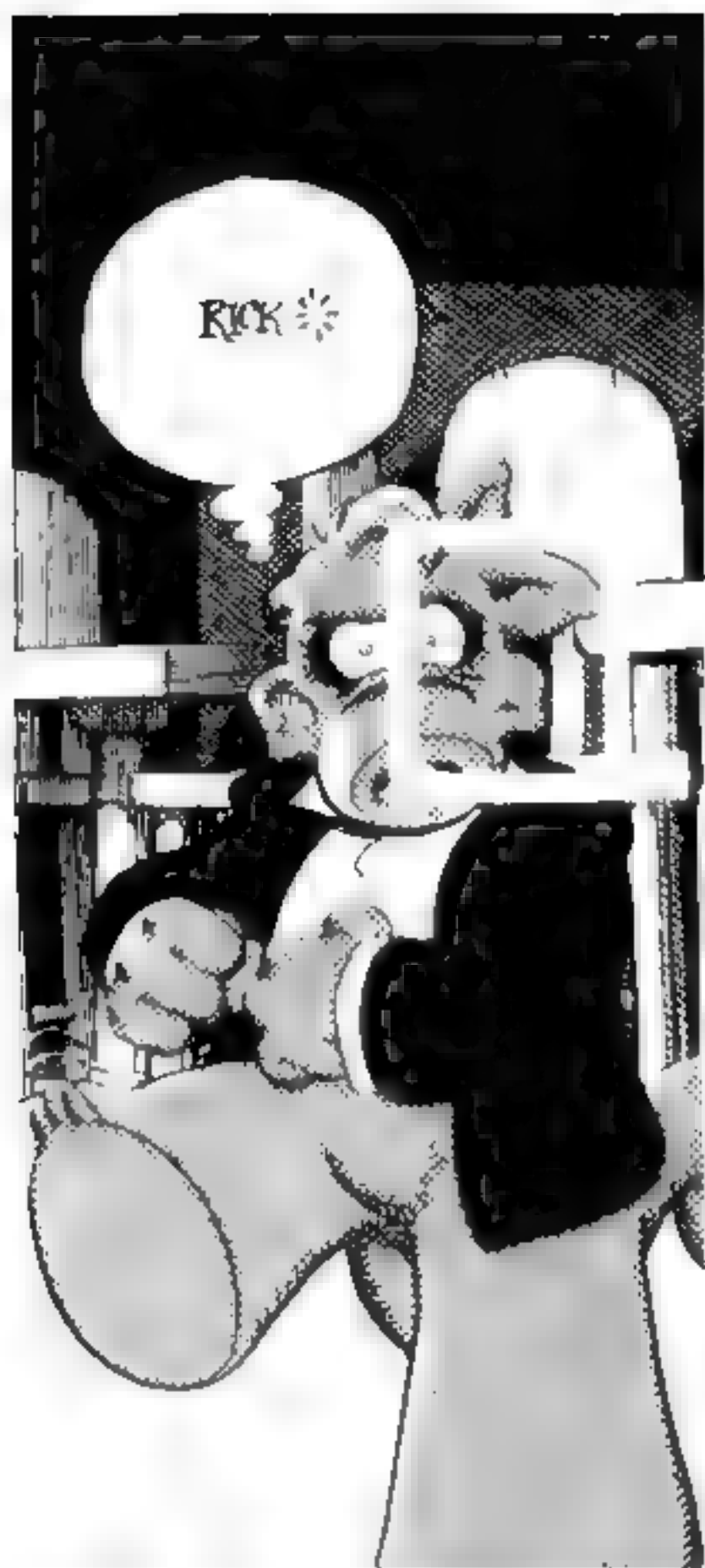


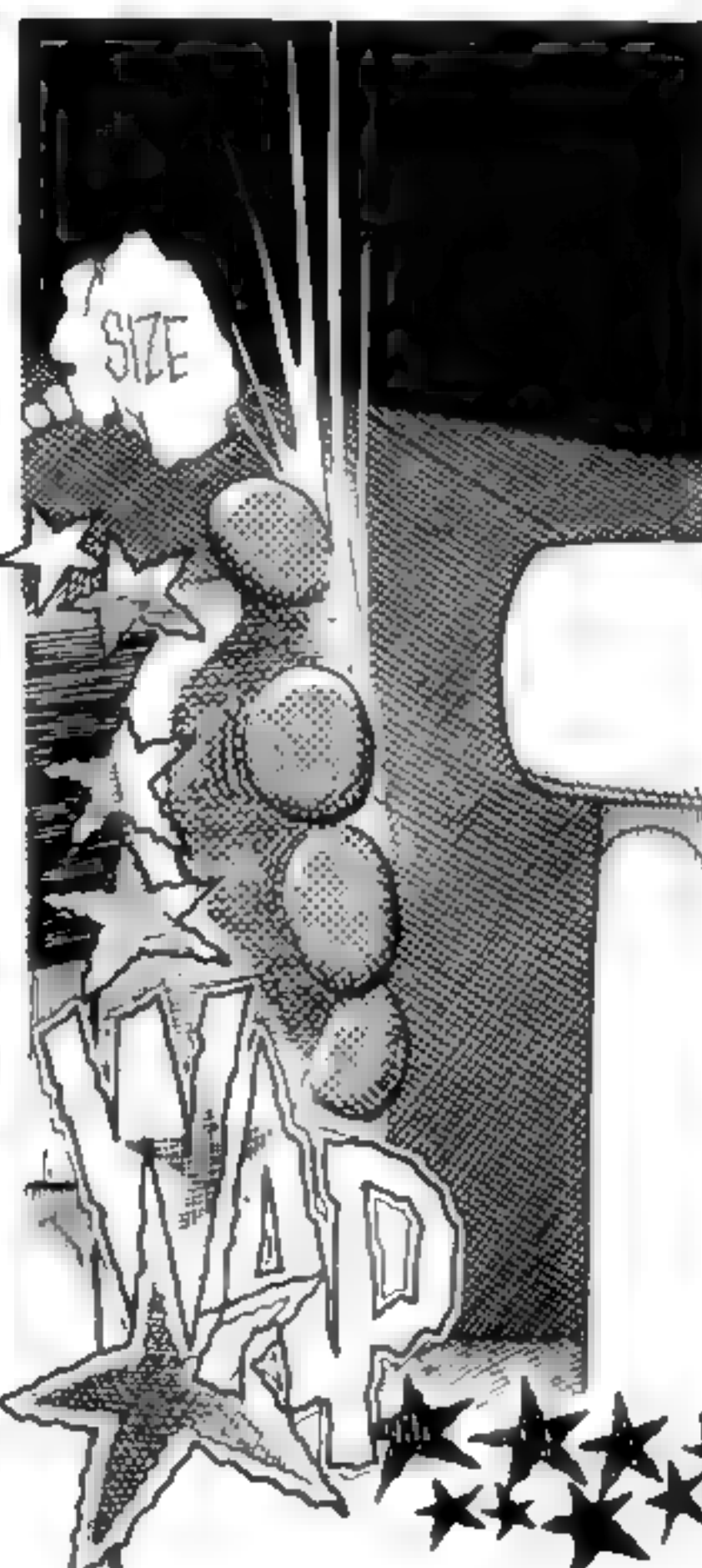
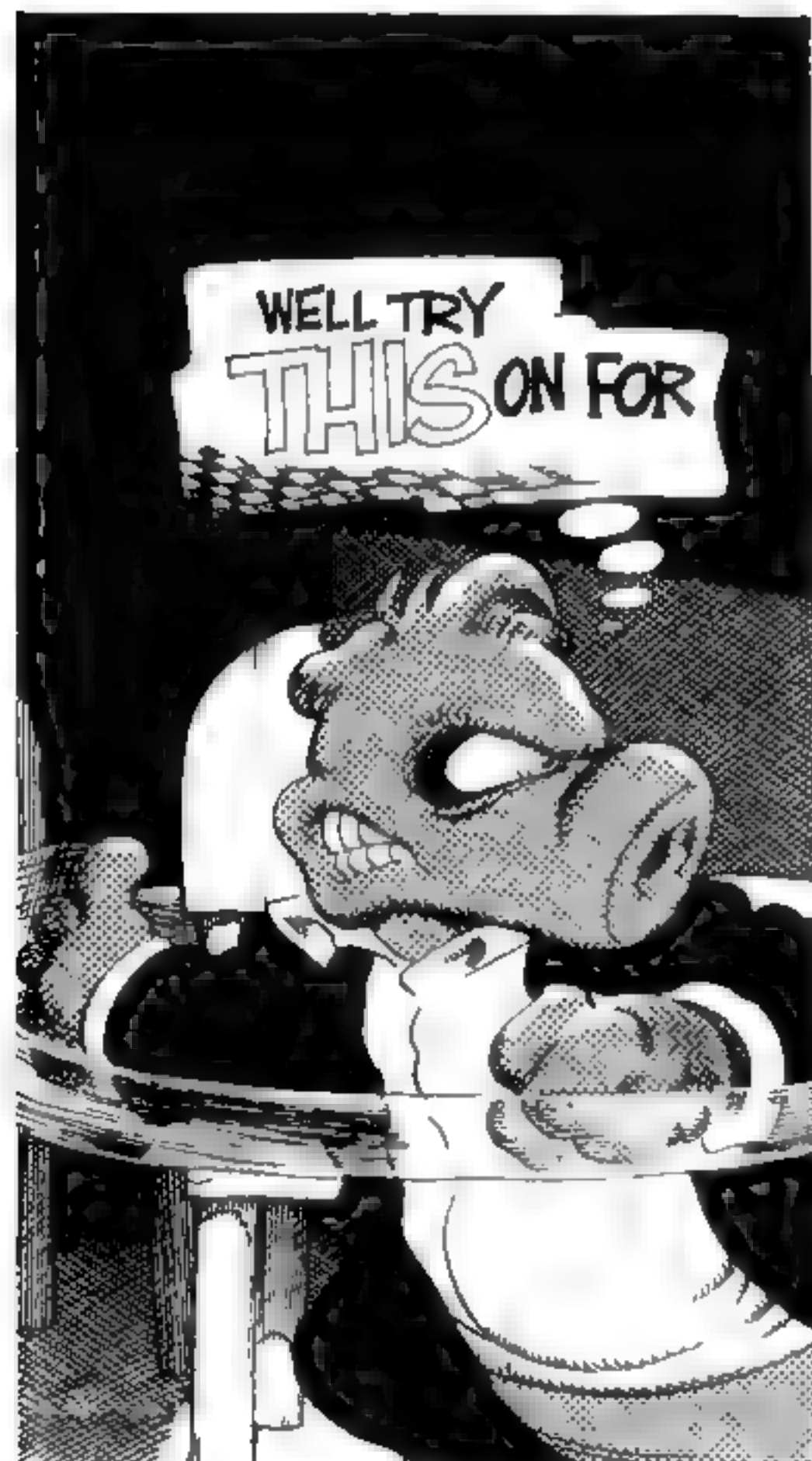
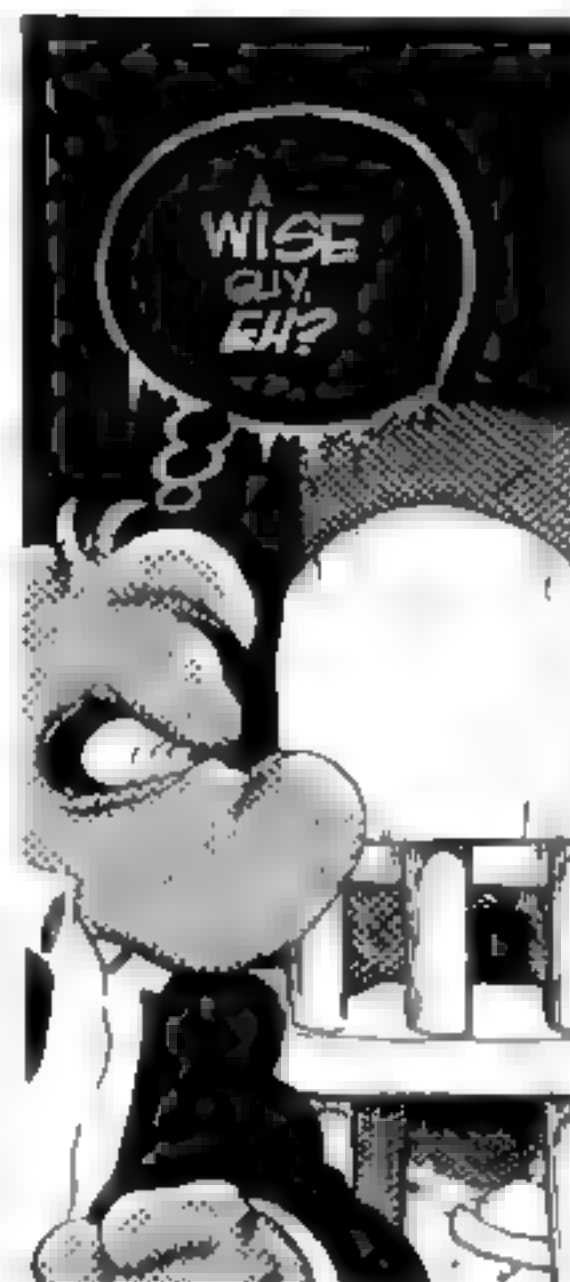
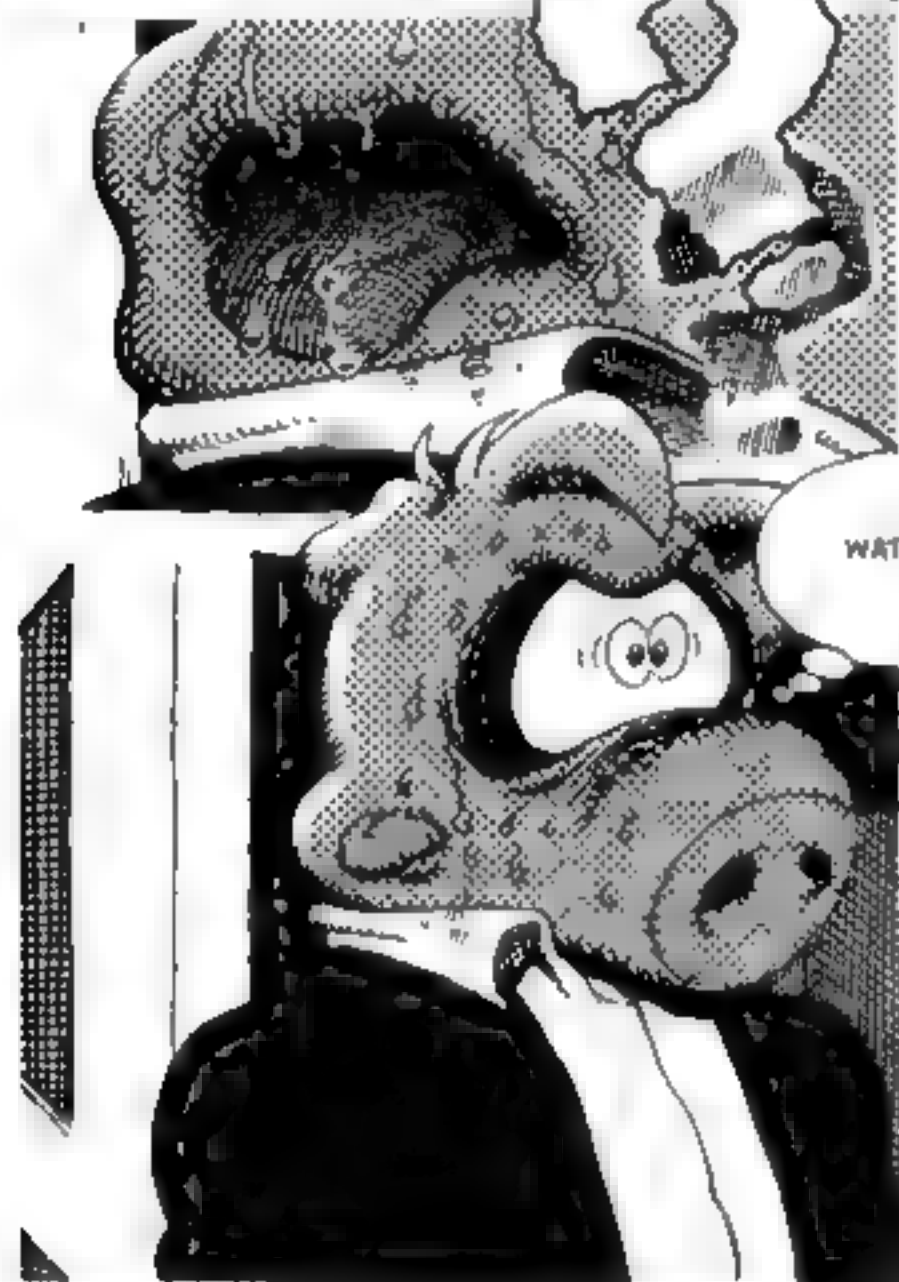


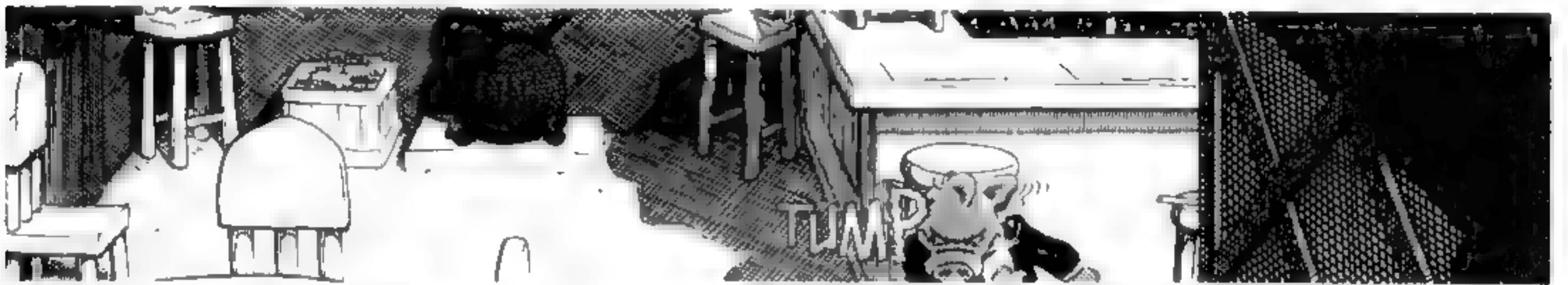
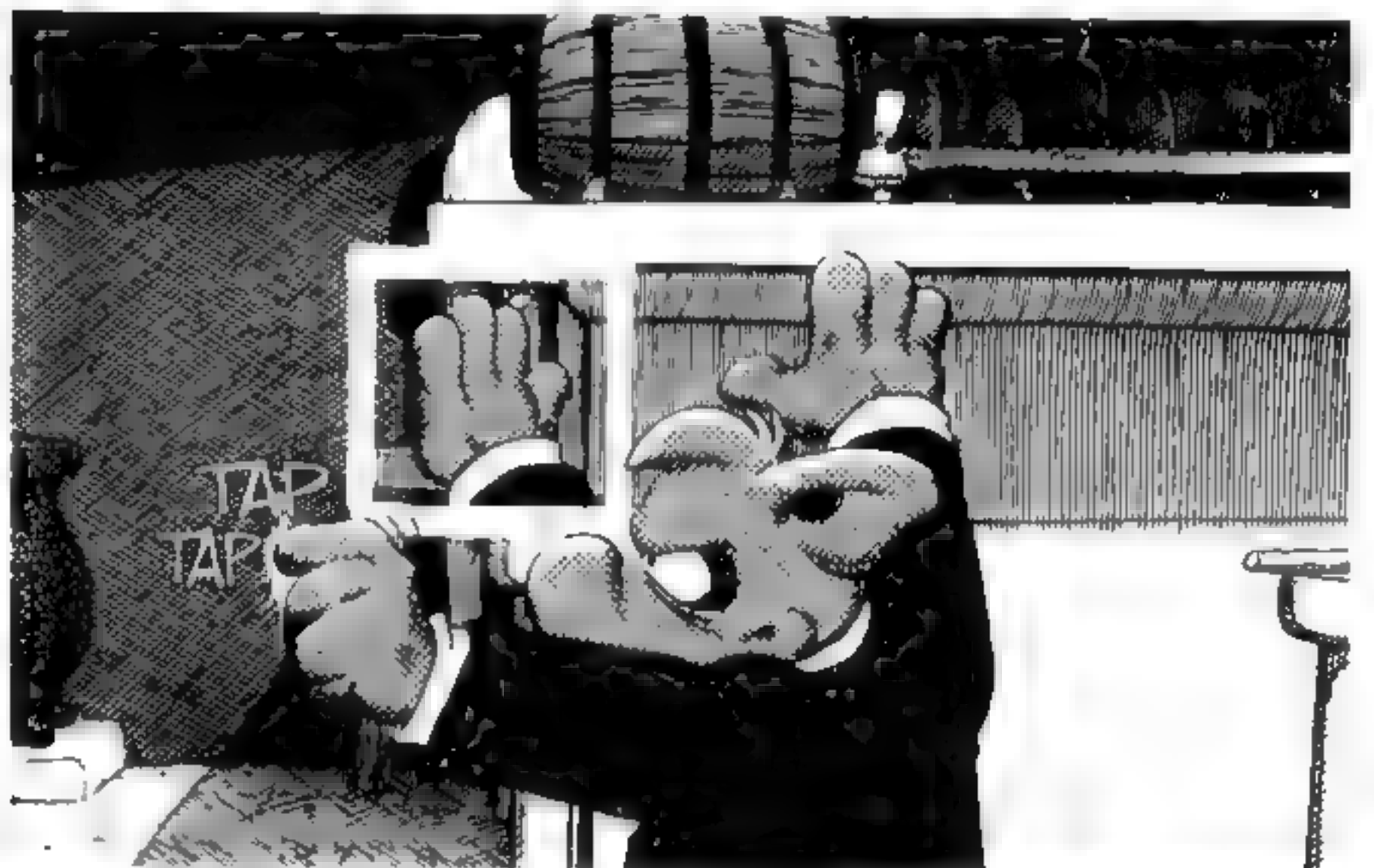


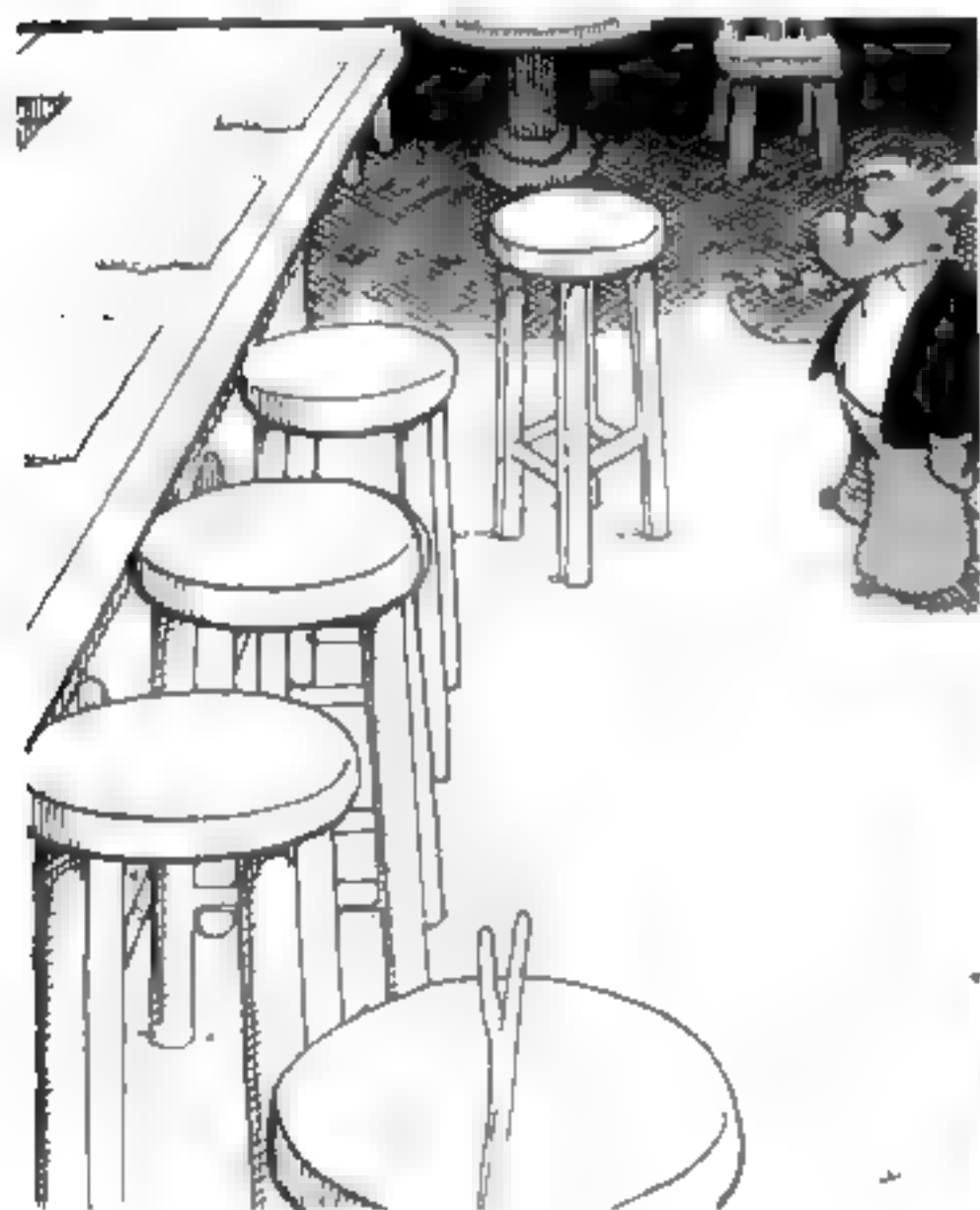
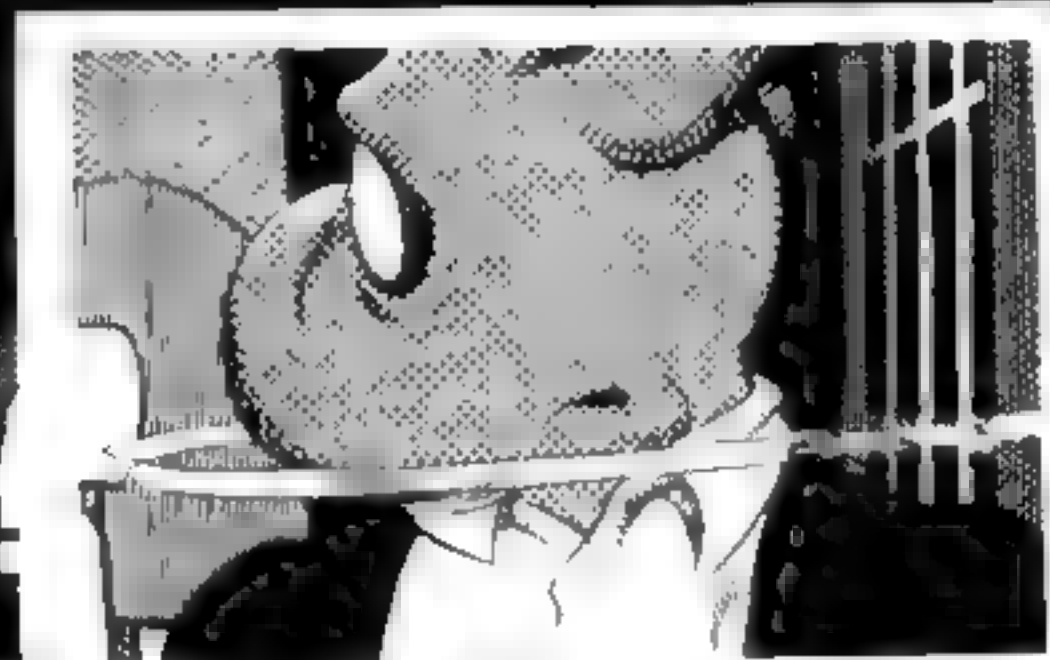




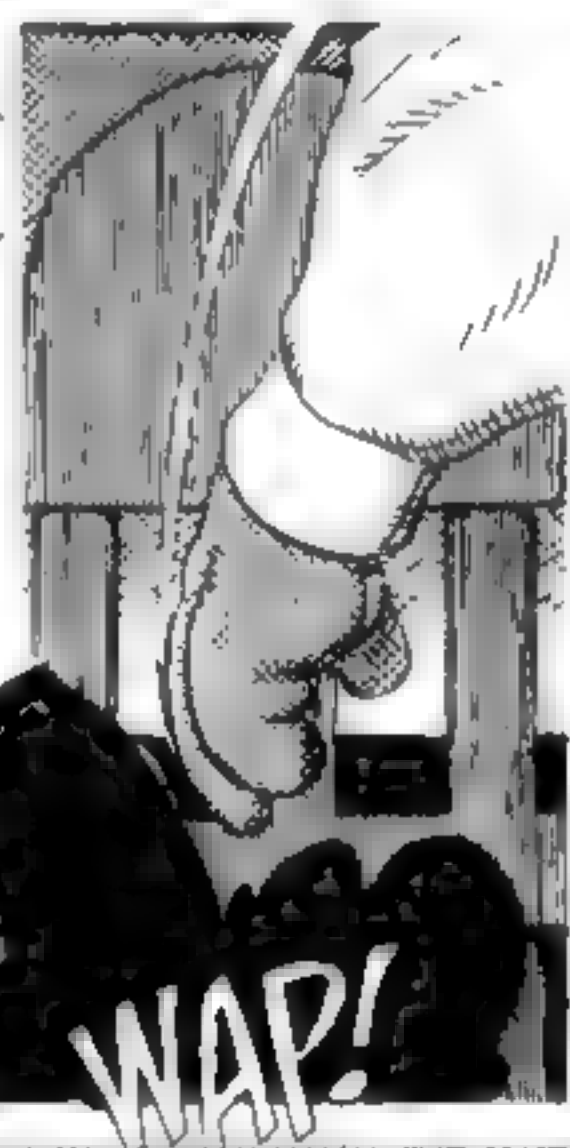
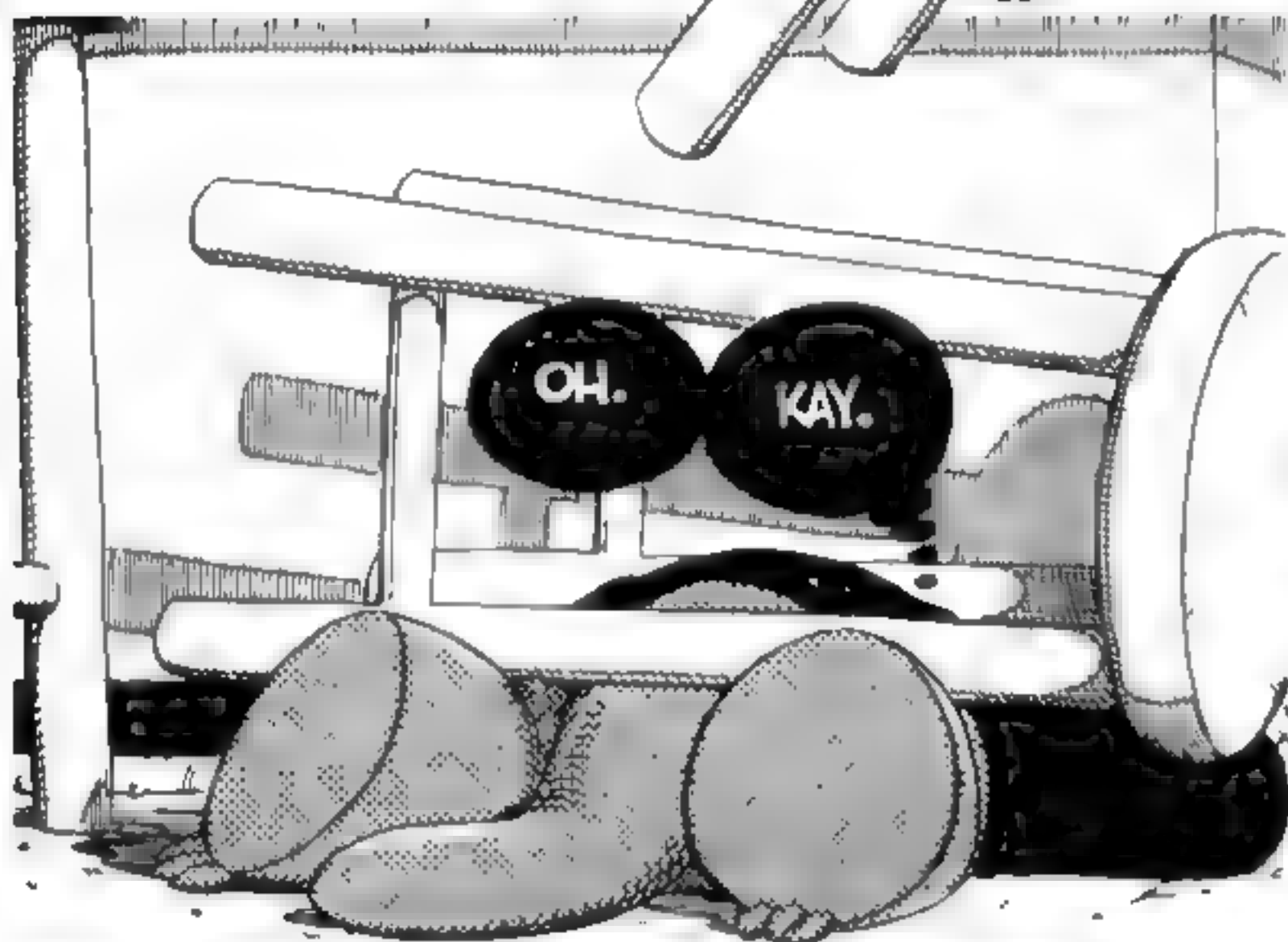


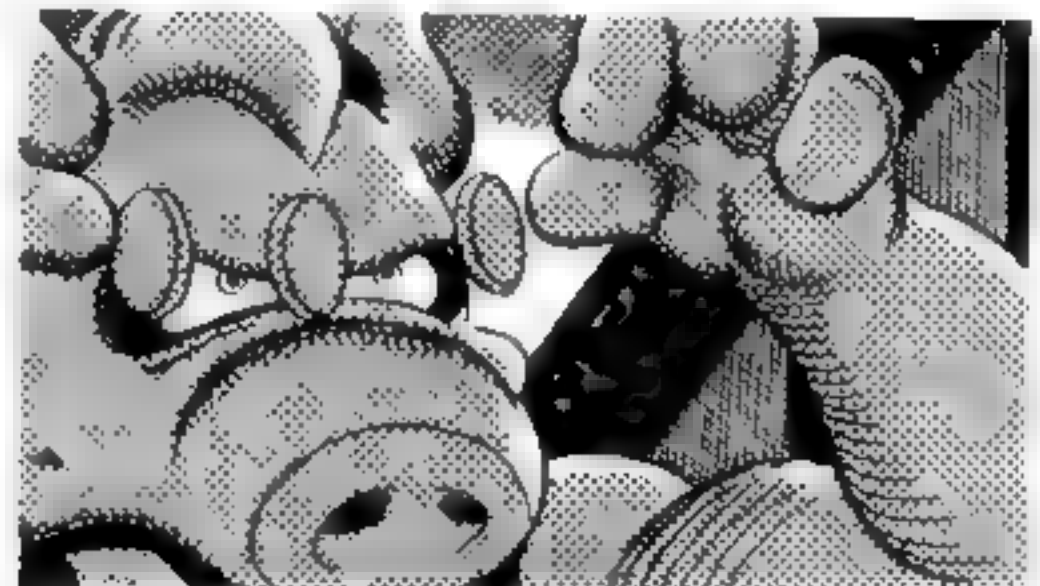
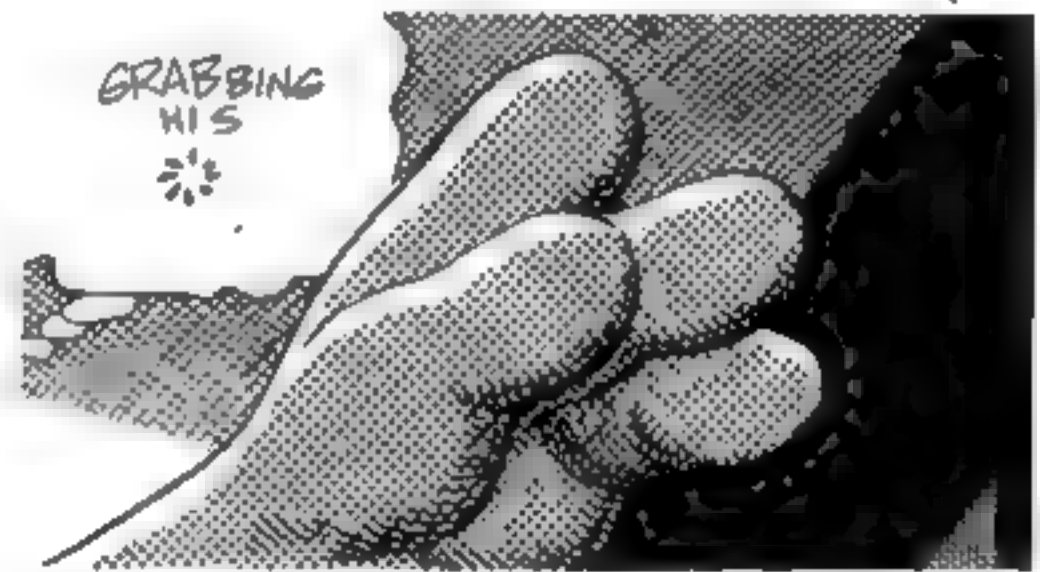
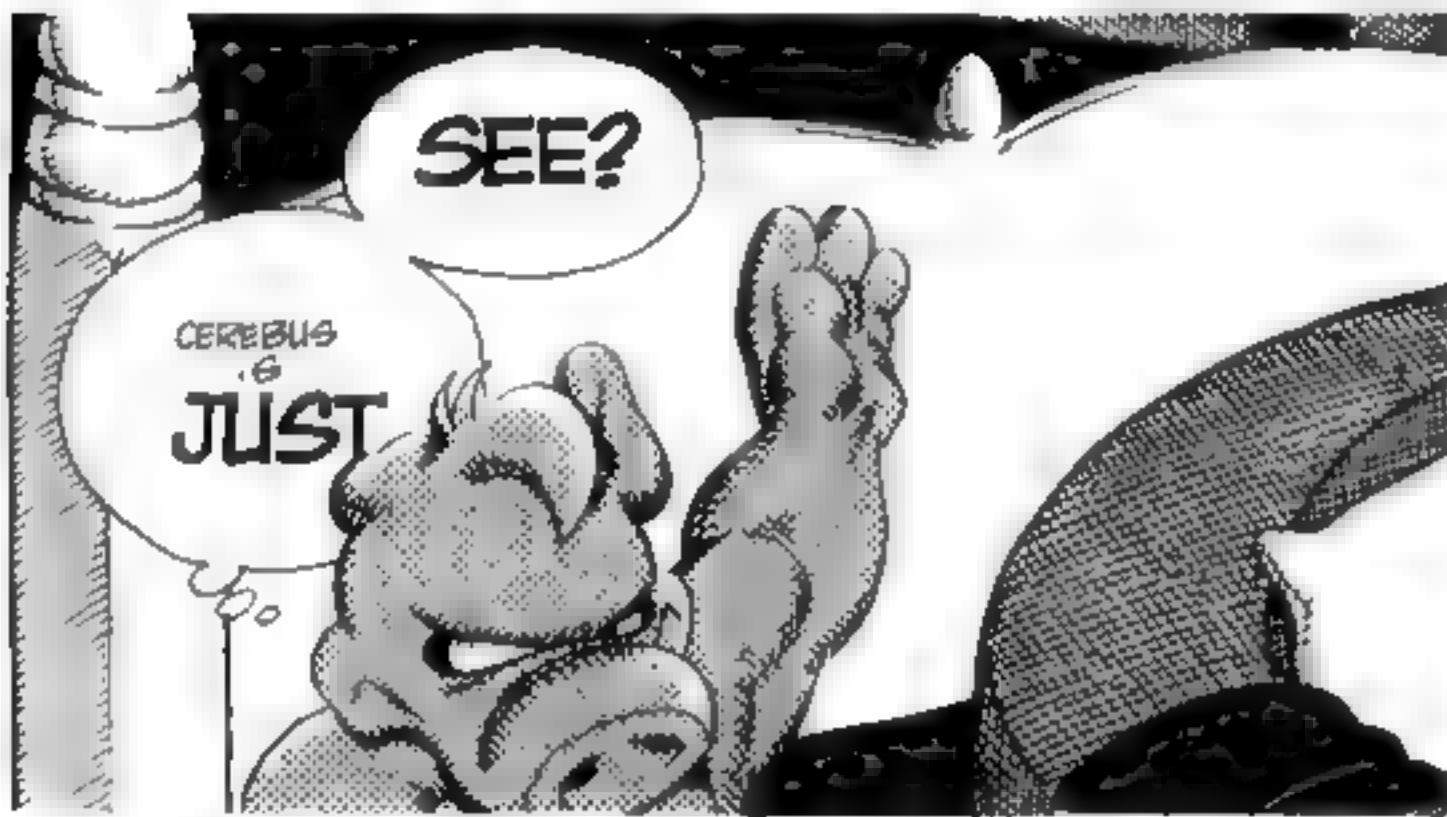
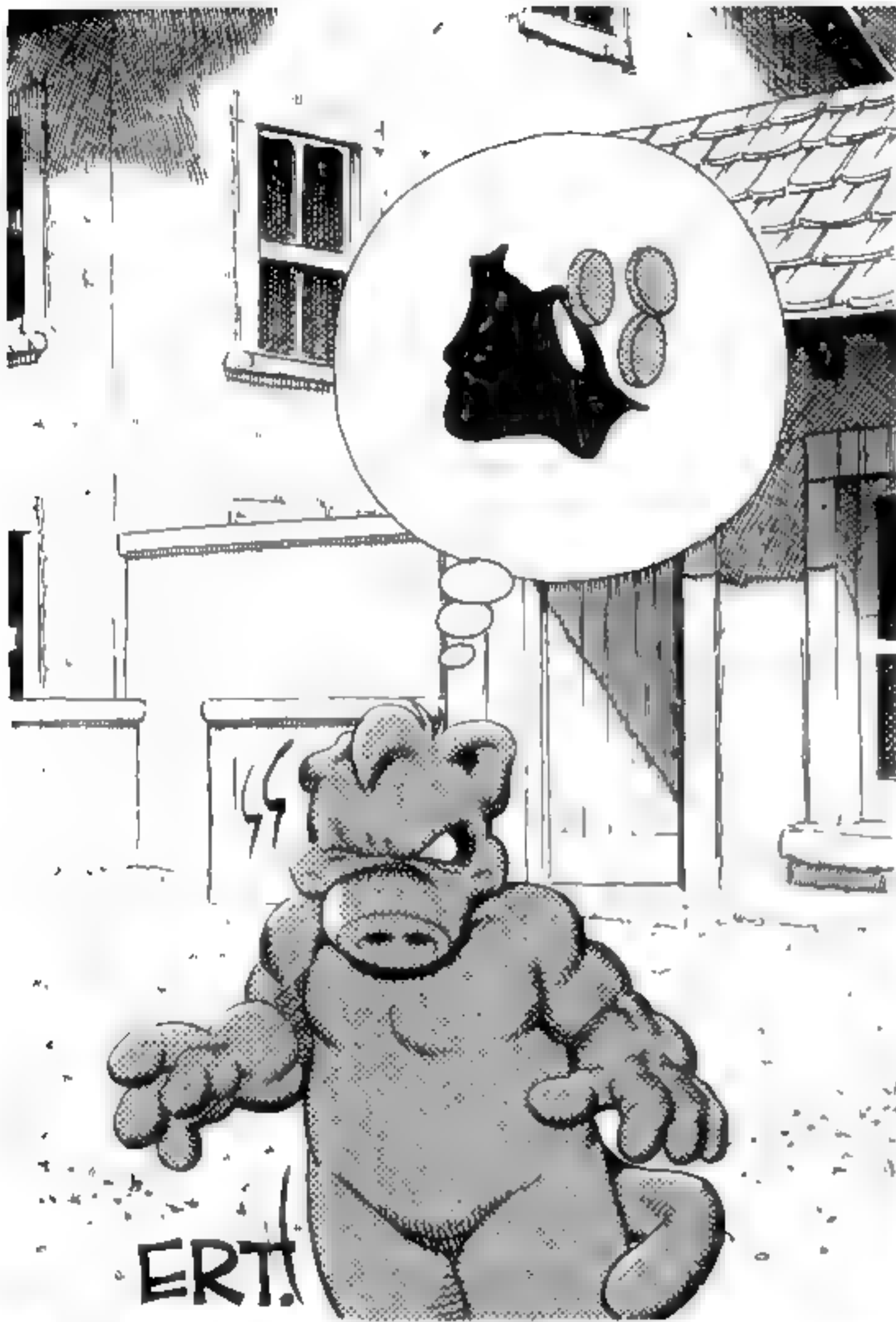


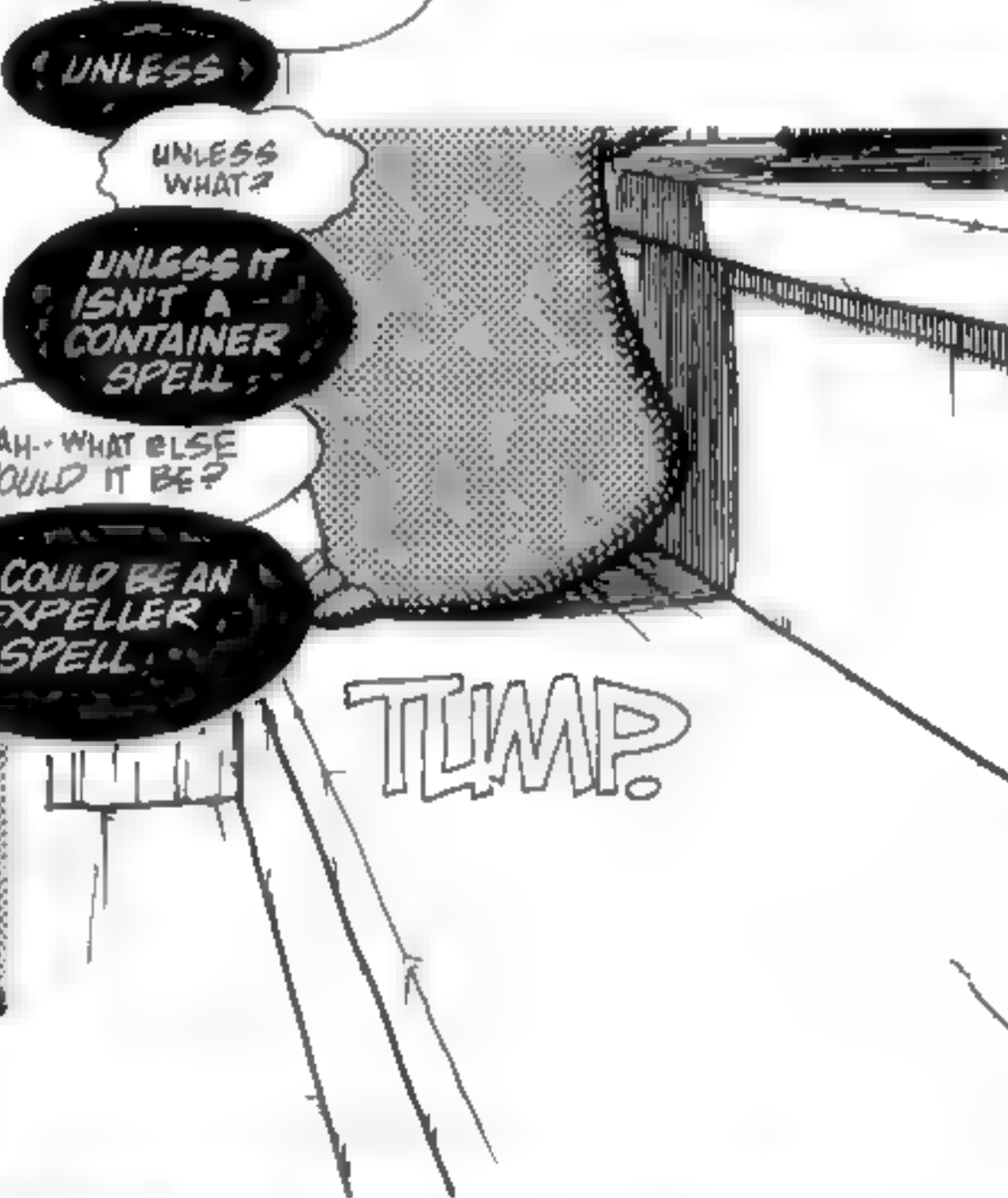
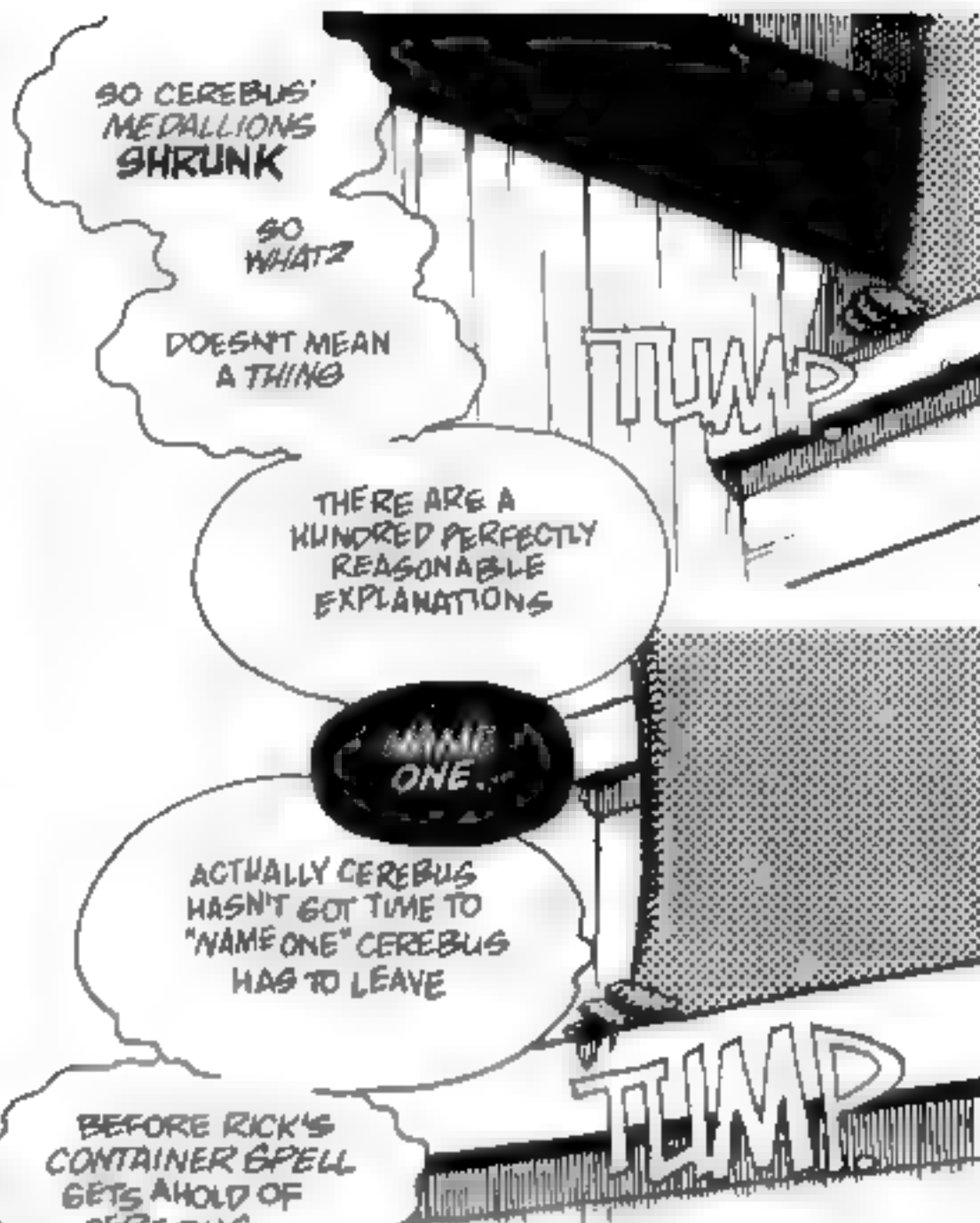


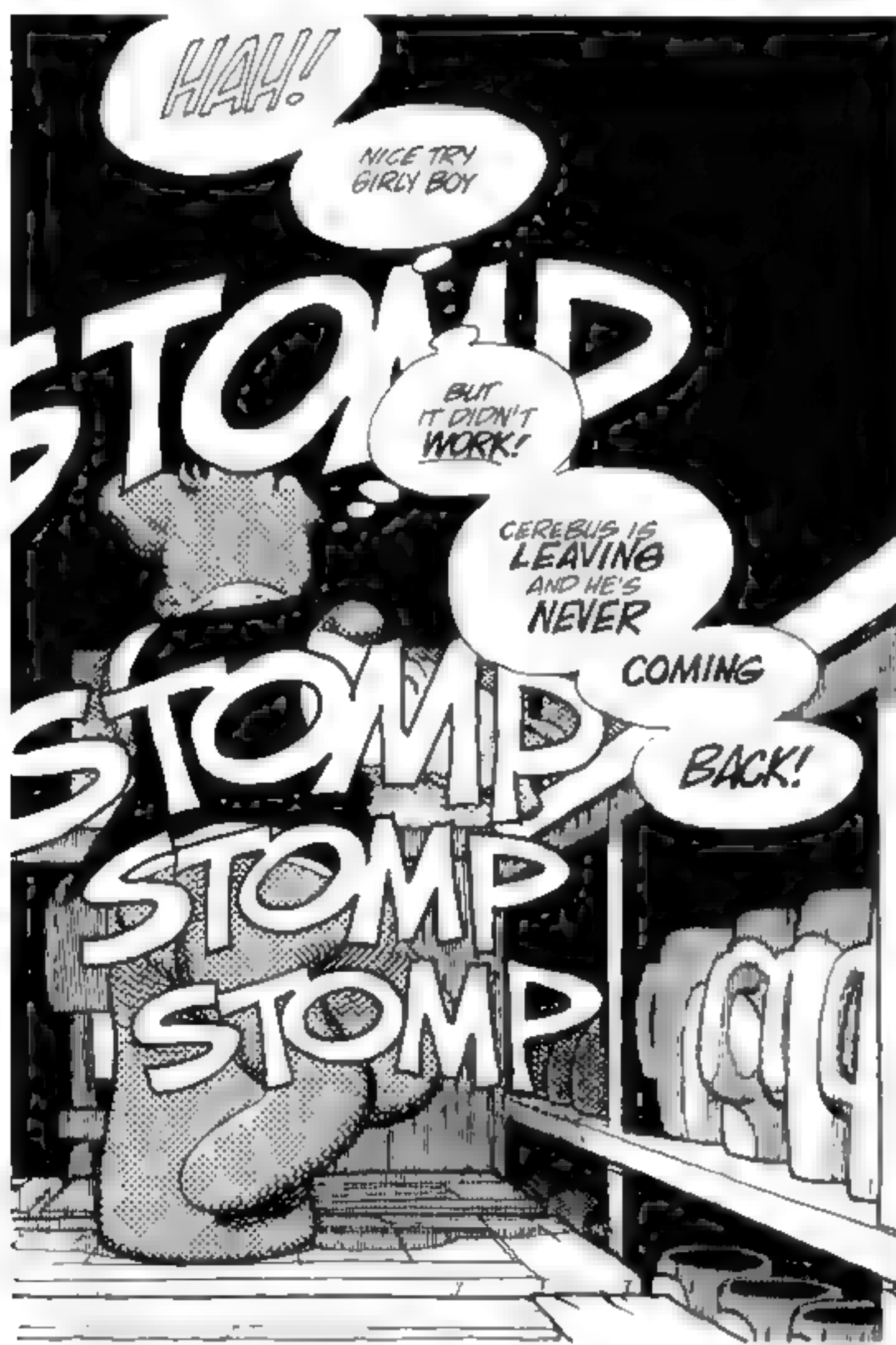
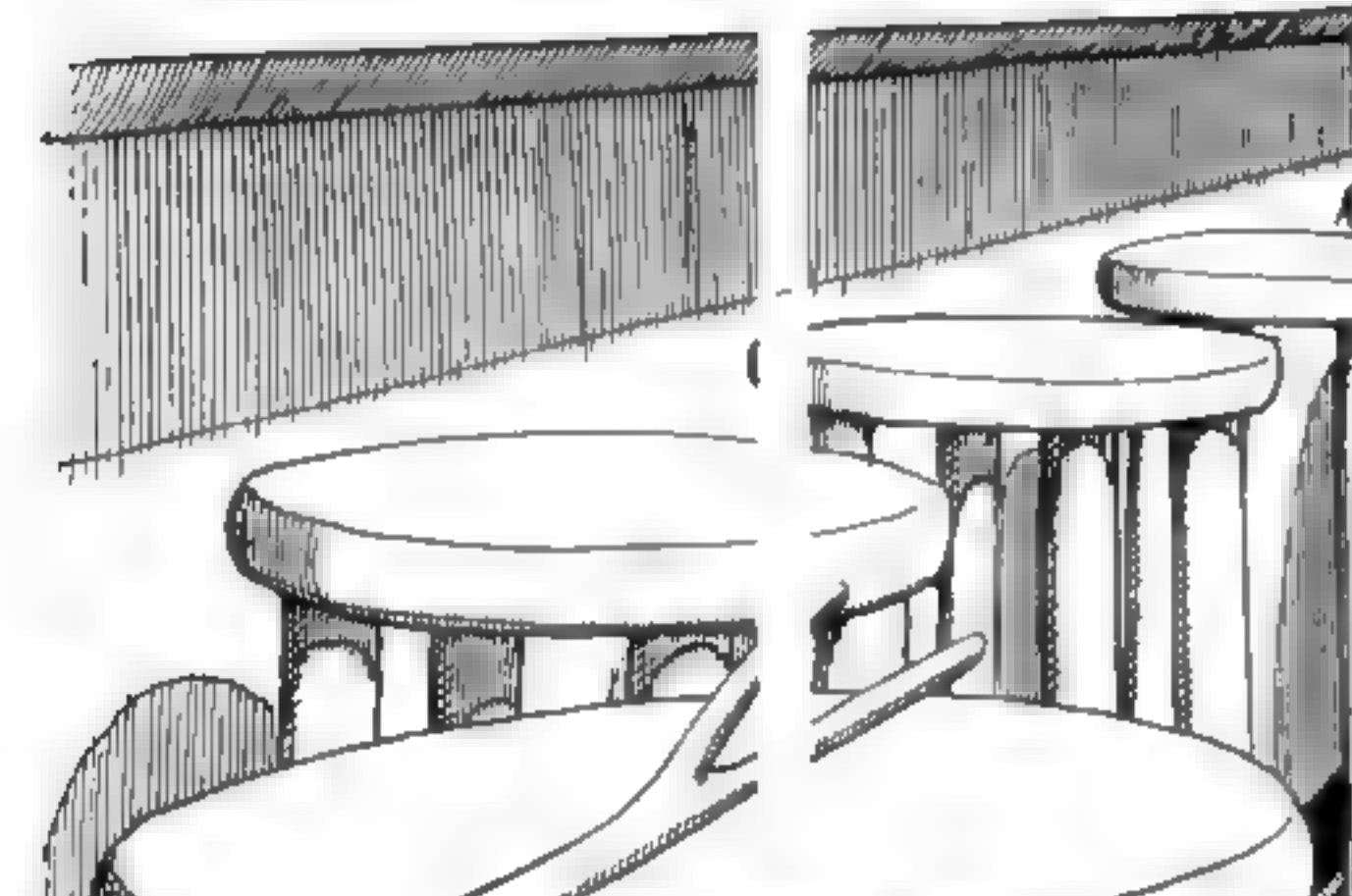


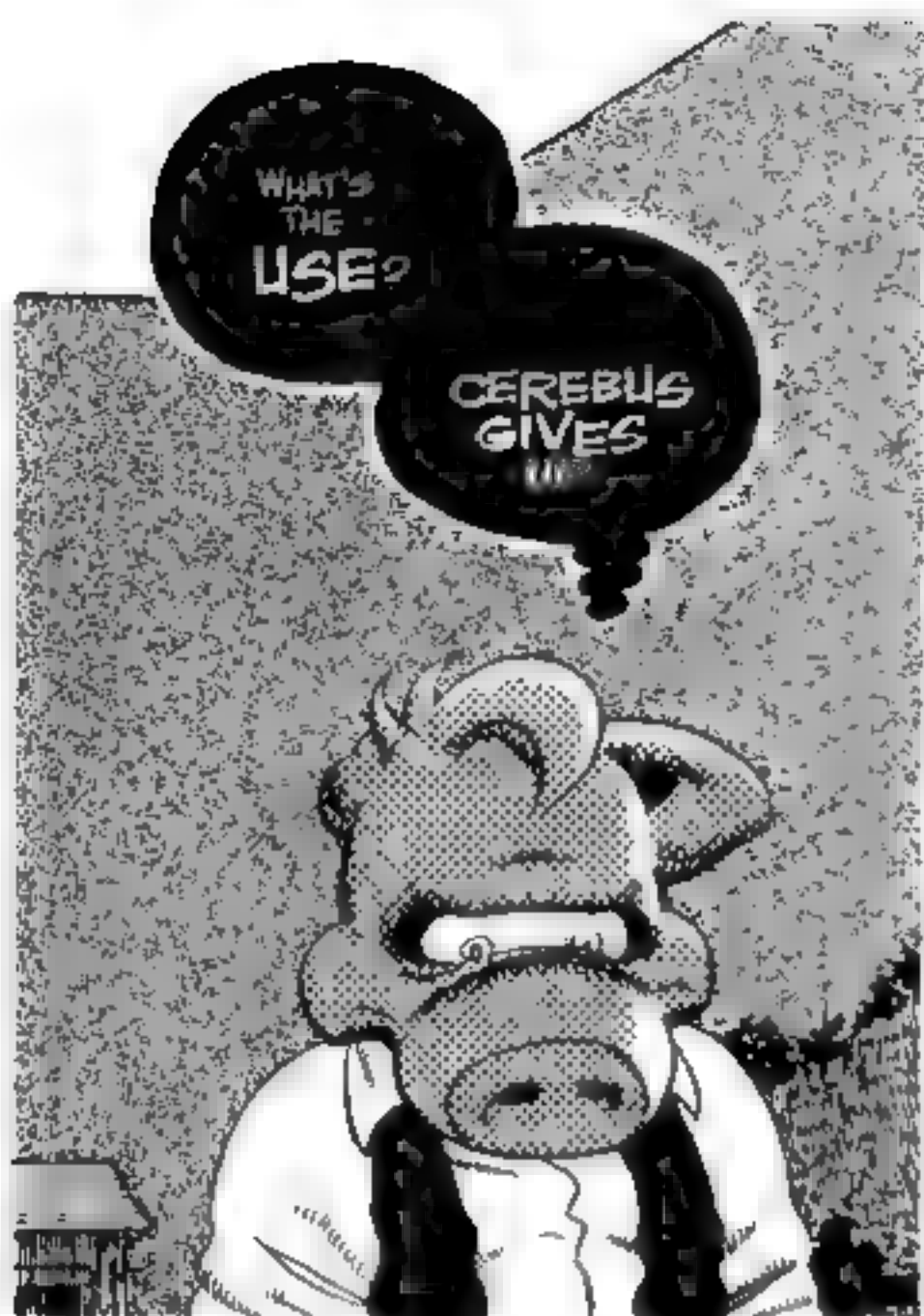
THUMP BUMPITY
THUD!













(unhelpful) Hamilton.
(even less helpful) Ontario. Canada
(distracting him with a provocation)
So. Are you the bartender around here?

(wrestling with it)
(but finally resigned to his fate) Aye.

I was hoping you'd turn up.
(adopting a more conciliatory tone before he can take offense) I have to leave soon.

(coming a little unglued) LEAVE?!

HAH! That's a laugh!

(a pronouncement) No one leaves this tavern! NO one! *(a sweeping theatrical gesture)* This isn't a TAVERN!

It's a...a...PRISON! EVERYone who comes in here is trapped! *(horrified at his own insight)* TRAPPED!

Huh. *(glancing around)*
So...uh...where is everybody?

(overwrought) THEY ALL LEFT!

But...you just...

(amputating the contradiction) SO!
(the consummate professional)

What'll it be? *(twitch)*

Oh...uh...a Coors Light.
And an ashtray. Please.

Comin' right up! *(he selects a bottle of red wine and a wine glass)* *(as he pours, his façade of forced cheerfulness appears to drain into the glass along with the wine)*

(selecting the moment)
So you've been here a long time.

Aye. *(confessional)*
Years. *(funereal)* Forever.

(flicking ashes onto the floor)

I spent way too much time
(significantly) in a place very much like this.

(as if seeing me for the first time) Aye?

Uh-huh. *(lightly)* Peter's Place, it was called. Spent the better part of ten years of my life there. I just couldn't bring myself to *(pretending to strain at le mot juste)*...leave...*(vaguely)* somehow.

(hypnotized) Huh. *(he mulls it over)*
So...how...how...did you...?

(matter-of-factly) The place was gutted by fire one night. *(pausing to let it sink in)*
(introspective) I might've been able to leave on my own. Just decide that I had had enough and never go back in again. Who knows? *(honestly)* I really doubt it, though.

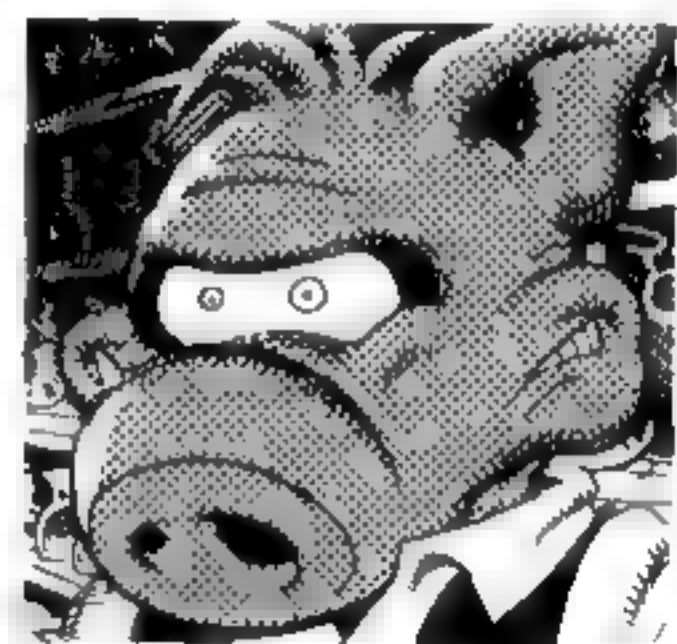
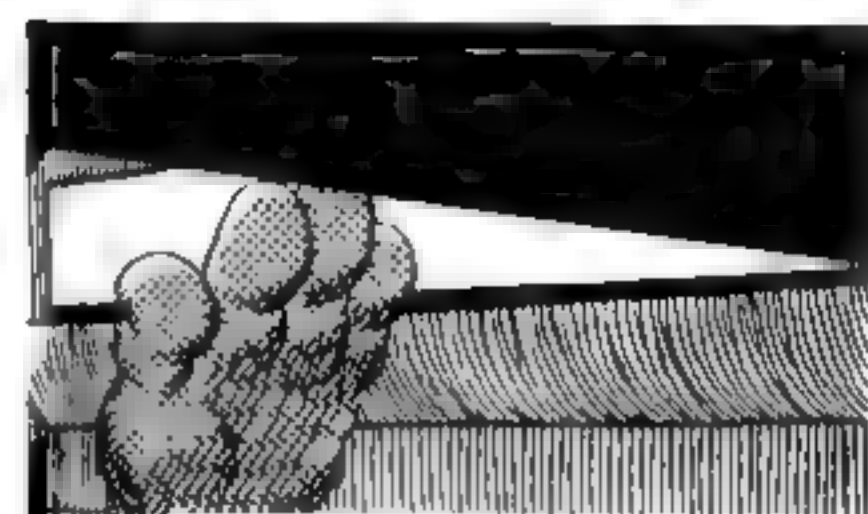
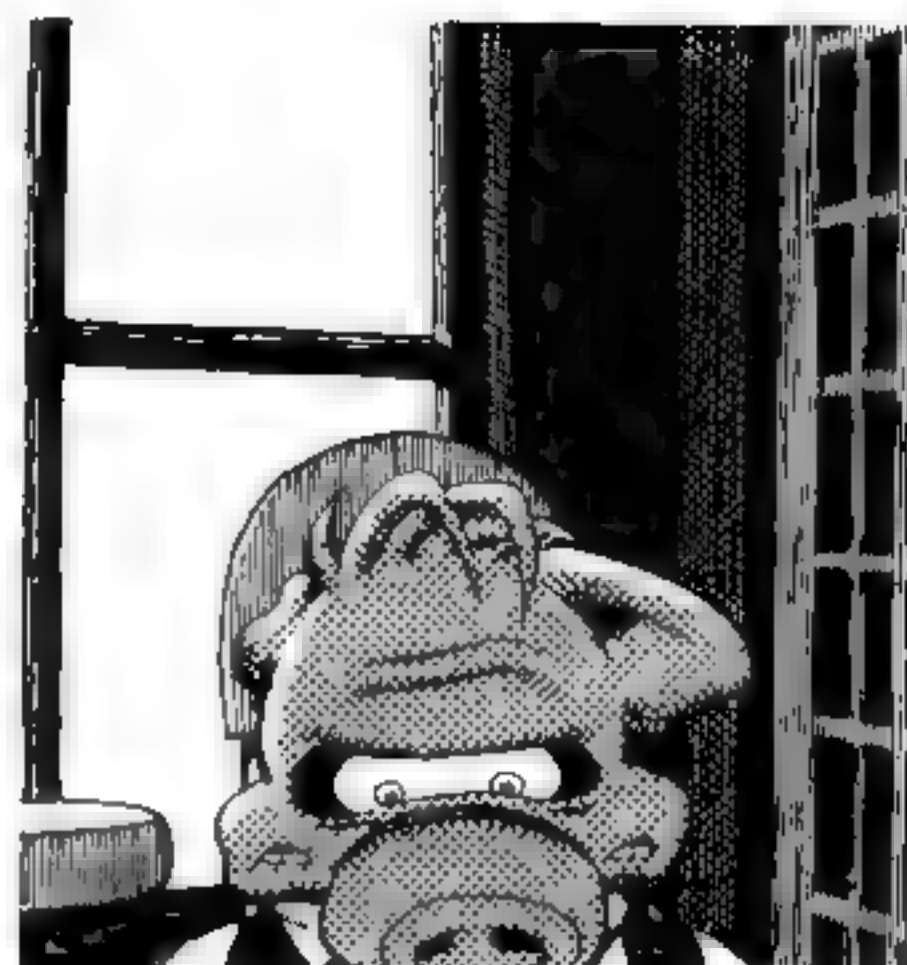
(Blissful, almost reverent) Gutted by fire.

(nailing it) That bad, eh?

(startled awake) *(stoic)* Nay. *(after some consideration)* Aye. *(pause)* It's as if *(really examining it)*...it's as if...*(opening the can of worms)* Cerebus is being punished for something he didn't do *(quickly)* NAY! It's as if Cerebus is being punished for EVERYthing. For every bad thing Cerebus ever DID.

And...and...Cerebus can't leave...until...until Cerebus has...
(losing the train of thought)...

(finishing the thought)
...served his sentence?





Aye.

(taking a drag on my cigarette) Interesting.

(peering at me with a new intensity) You look familiar.

(truthfully) I get that a lot.

(attempting an evasion) I just have one of those faces, I guess. *(He's unconvinced, and I'm forced to make him think he hasn't served my drink yet.)*

(perplexed, staring at the empty expanse of bar in front of me) Sorry. What was it you ordered again?

A Coors Light. And an ashtray. Please.

Right. *(still perplexed, he selects another wine glass and fills it from the bottle of red wine)* You must think Cerebus is insane. You tell Cerebus you have to leave soon, and Cerebus just stands here...*(it doesn't add up)*...talking.

(a stopgap measure) No problem.

(misdirecting his attention) I don't have to leave right this minute. Just *(emphasizing it to reassure him)* you know...soon. *(leap-frogging the conversational sequence — my peculiar social vice)* I was always waiting for a...sign...I guess.

(returning the lob) A sign.

That it was time to leave Peter's Place.

(clarifying) Permanently, I mean. *(trying to explain)* Waiting to... hear something or... see something that would tell me that I had...

(the star pupil)...served your sentence.

(surreptitiously grinding out my cigarette on the floor) Exactly.

(very much amused) And then the tavern burned to the ground.

(chuckling) "Okay! Okay! I can take a hint."

(we both laugh)

(after the laughter has subsided) But for the longest time it was as if I was immobilized. *(belabouring the analogy of our respective situations)* I didn't want to spend any more time there...but, at the same time, I couldn't think of anything else I wanted to do *(noting the "Sand Hills Creek" look in his eyes)*...at least anything else I wanted to do badly enough to leave. *(the "Sand Hills Creek" look vanishes and he winces at the fresh memory of resigning himself to die here)* You ever been married? *(as if I didn't know)*

Aye.

It was like that. It was like being married.

(understanding instantly) Aye! *(wrapping his own words around it)* That's what Cerebus is going through right now. It's as if Cerebus has spent his whole life in this place — as if Cerebus was born here. *(gloomily)* As if Cerebus is going to die here.

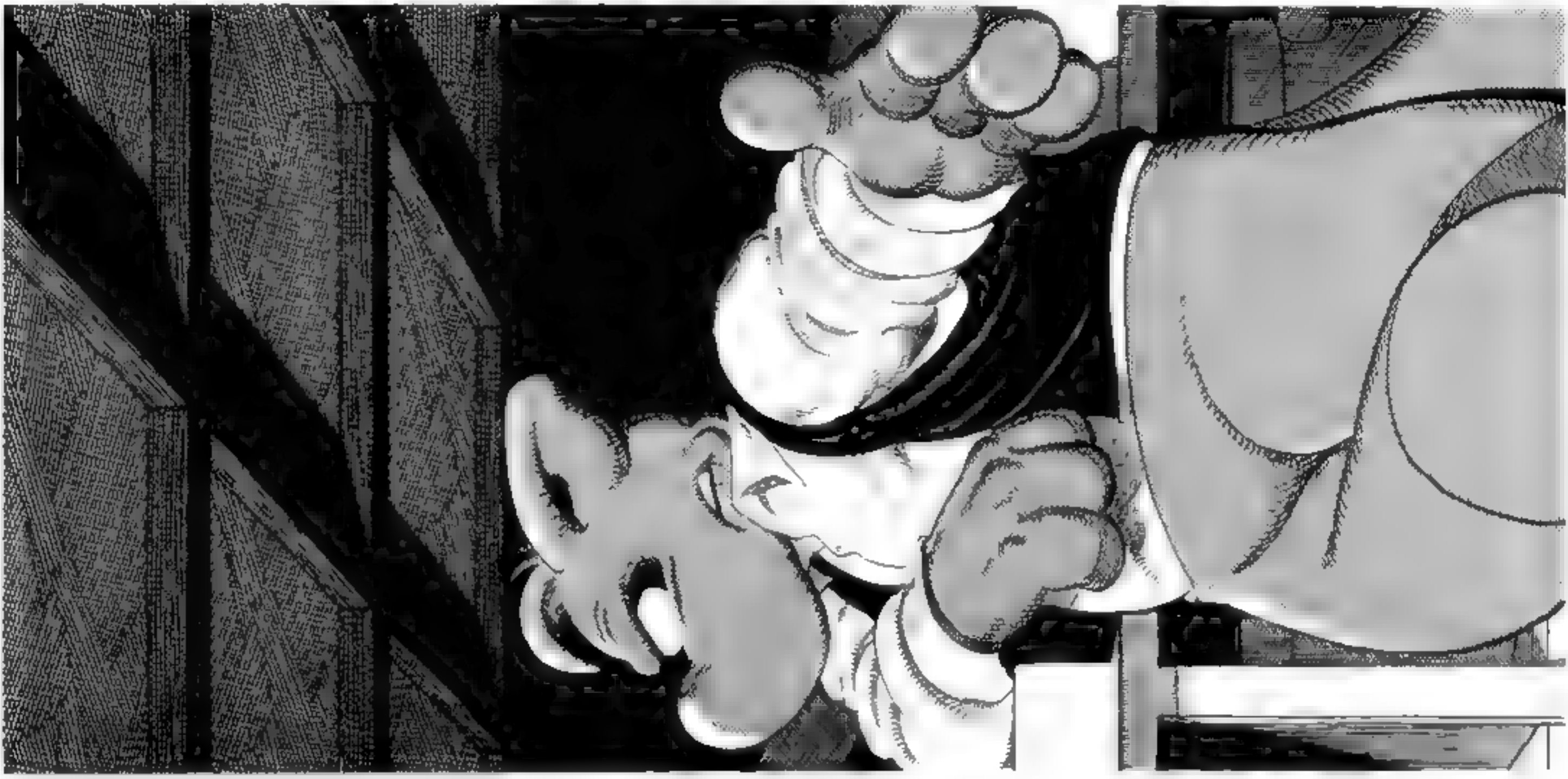
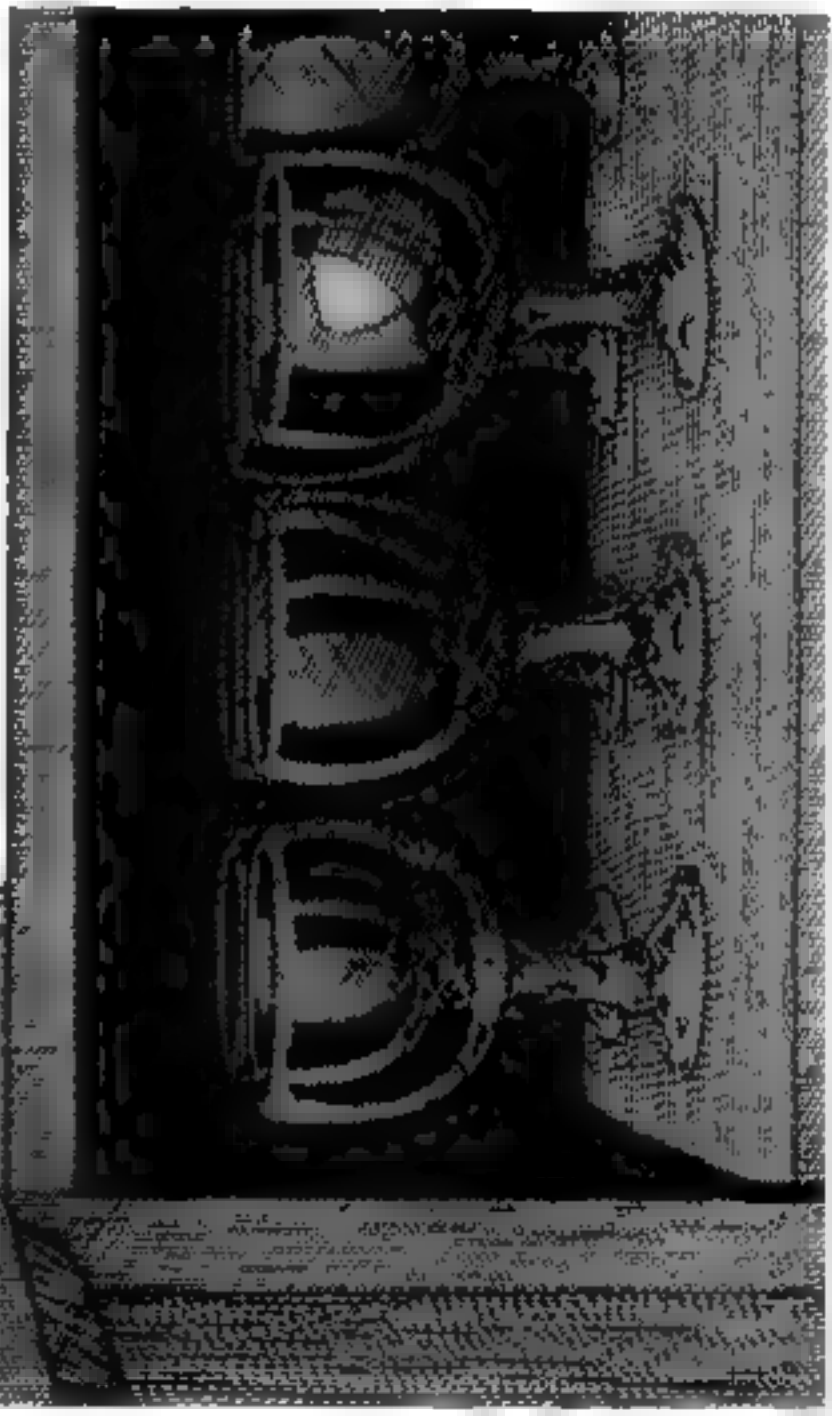
(leaving him to wallow in it for a few seconds) It's not all bad, though.

(genuinely surprised) It isn't?!

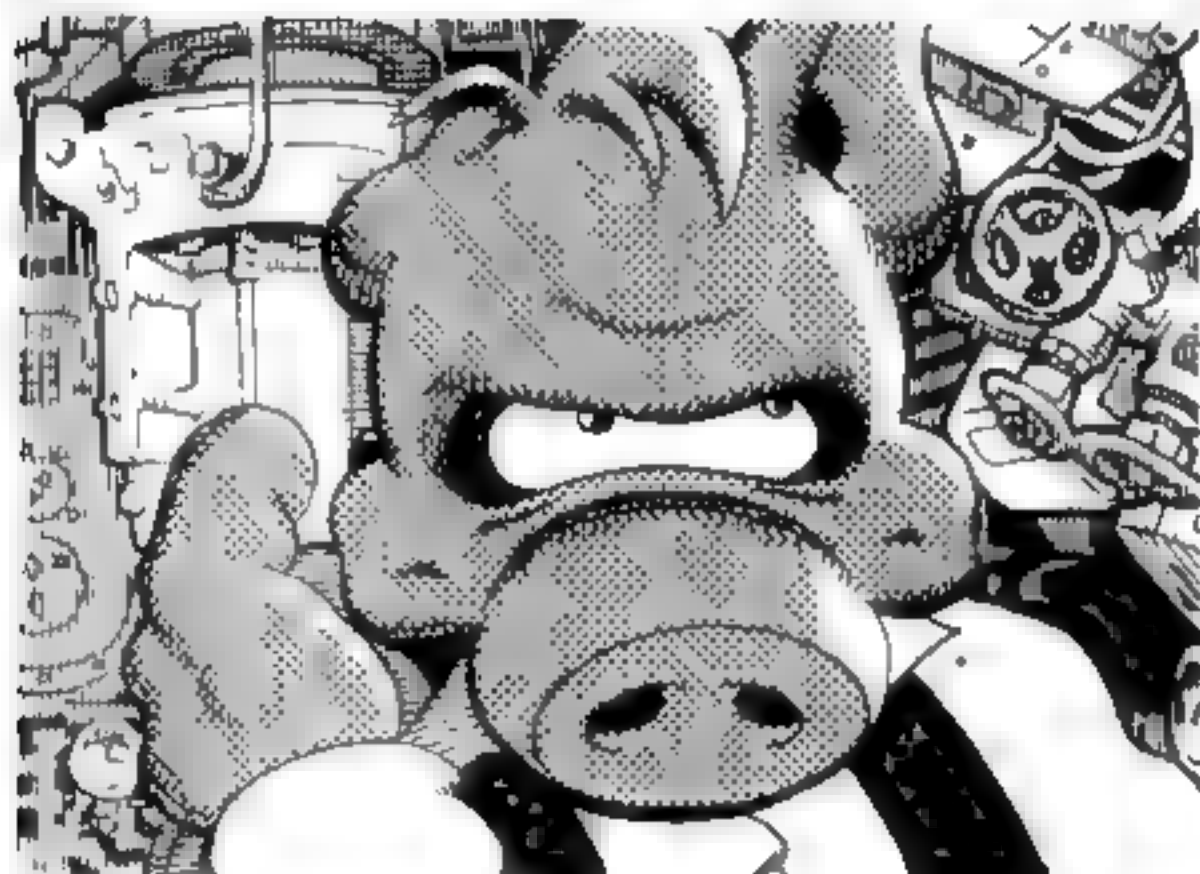
(laughing out loud) No. It really isn't.

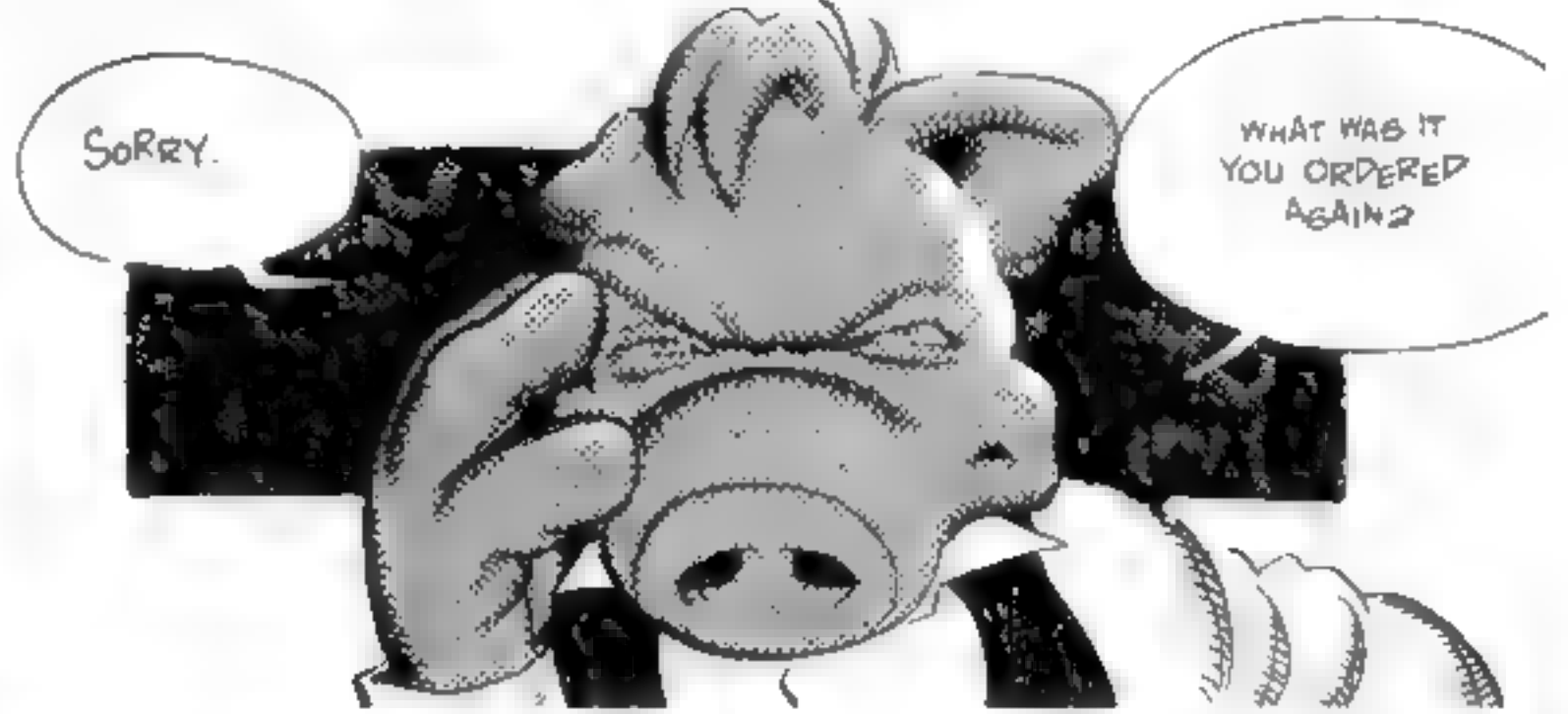
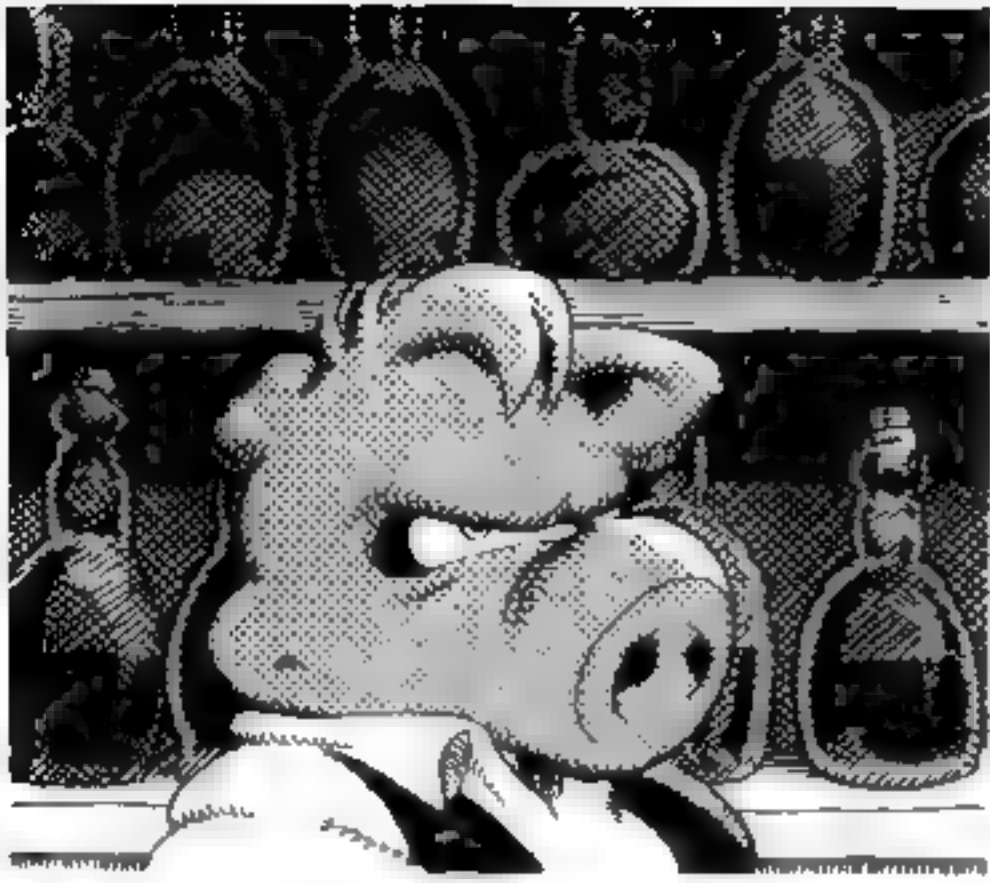
(the veteran) You have to be away from it a

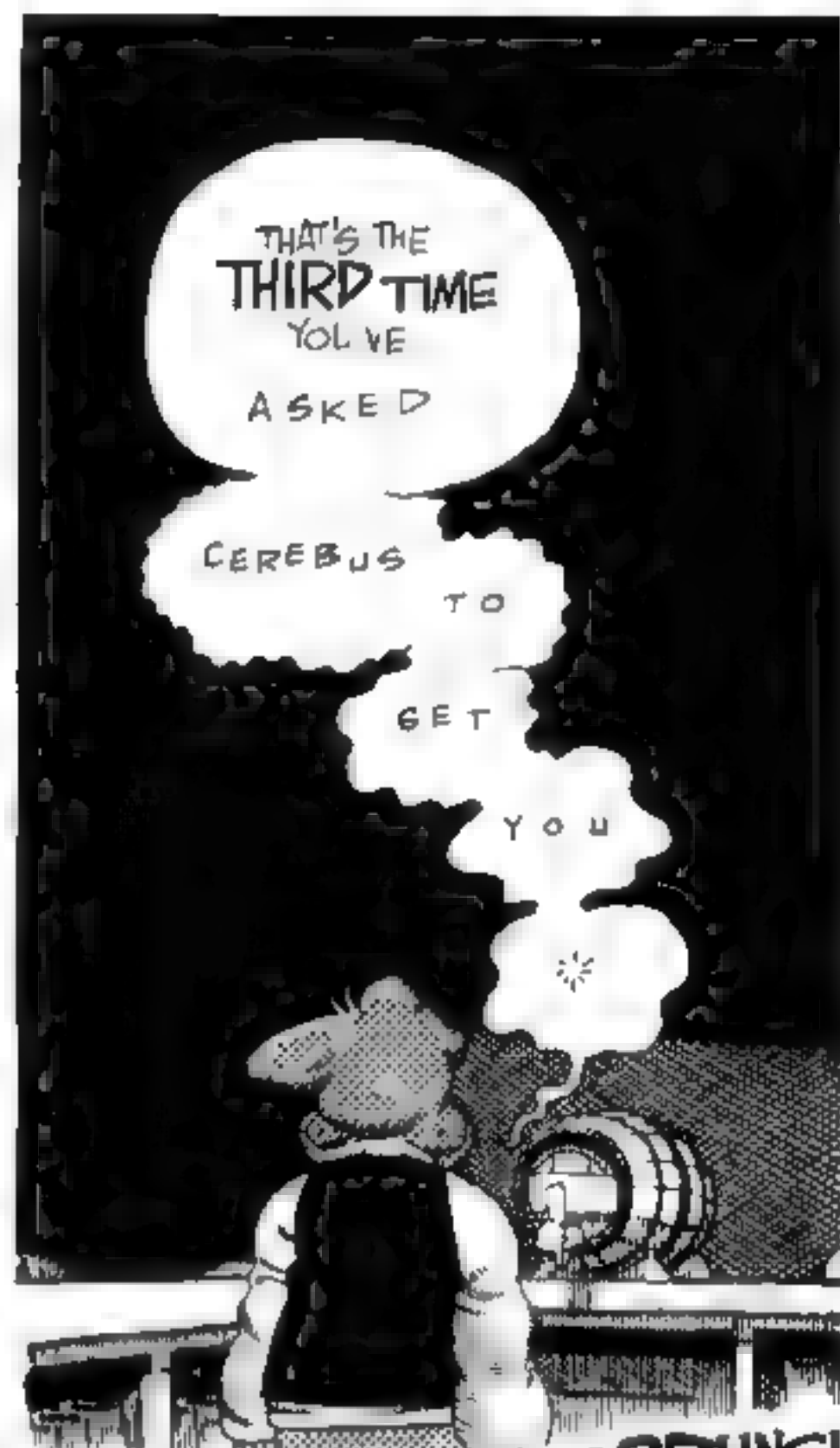
long time to see it that way, though
(my social vice again) To me,
it's one of the hardest things about life
(taking the bait) What is?
(with a little extra emphasis, hoping it sticks)
Appreciating what you have when you have
it. Instead of waiting until you lose it to
appreciate it. (eyebrows up) What? EVER.
IT... is. (I let him chew on that one a while)
Somebody you'll miss this place (too direct?)
YOU'RE CRAZY!! (yes, too direct)
Miss THIS place? MISS JUST...
JUST STANDING AROUND
ALL DAY...JUST...
(interrupting) Thinking.
(in full flight) GOING INSANE!
GOING STARK, RAVING MAD!!
(trying to restore him to my wavelengthy
It was the same with me at Peter's Place.
At the time I was convinced that I was...
(misery doesn't always love company)
YOU don't KNOW! YOU just have
NO IDEA what Cerebus has been
GOING THROUGH! (pausing for the
sole purpose of getting me to say
something so that he can interrupt me)
(leaving it a few seconds
to see if that makes a difference)
(2. 3. 4) Well, 1.
NO IDEA WHATSOEVER
(ready to give full vent as soon
as I start to say something else)
(I really try waiting him out this time.
I slowly count to ten. I glance down at the
bar for a couple of seconds and then look
back at him. I clear my throat. I lean away
from him. I frown) I suppose that...
NONE!
(he hasn't moved a muscle. He's ready to
vent, but not until I try to say something
again. This time I don't even bother to
try to wait him out) I'm sure you're...
CEREBUS has been here for YEARS!
Years and YEARS! Winter, spring,
summer, fall, winter, spring, summer,
fall NO one to talk to, NOTHING to do
all day but stand around
and...and...That's IT! That's all
Cerebus does is STAND AROUND.
ALL DAY! Going crazy. DAY after
DAY! MONTH after MONTH! YEAR
after YEAR! (remembering that there
are no months or years anymore,
he pauses just long enough to
allow me to wedge myself into his
monologue) Nothing to do but listen
to all the stupid voices in your head.
ARGUING and ARGUING.
(adapting myself to his rhythm while
taking it down a notch or two)
Back and forth and back and forth...
AROUND AND AROUND and (running
out of gas) Around...and...around...
the same...old... tired... arguments.
(with resignation) Aye.



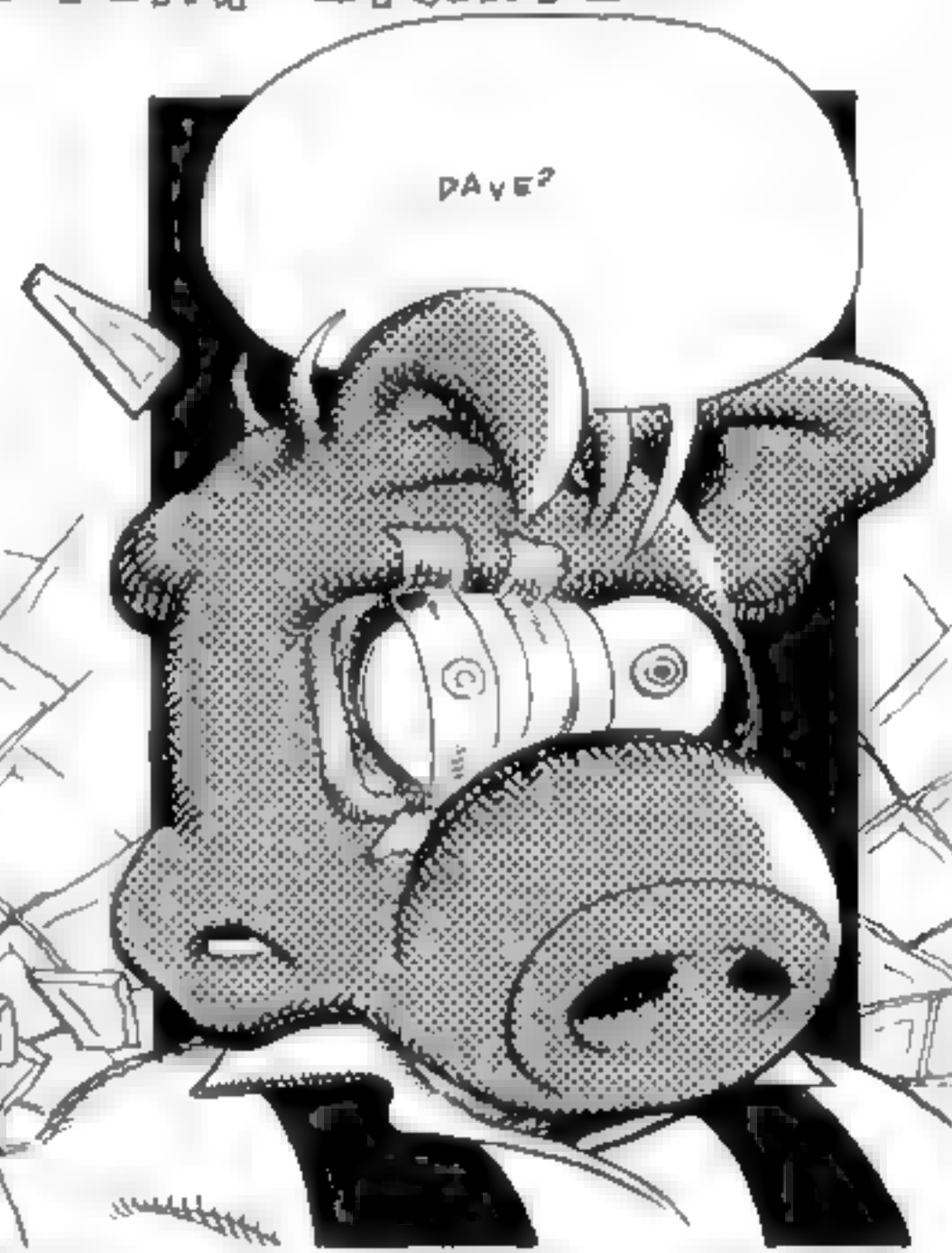
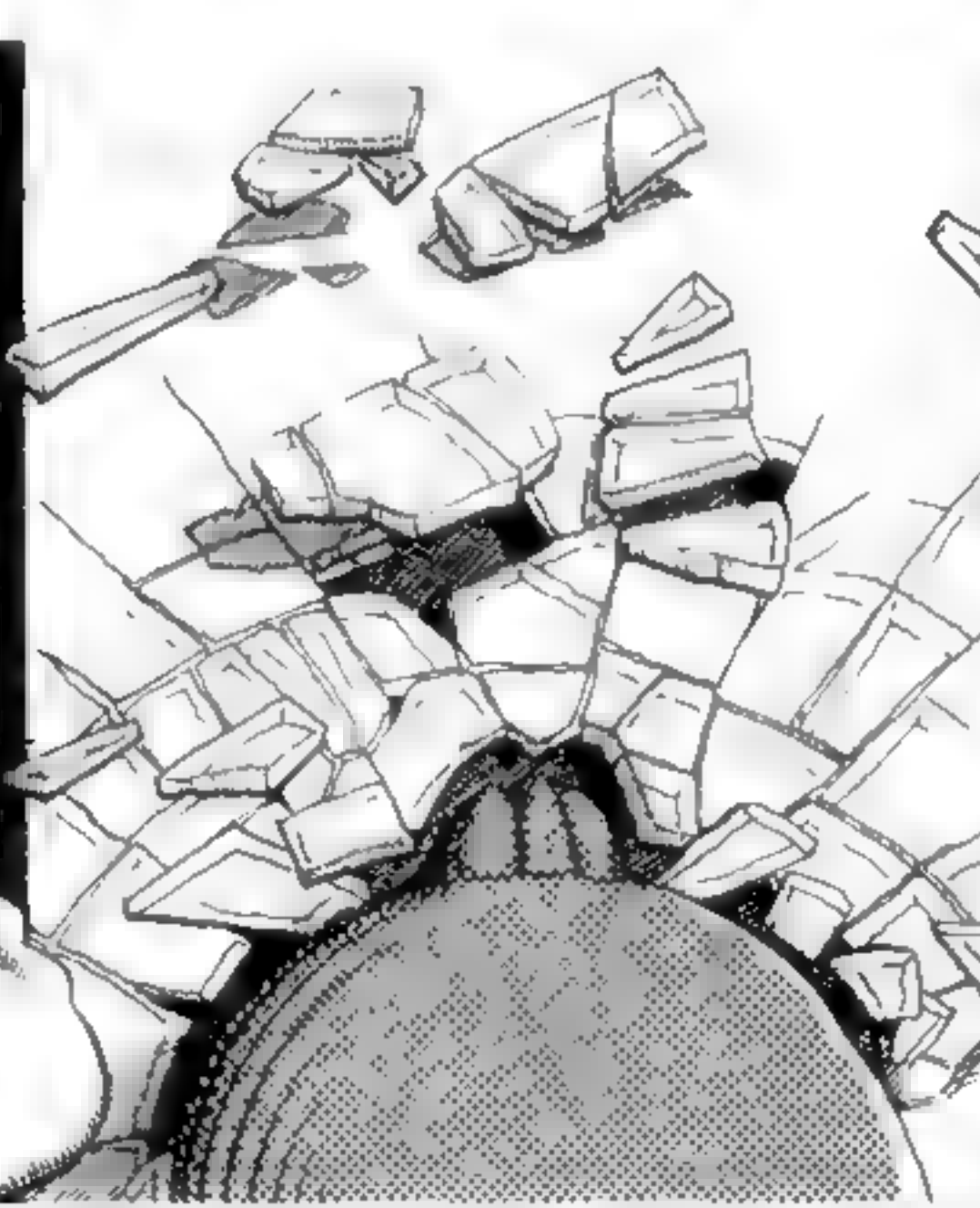
Never getting an answer. Just the same
stupid questions. Just. (intentionally leaving
the thought unfinished)
(picking up the cue) Just... (too exhausted
to finish the thought himself) (he switches
gears) It just seems so (almost
whining)...unFAIR. (building his legal
argument) (matter-of-factly) Cerebus just
says here. Cerebus doesn't see ANYbody.
(I know he's lying, but I let it go because of
time constraints)
Cerebus just keeps to himself and keeps
his tavern in good running order.
(warning to his self-righteousness since he
assumes I don't know him) Cerebus
doesn't BOTHER anyone. Cerebus
doesn't interfere in anyone else's life.
(I almost interrupt to ask about Rick and
Joanna, but the clock is ticking)
And Cerebus DEFINITELY is not
driving ANYone crazy. And YET! (his big
flinch) CEREBUS IS BEING DRIVEN
CRAZY HIMSELF! (scowling at me,
defying me to find a flaw in his reasoning)
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)
(thinking he has me cornered)
So where is the fairness in that?
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)
Hank? Where is the fairness (displaying
his left hand, palm upward on the bar in
front of me) if CEREBUS isn't driving
ANYone crazy (sweeping the hand
away in a grandiloquent gesture)
and yet CEREBUS...IS... being
driven crazy HIMSELF?!
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)
Hank?
(His "hank?" lacks its previous
belligerence. The discussion about the
voices in his head has set his thoughts
hurtling along a specific trajectory. He
really wants to know what this customer
he has never seen before thinks is "fair"
about the situation in which he, Cerebus,
finds himself. One of the voices in his
head — there are only two now — has
begun to question the reason for that.)
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)
(quietly) Cerebus is not
driving ANYone crazy.
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)
(intently) ...so why is Cerebus being
driven crazy...himself? (he leans his head
on his right hand without taking his eyes
off me for even a split second. His posture
and his expression indicate, very clearly,
that he is not going to move until he has
a satisfactory answer)
(the starting contest continues for about
thirty seconds or so. I blink several times,
at regular intervals)
(Cerebus doesn't blink at all)
(chuckling and shifting on the barstool to
scratch my back with my left thumb)
Well...actually (chuckling again)

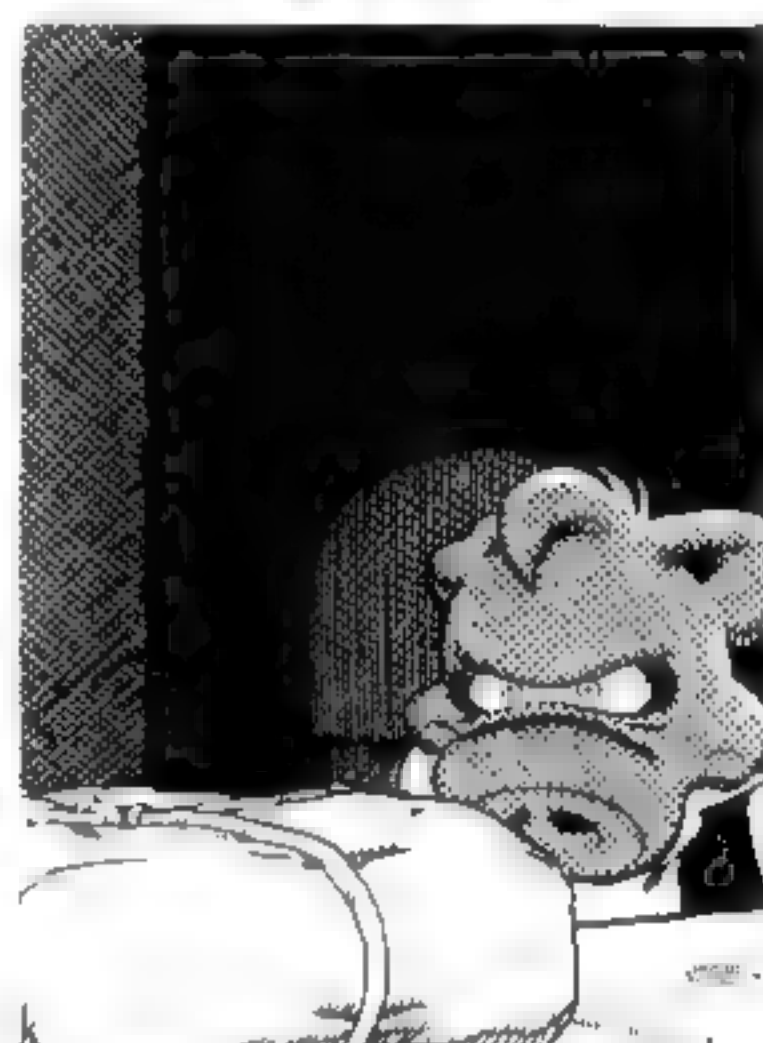
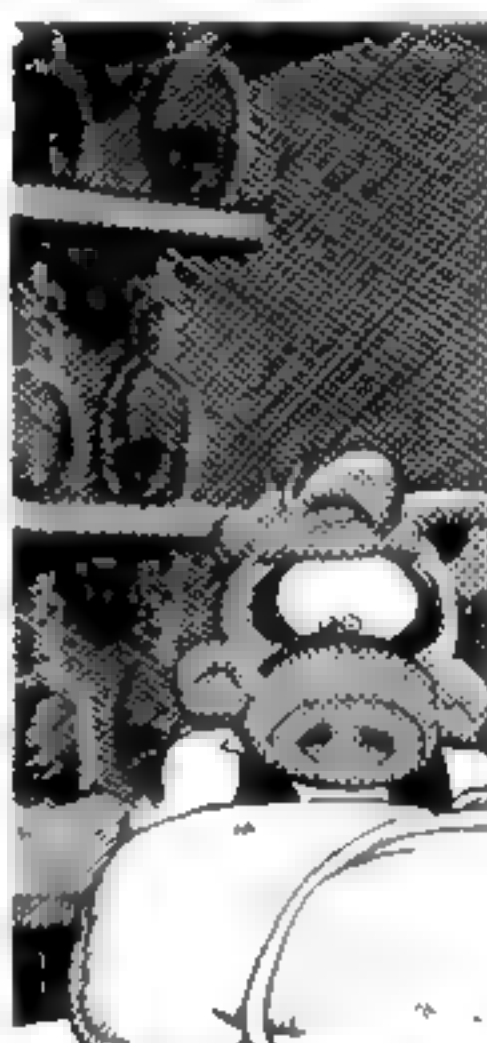
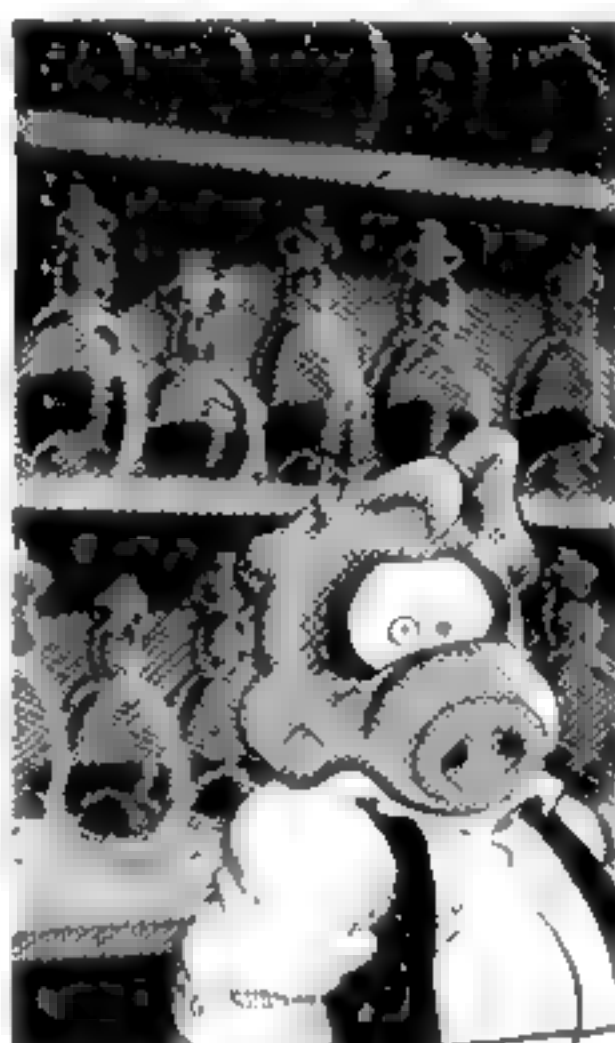
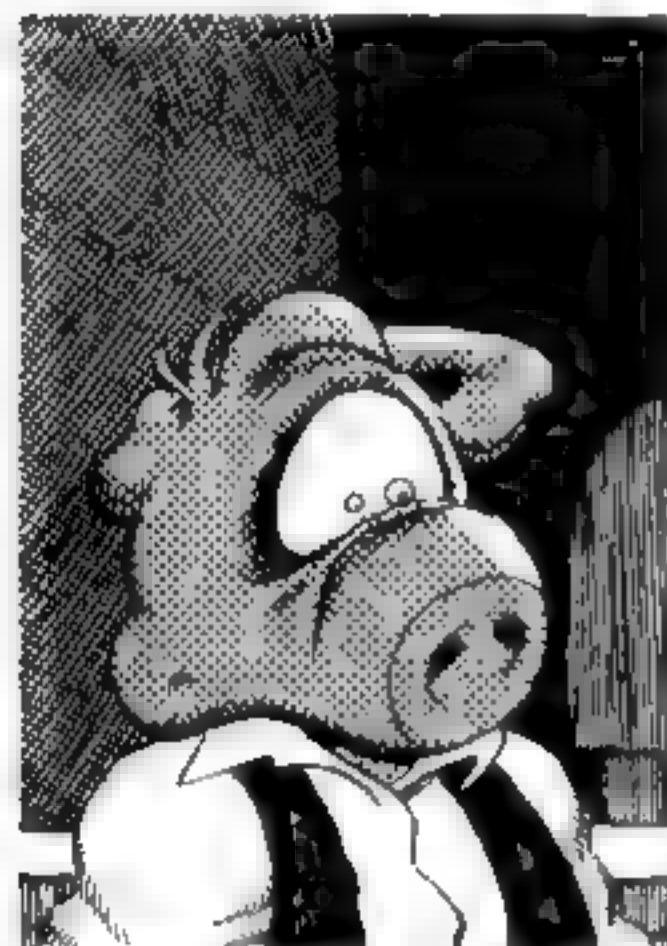
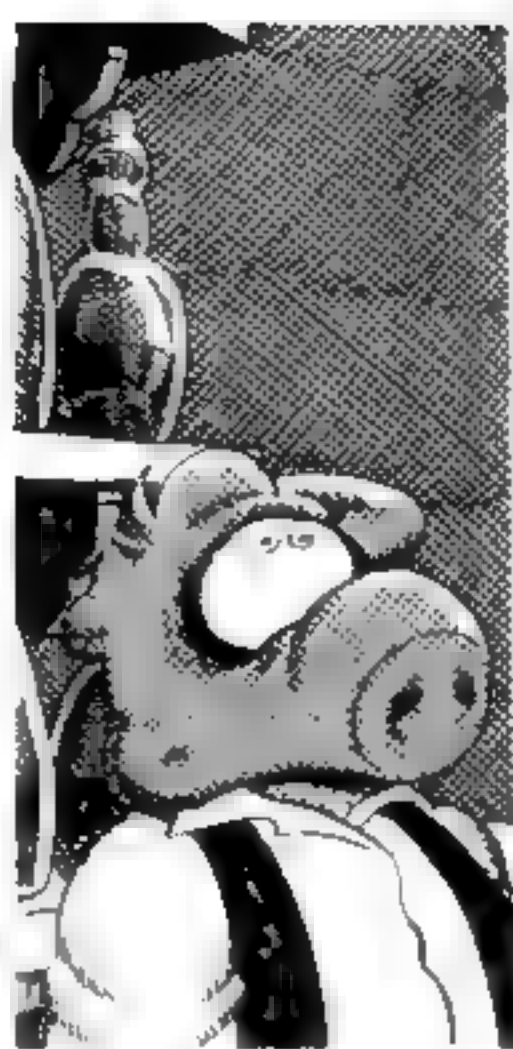


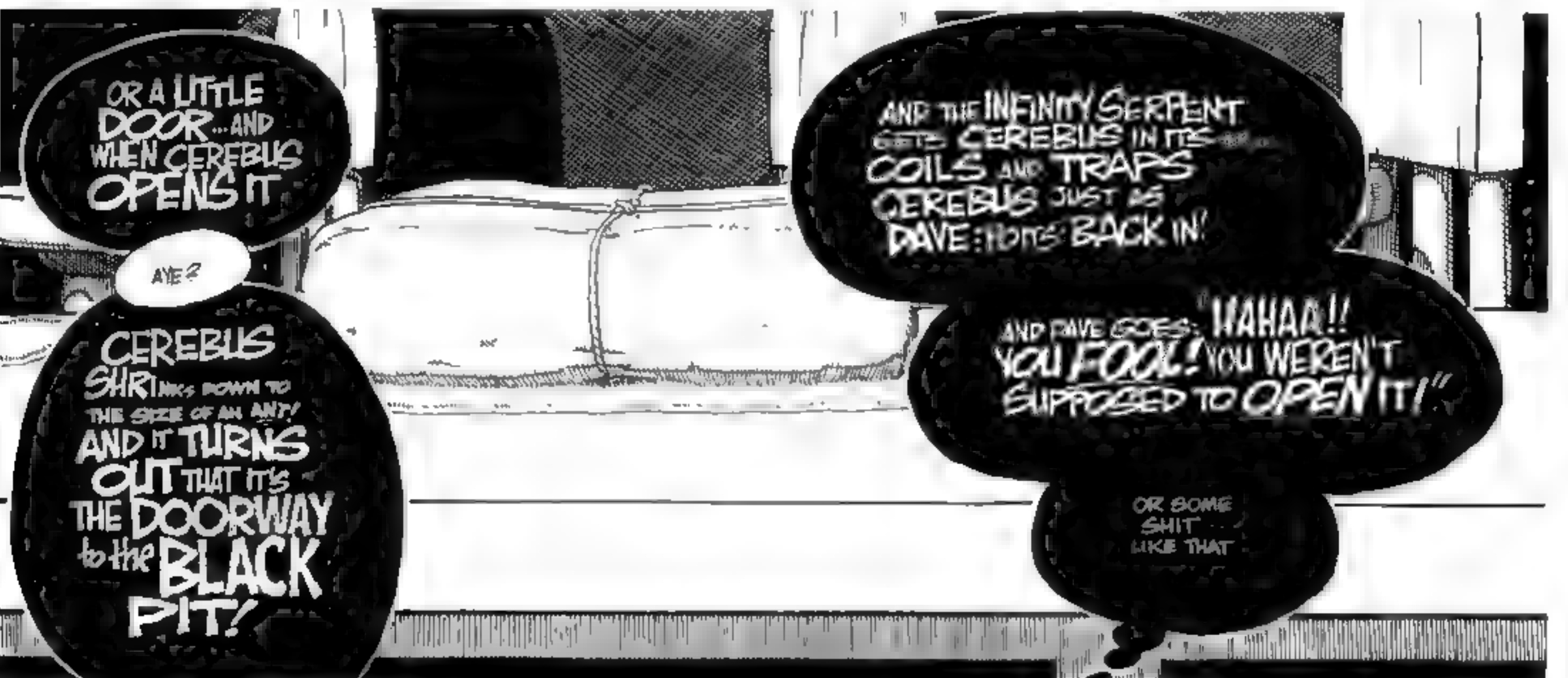
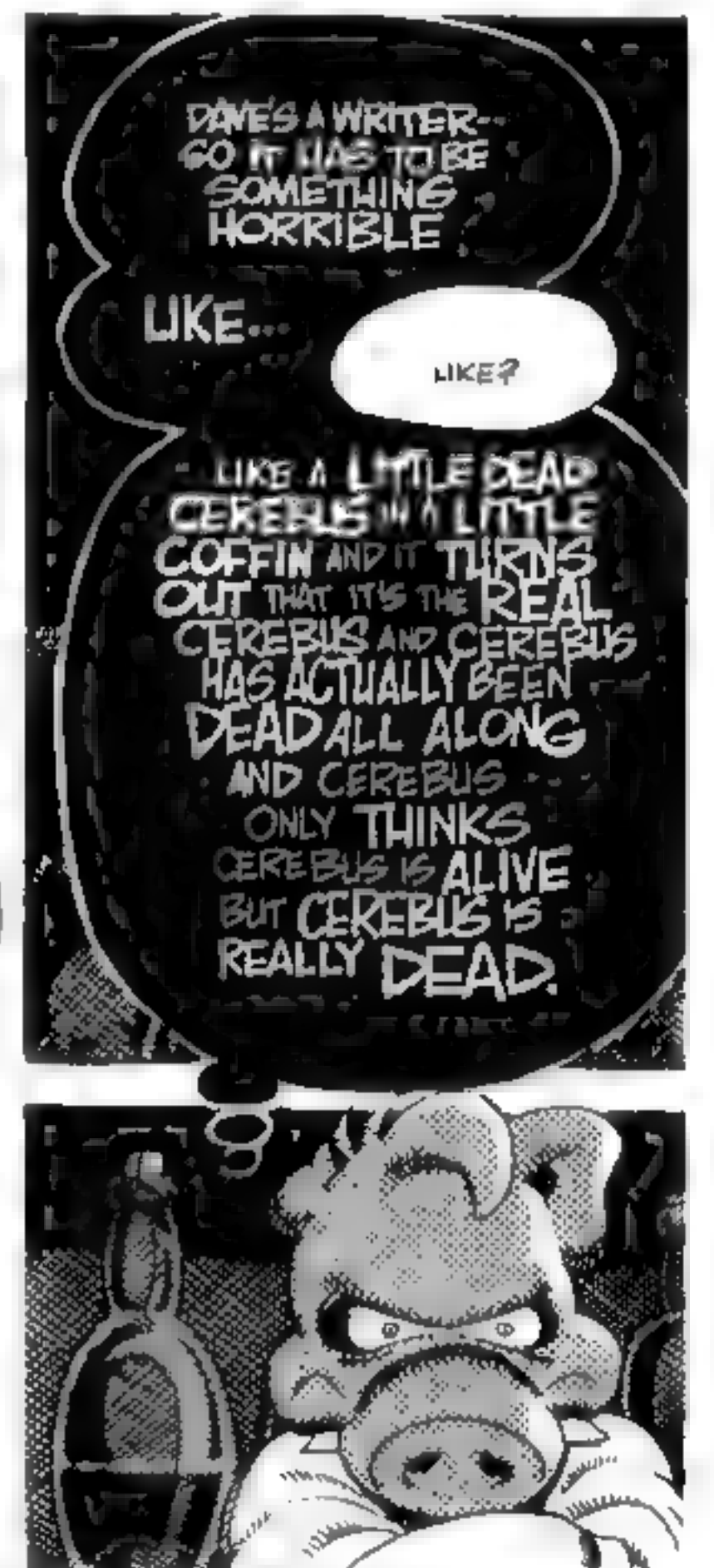
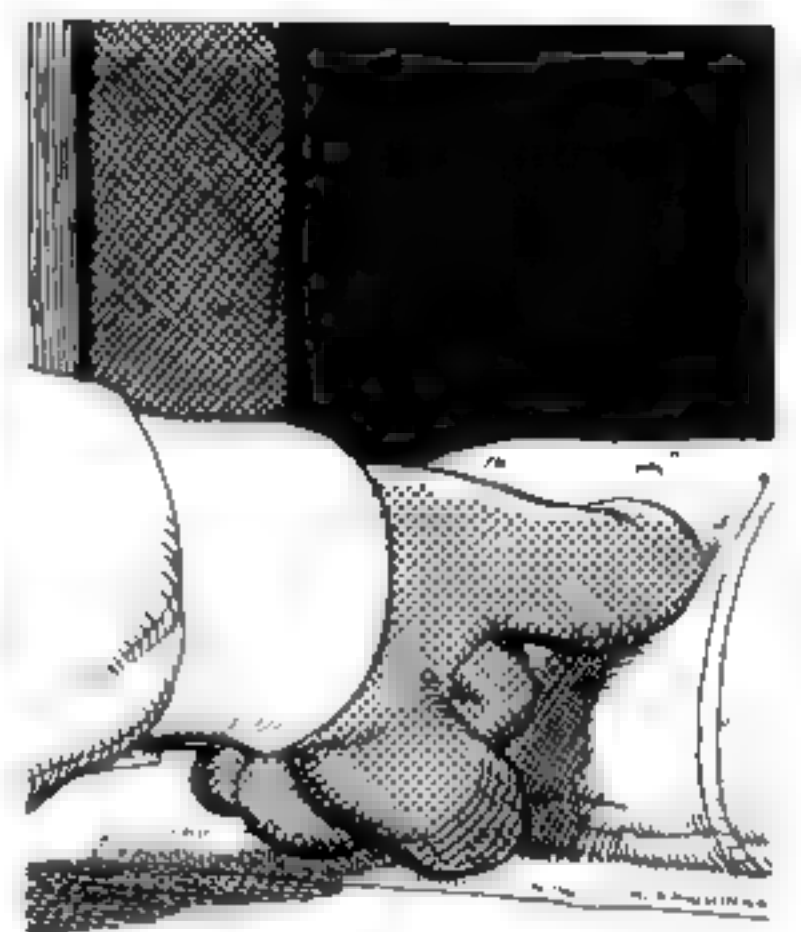
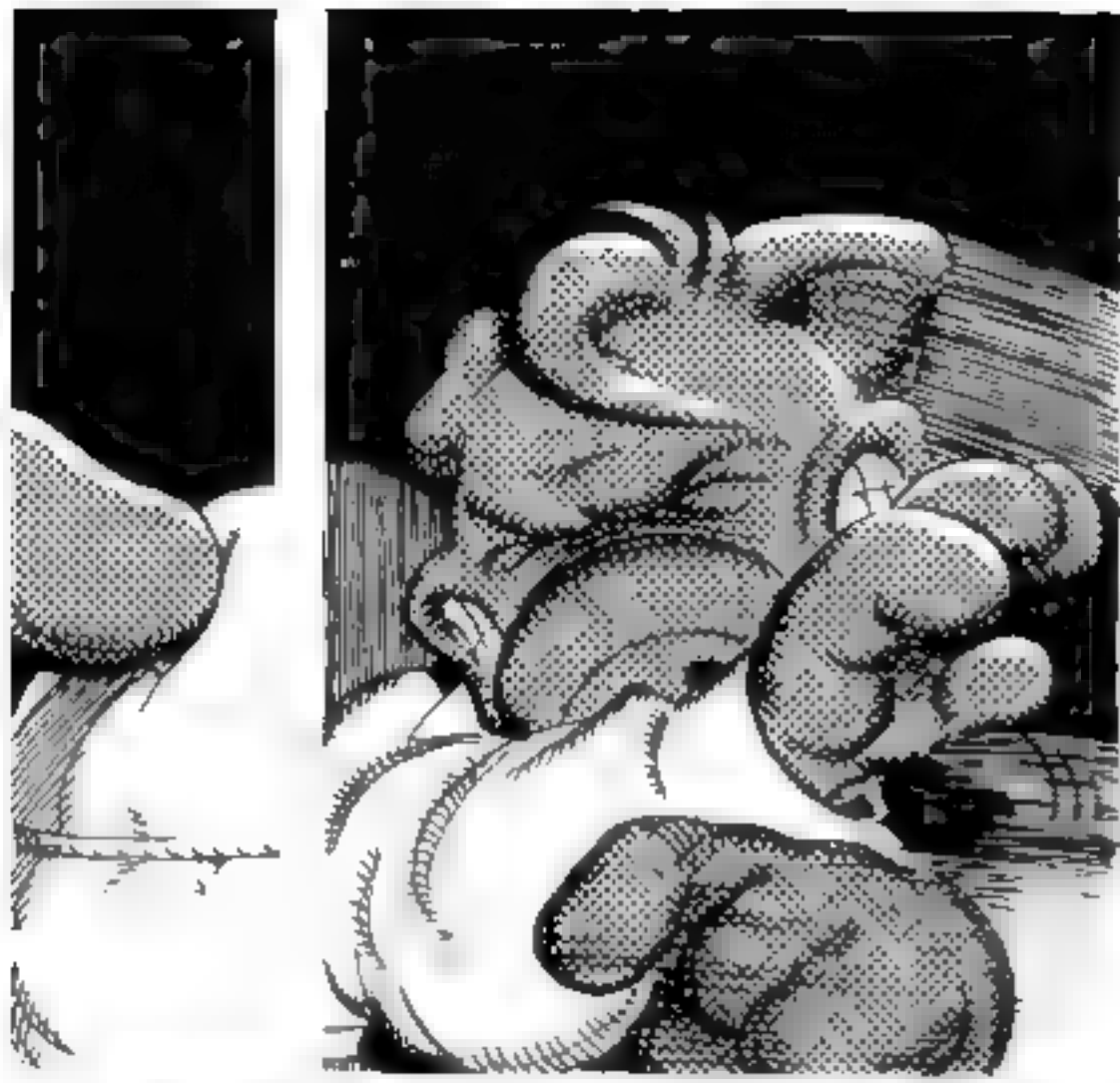




STOMP STOMP STOMP CRUNCH CRUNCH







OR A LITTLE
DOOR...AND
WHEN CEREBUS
OPENS IT

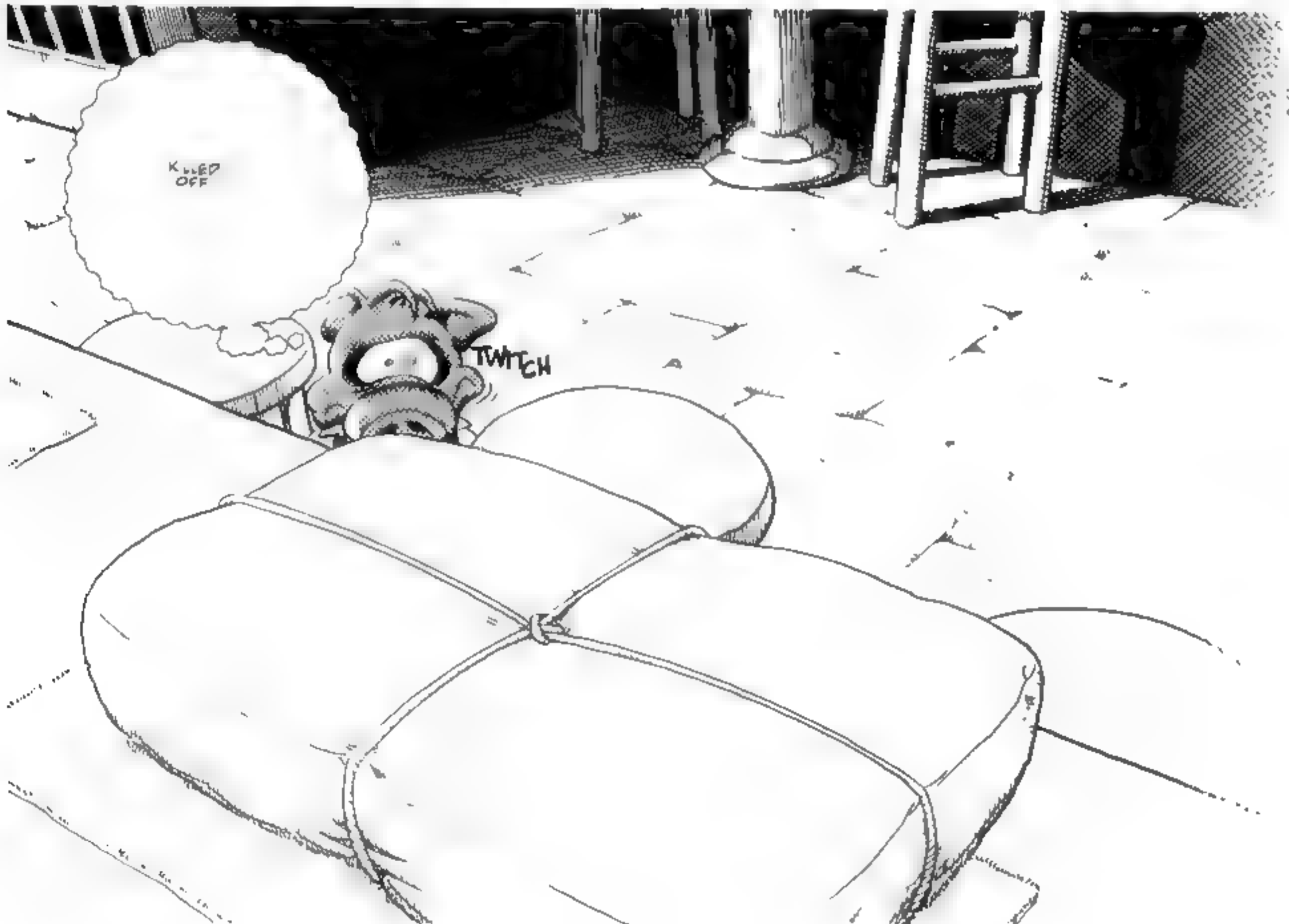
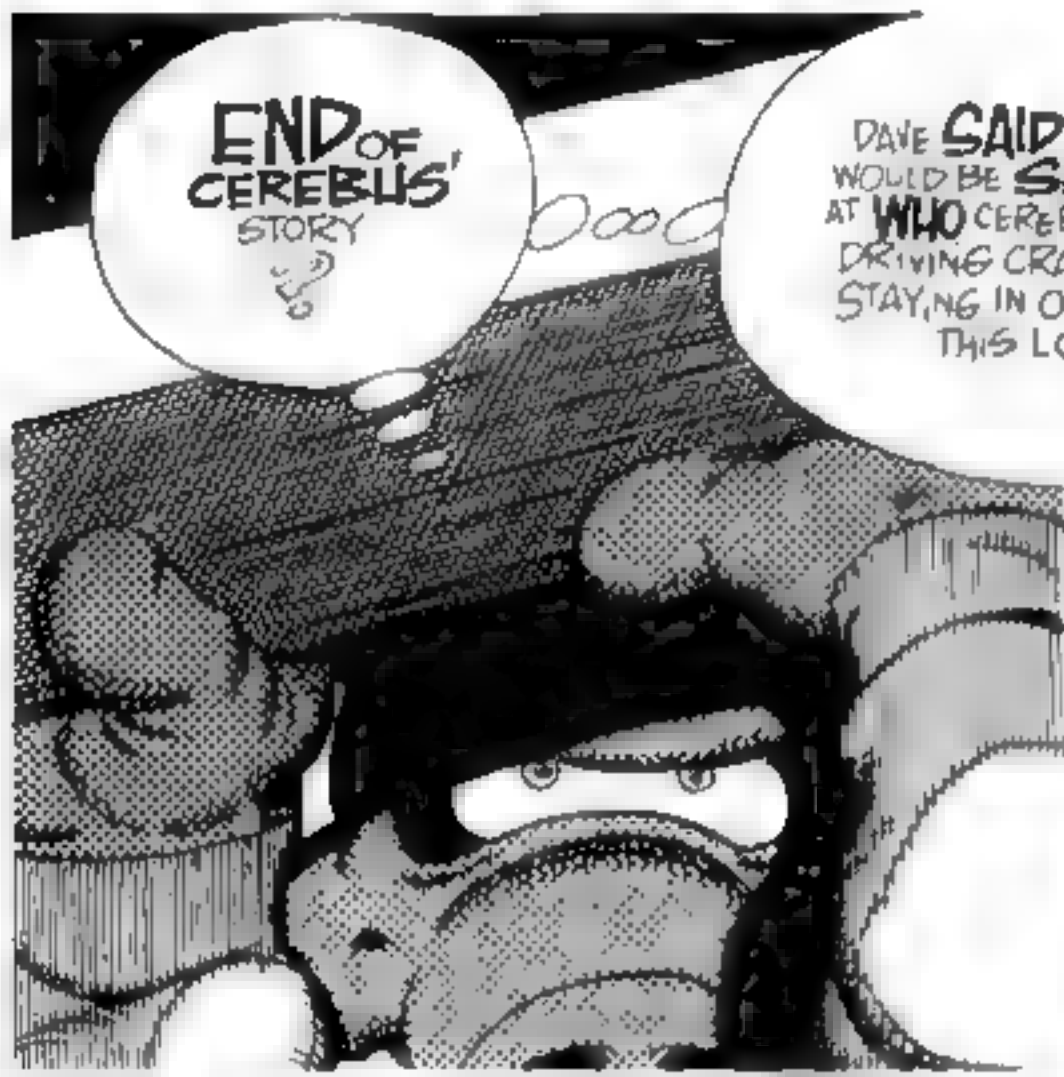
AYE?

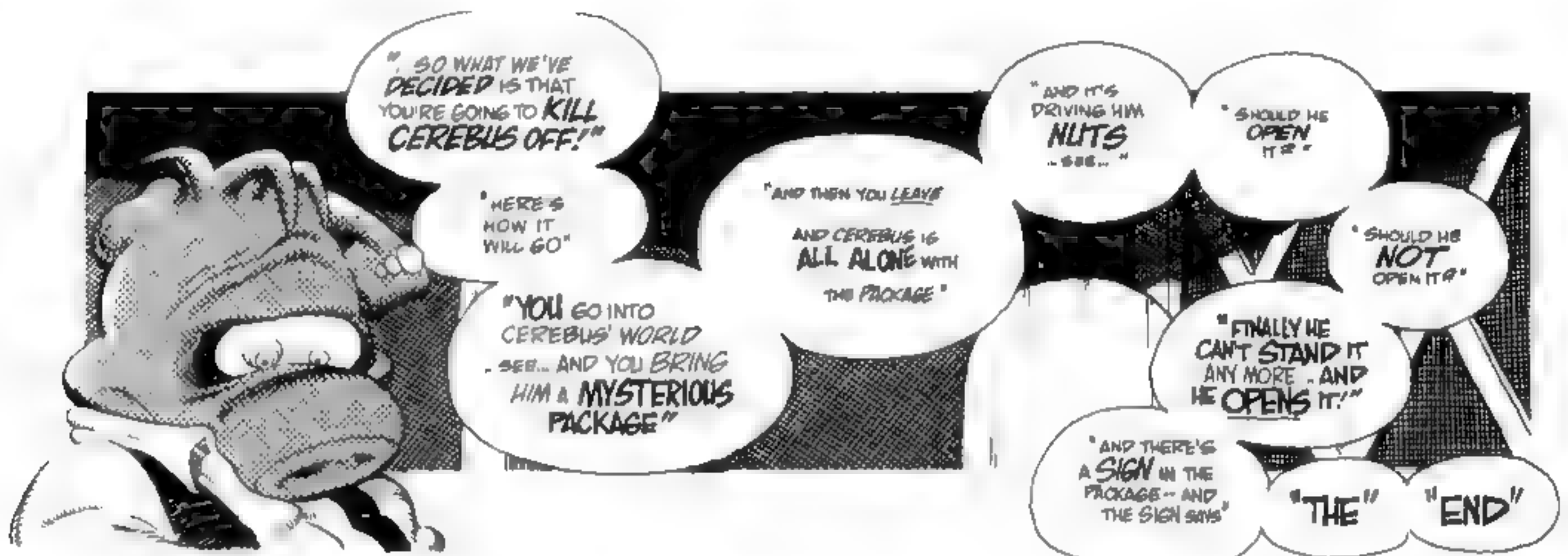
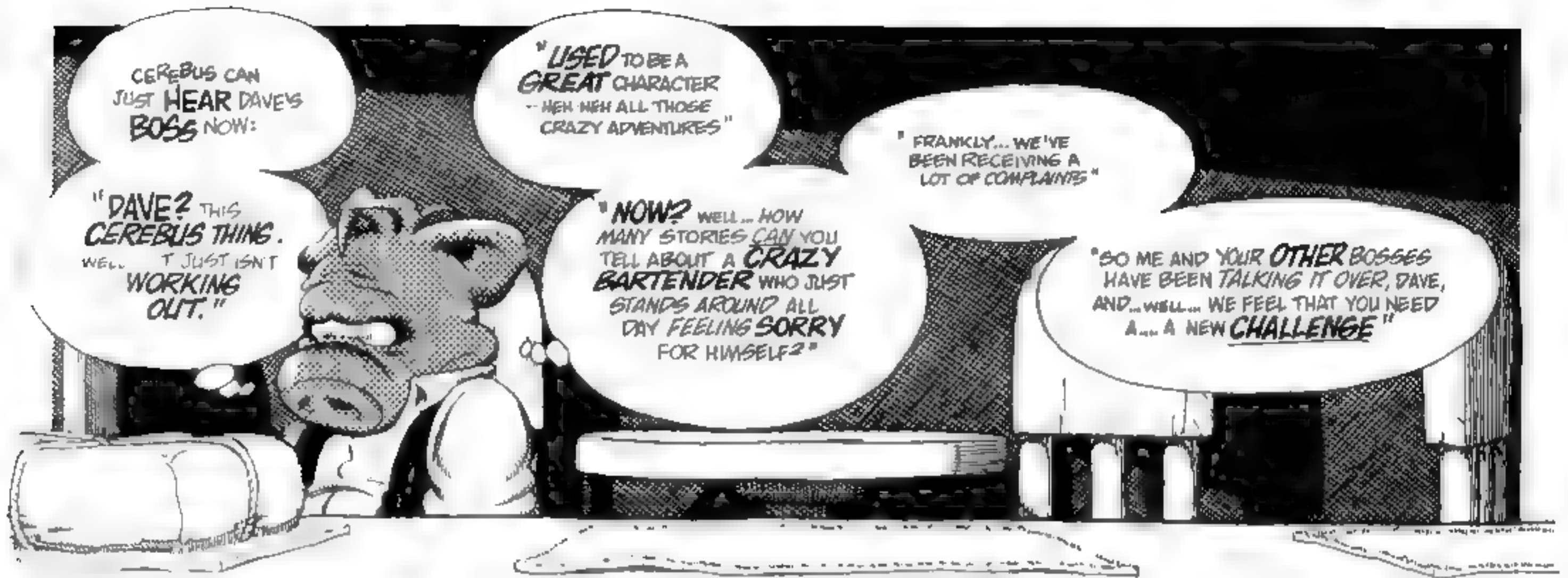
CEREBUS
SHRINKS DOWN TO
THE SIZE OF AN ANT!
AND IT TURNS
OUT THAT IT'S
THE DOORWAY
to the BLACK
PIT!

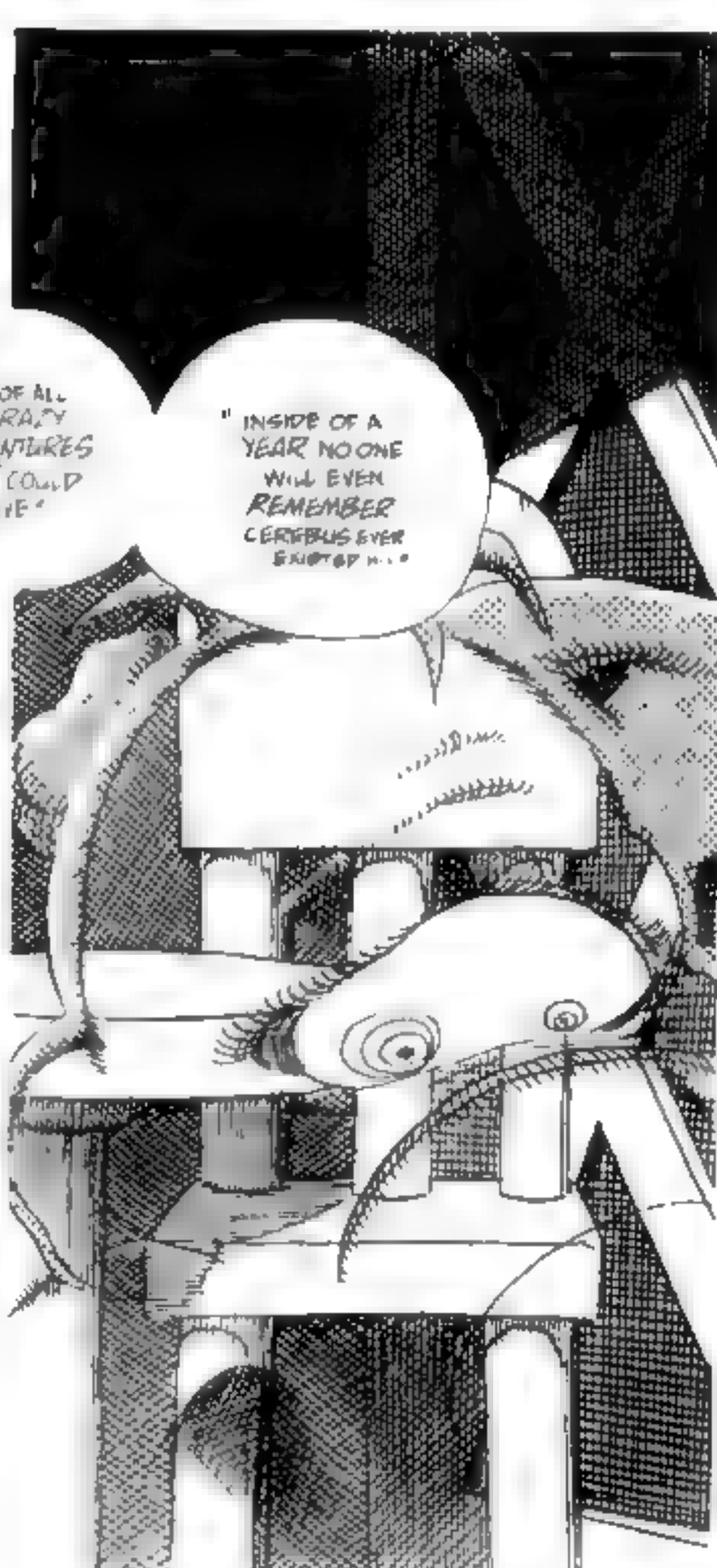
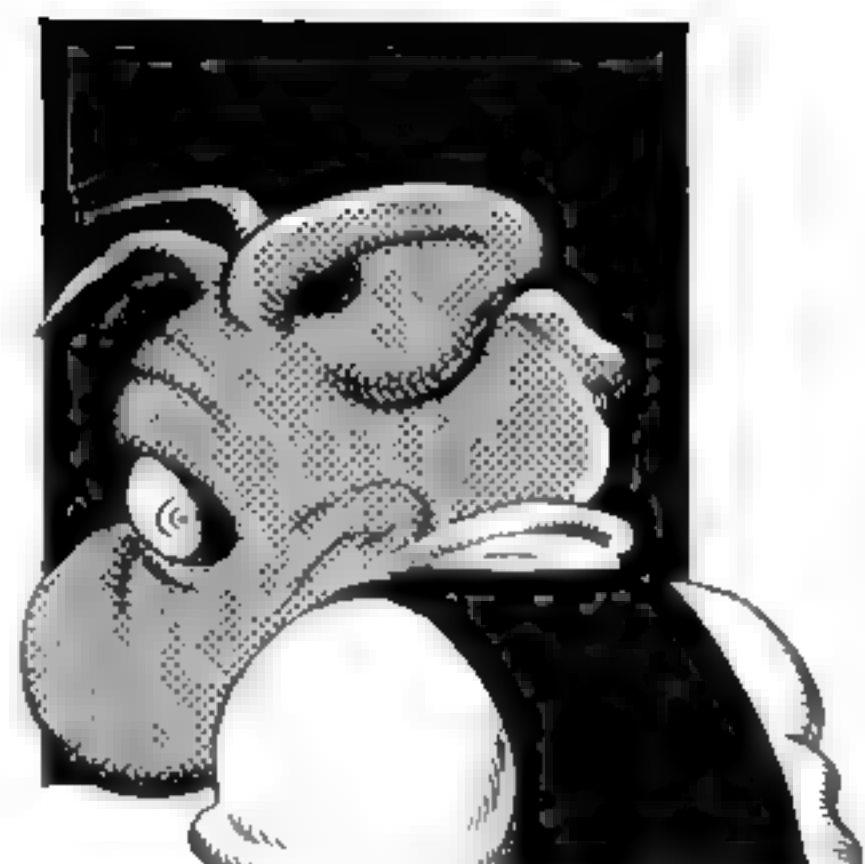
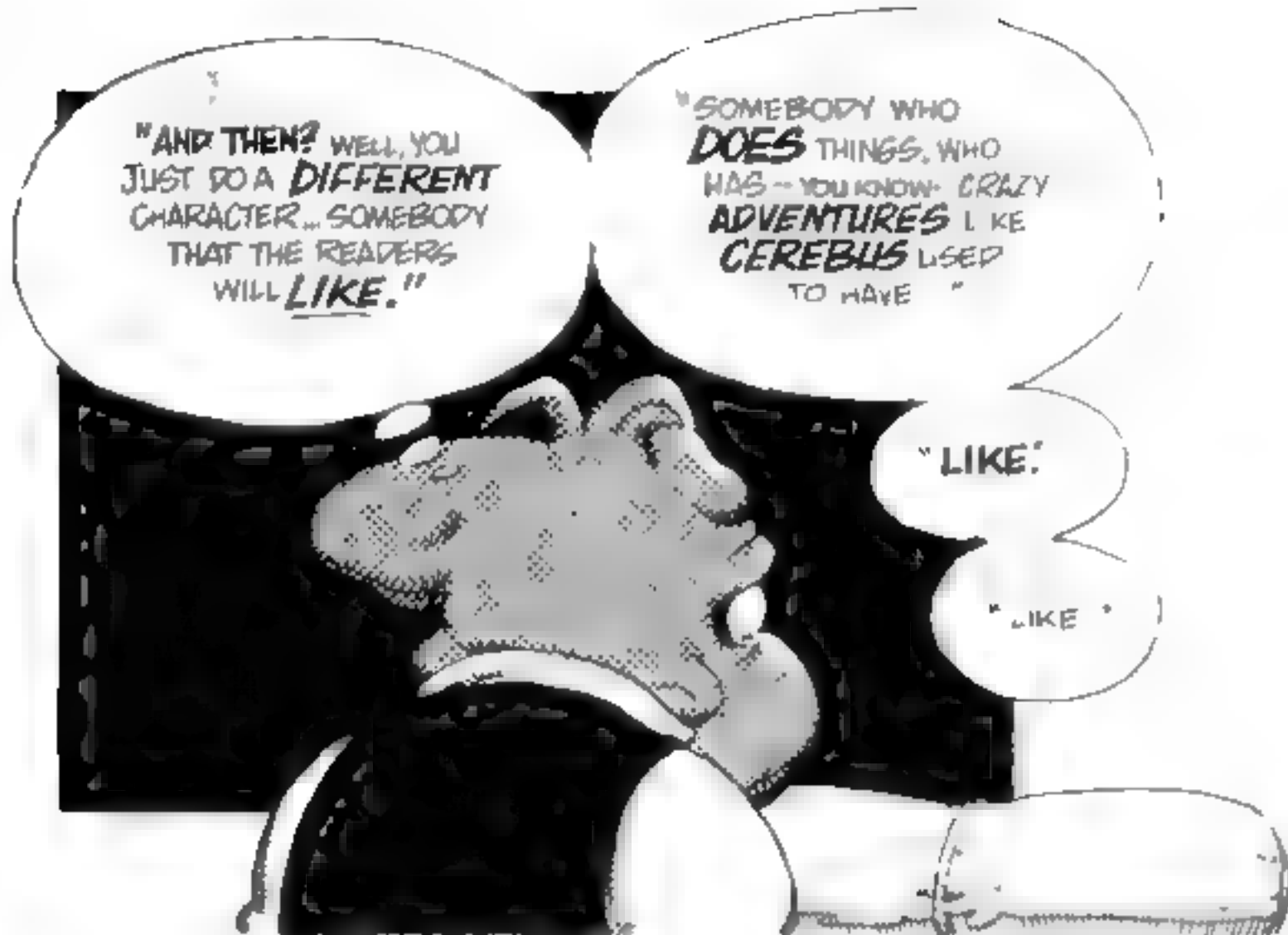
AND THE INFINITY SERPENT
GETS CEREBUS IN ITS
COILS AND TRAPS
CEREBUS JUST AS
DAVE HITS BACK IN!

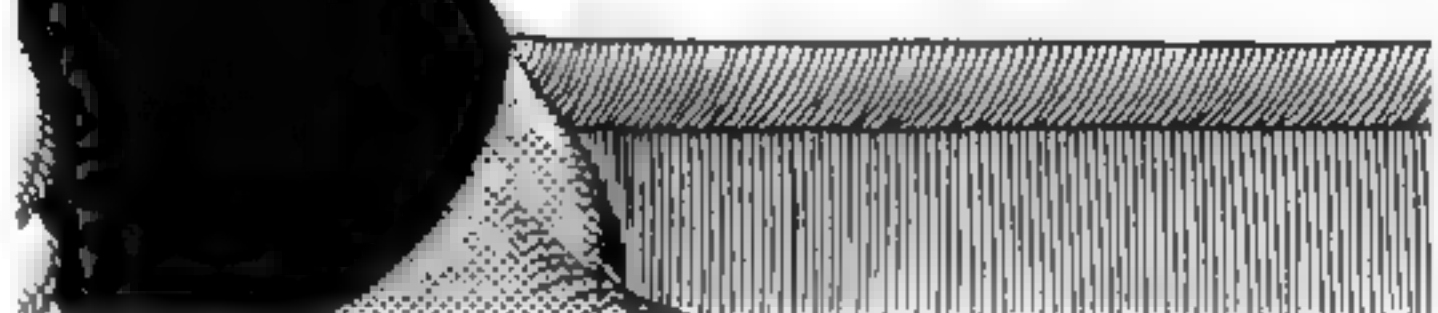
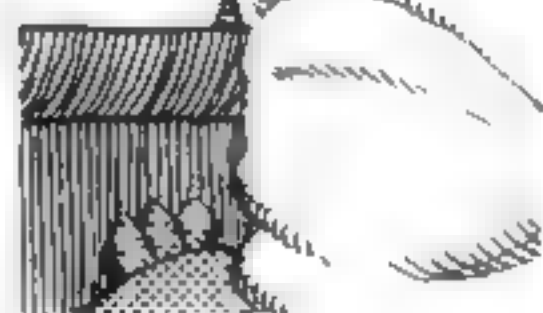
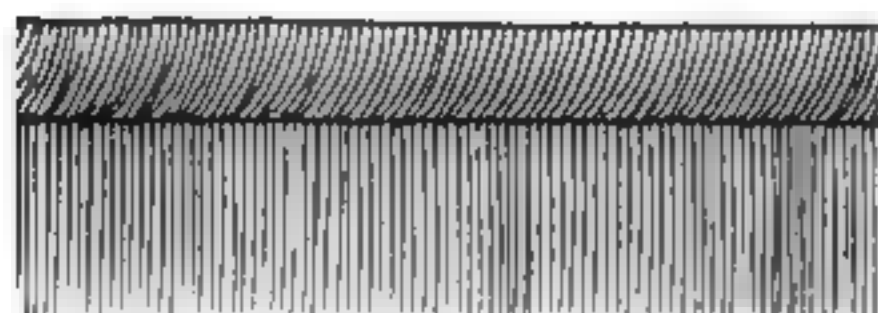
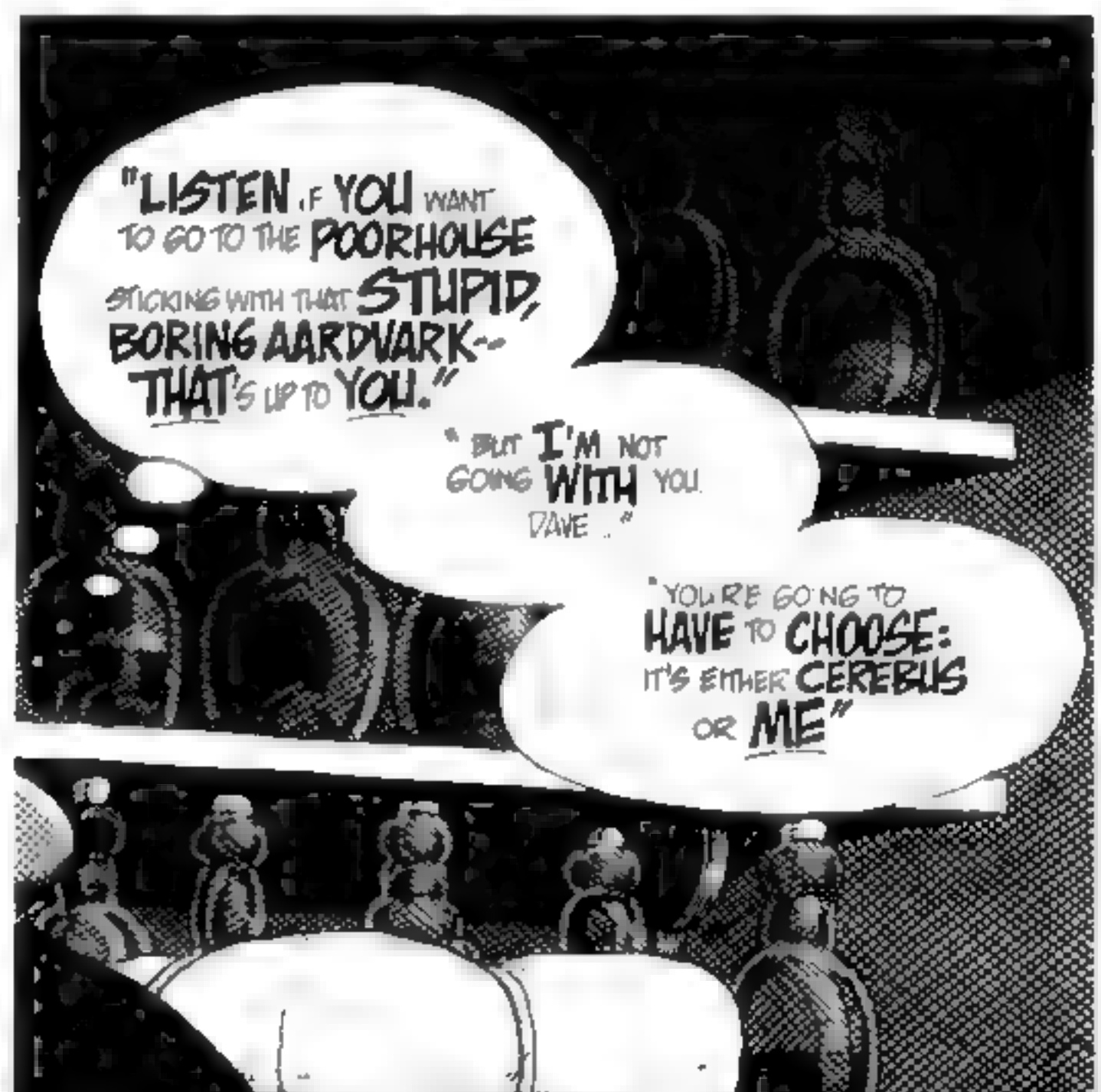
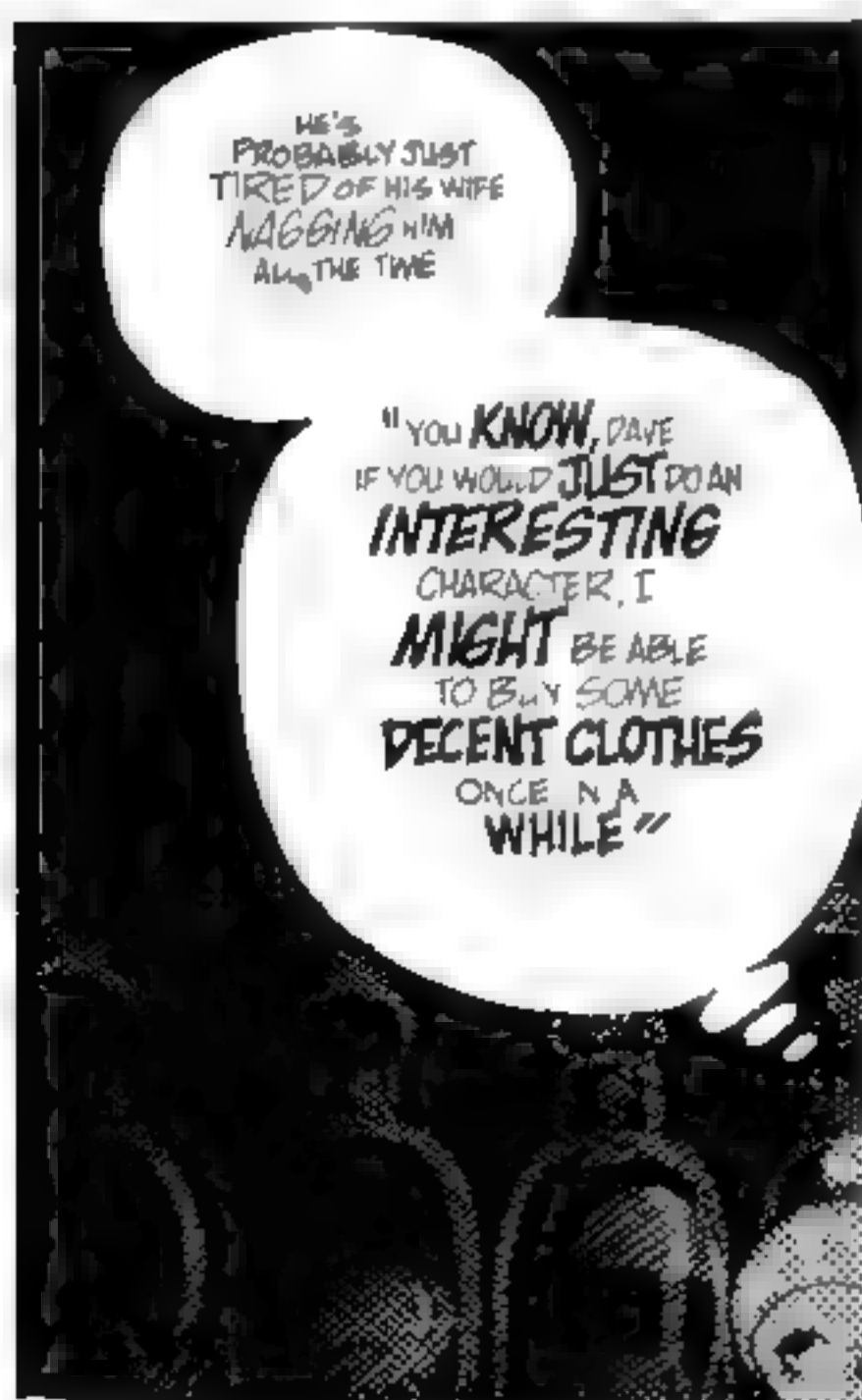
AND DAVE GOES: WAHAA!!
YOU FOOL! YOU WEREN'T
SUPPOSED TO OPEN IT!

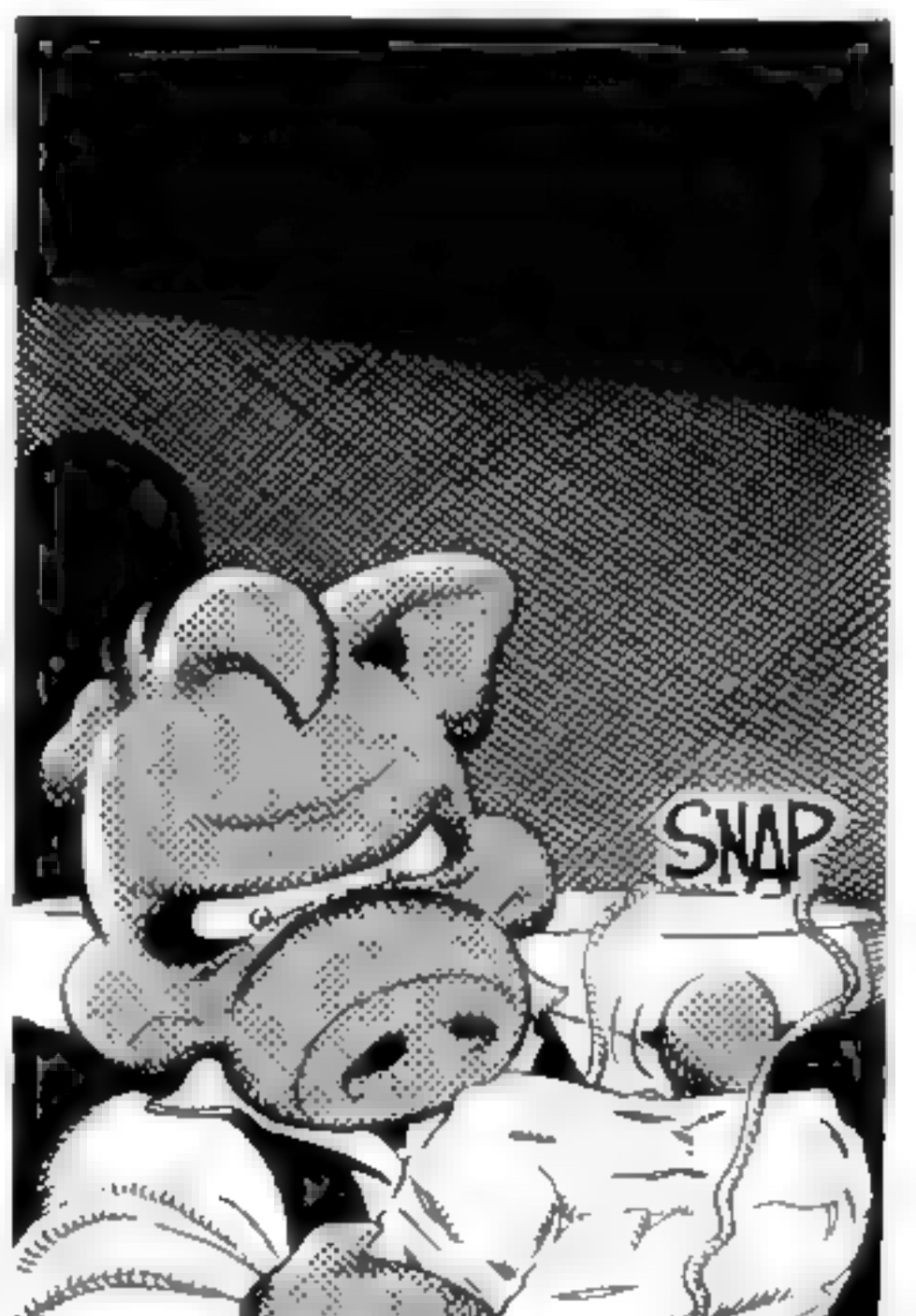
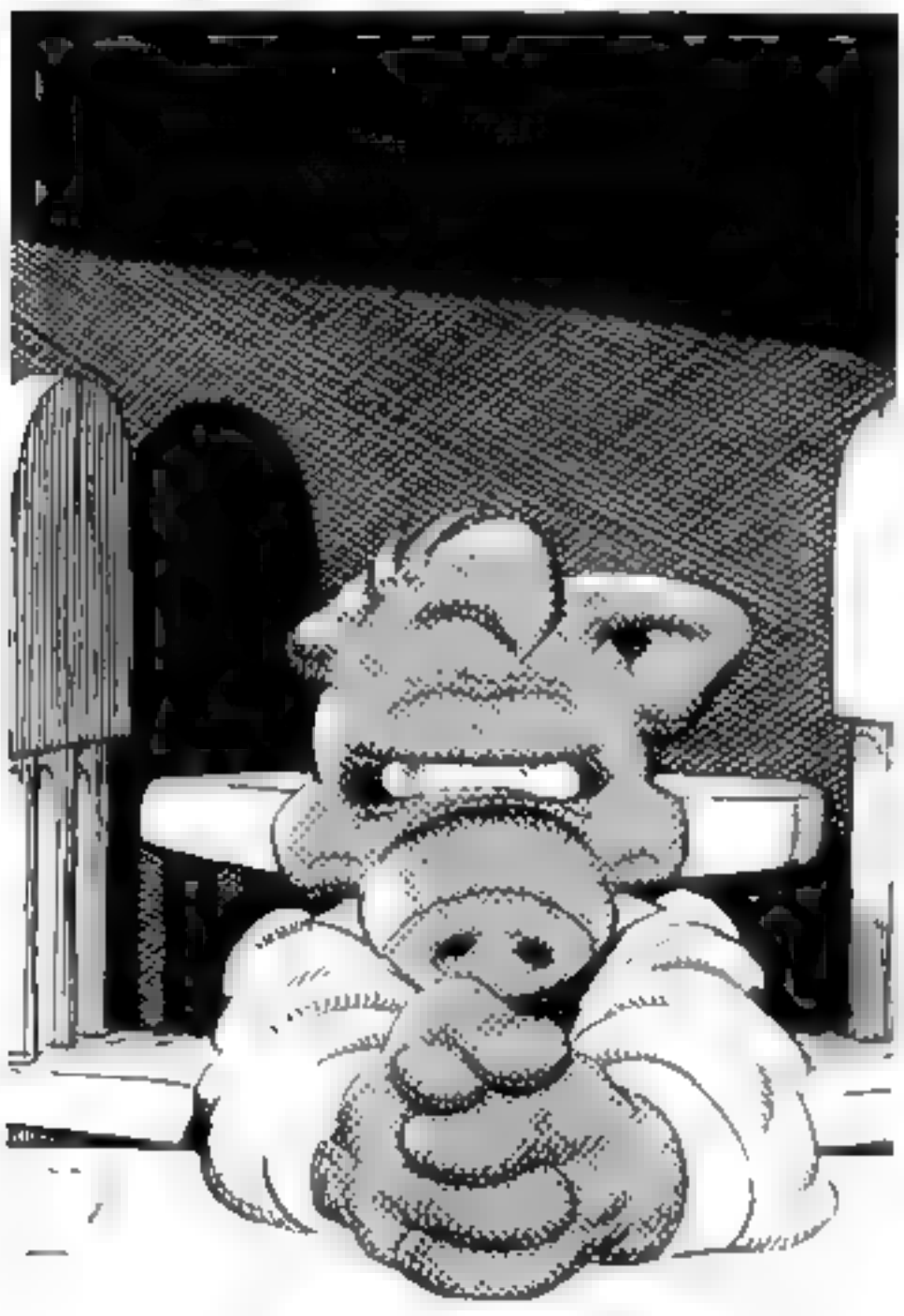
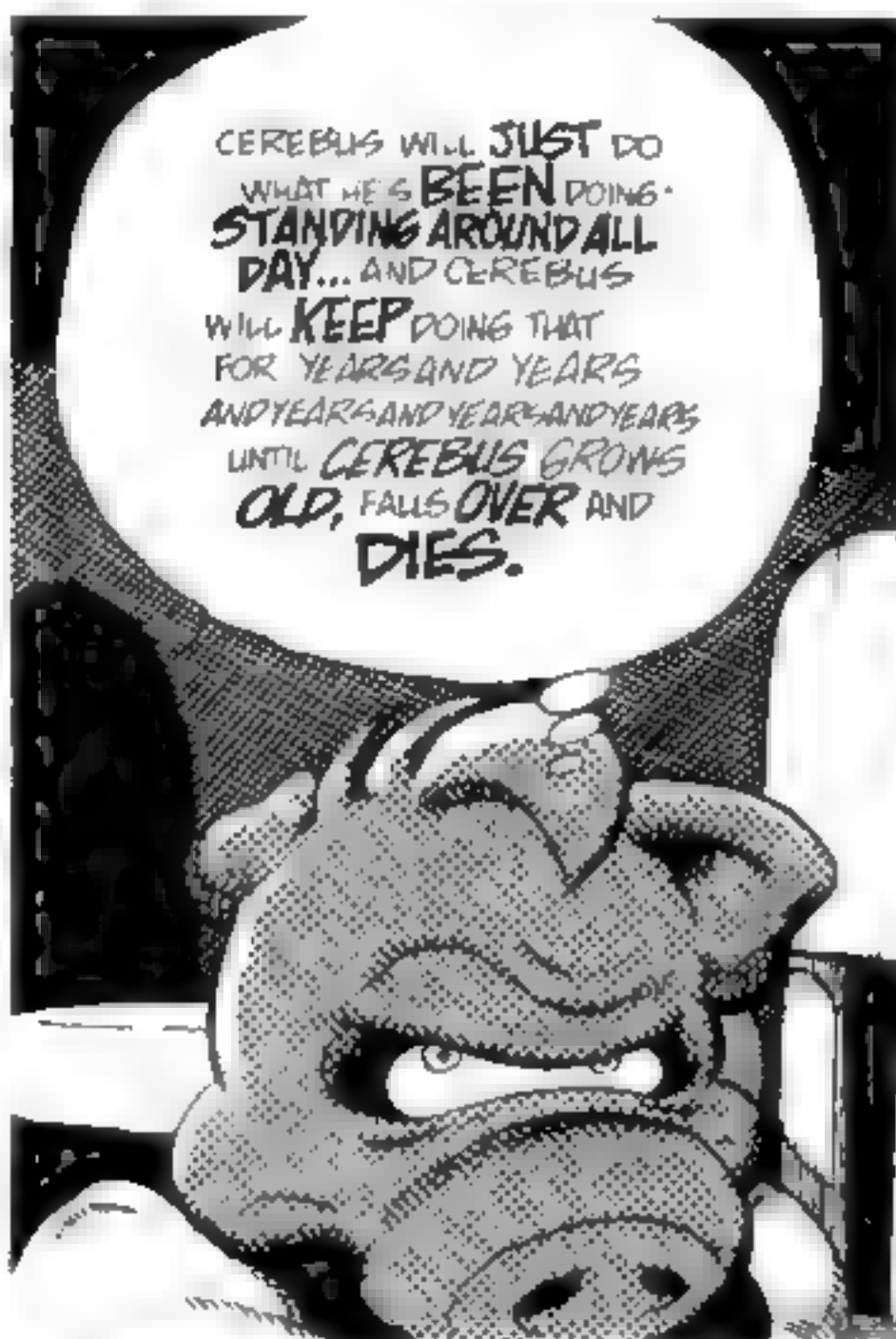
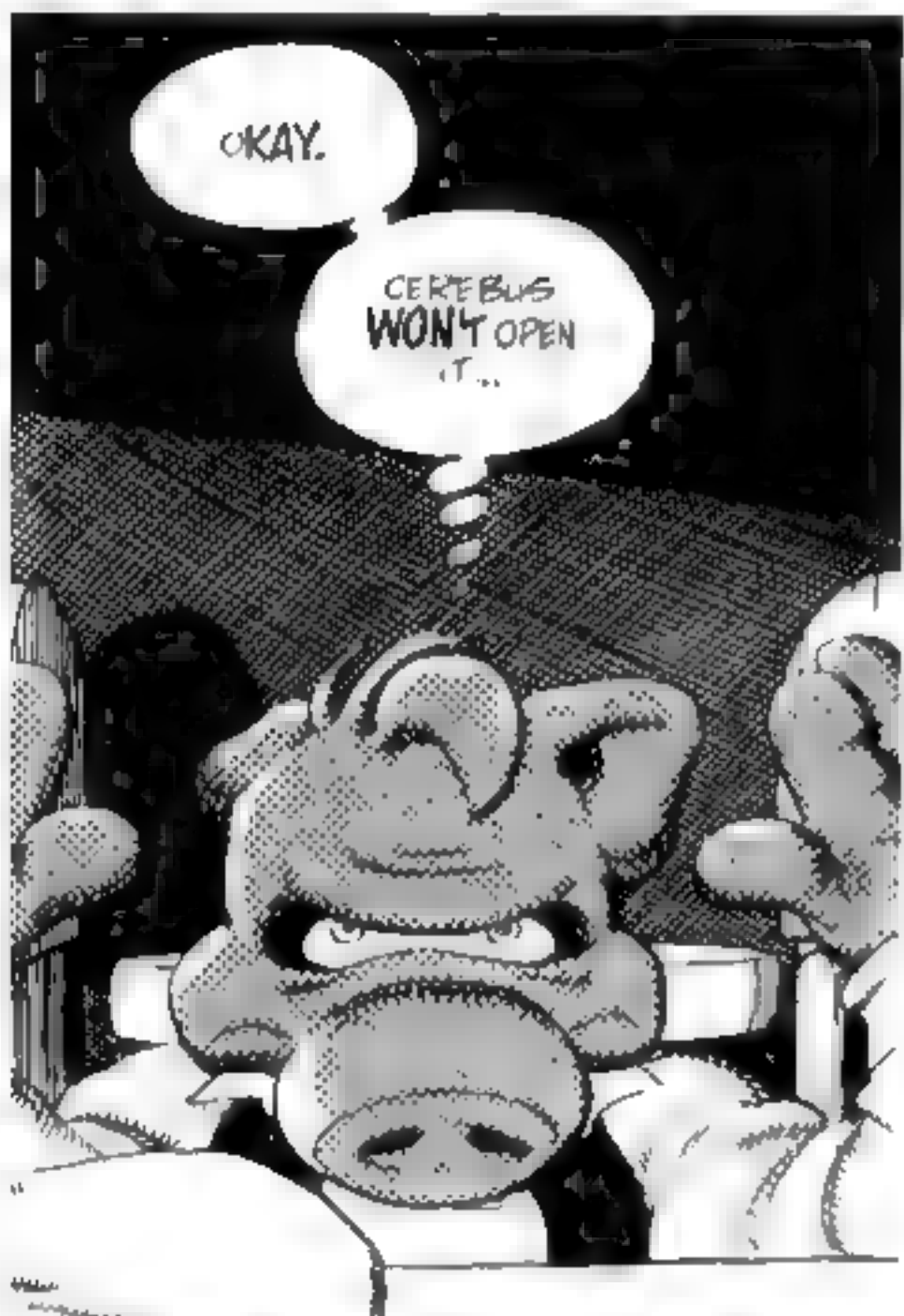
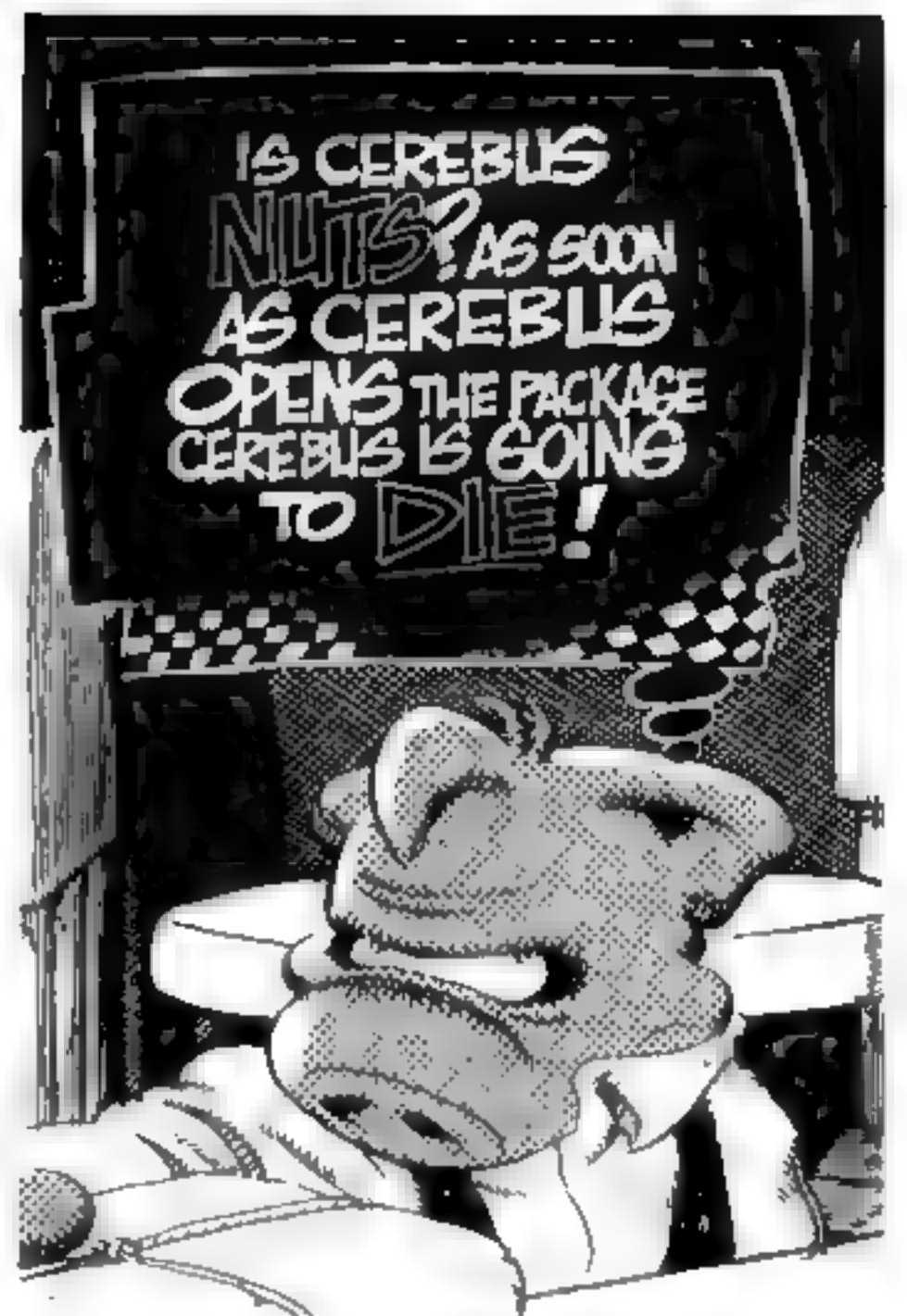
OR SOME
SHIT
LIKE THAT

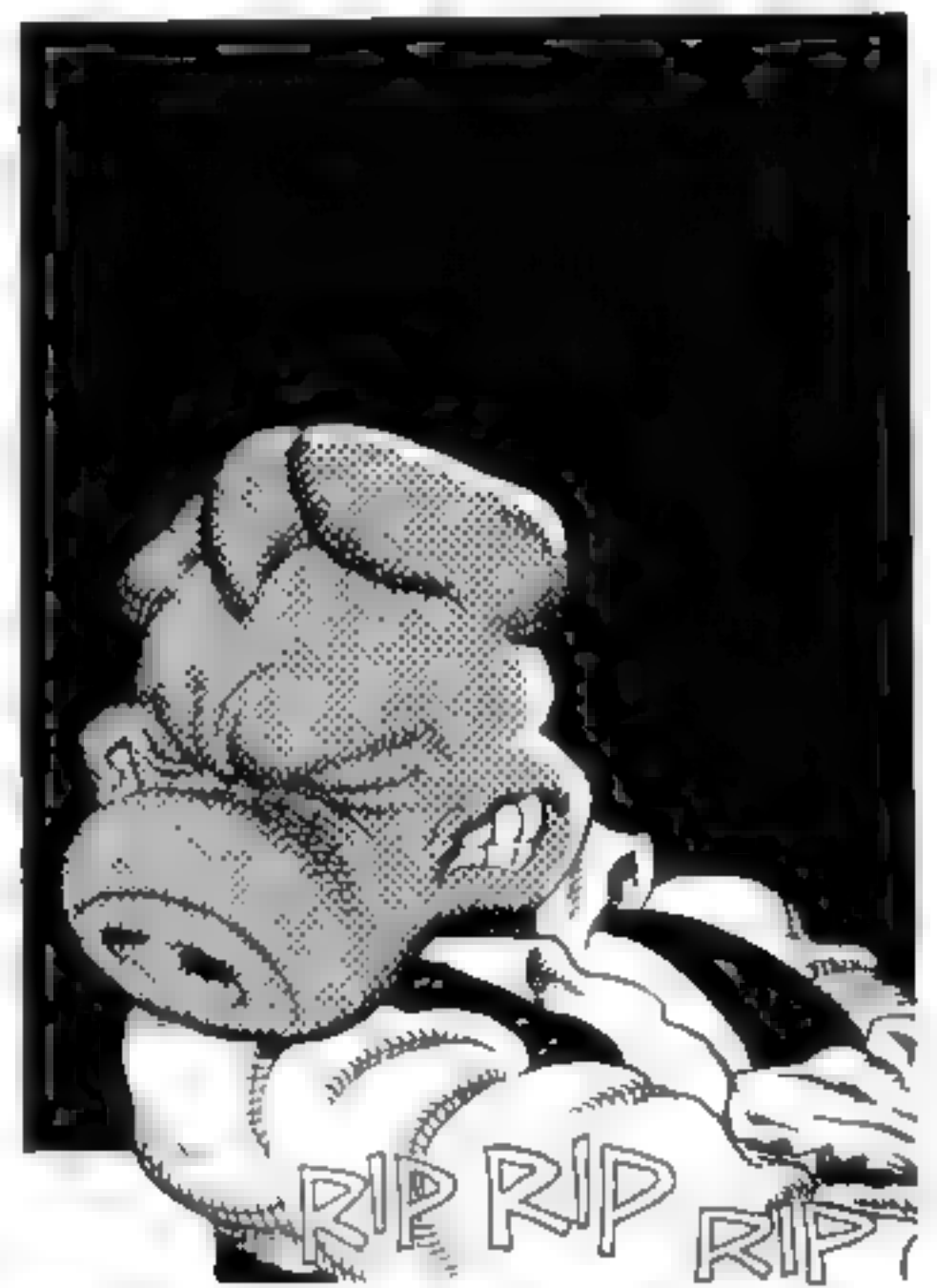


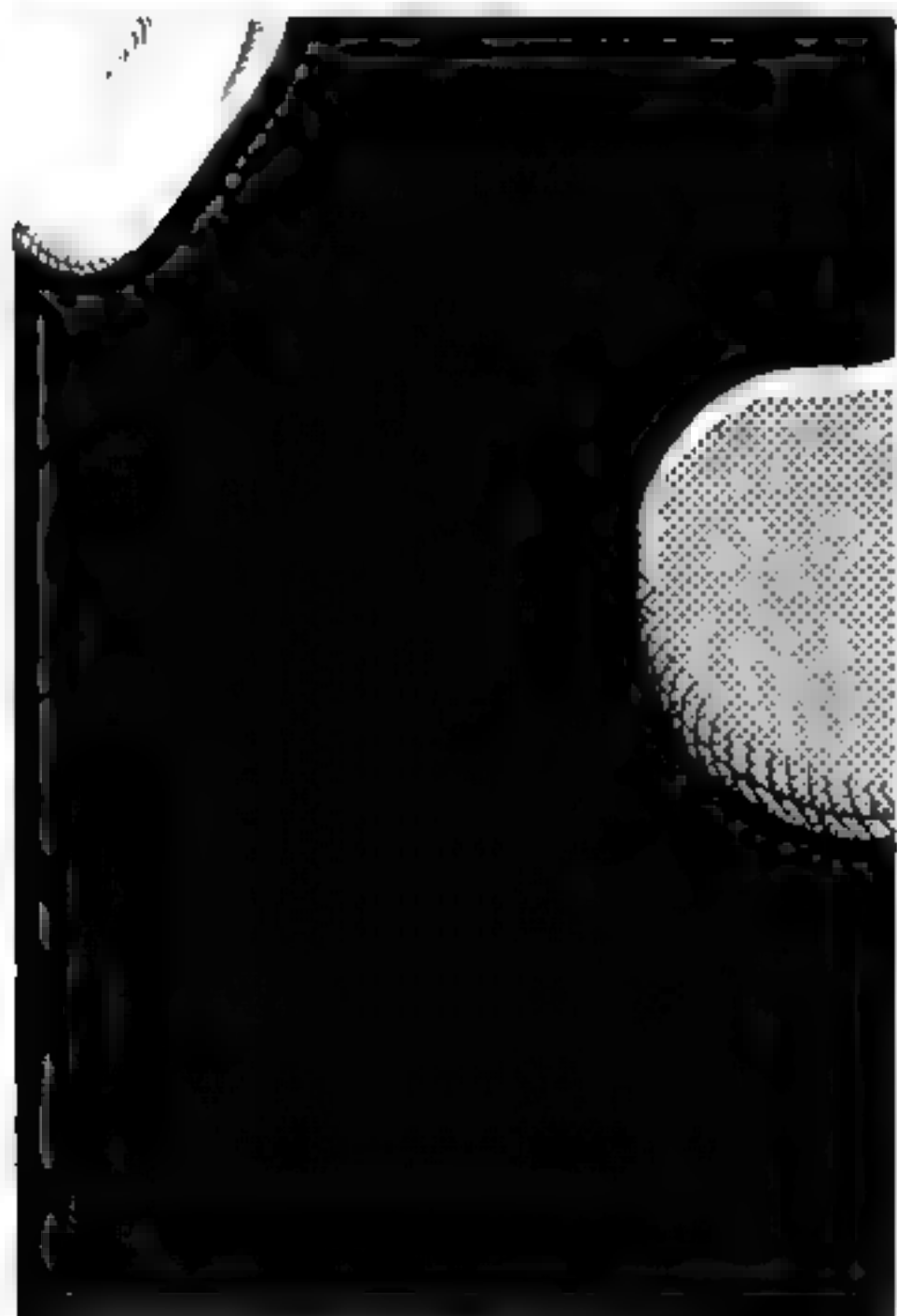
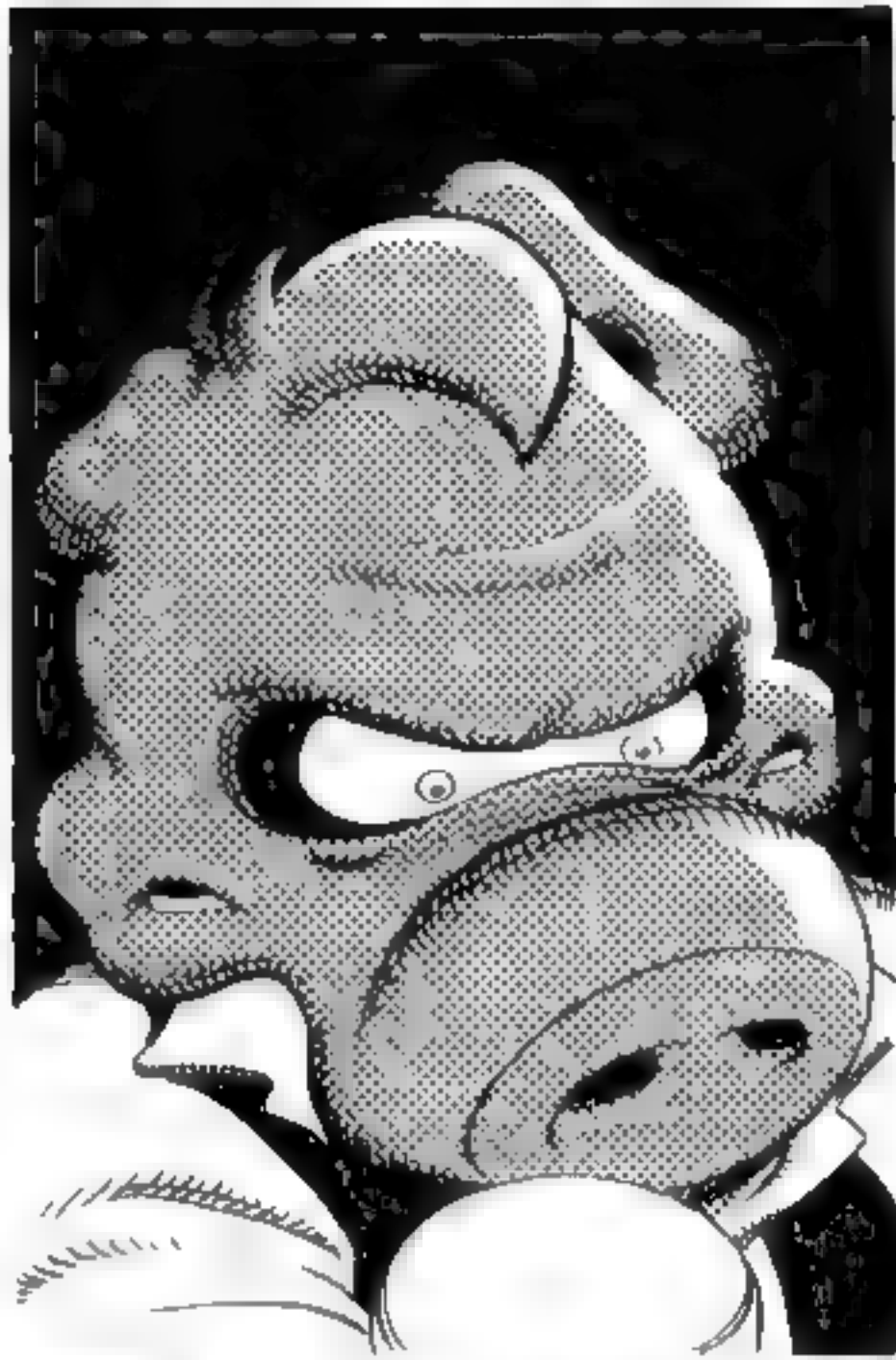




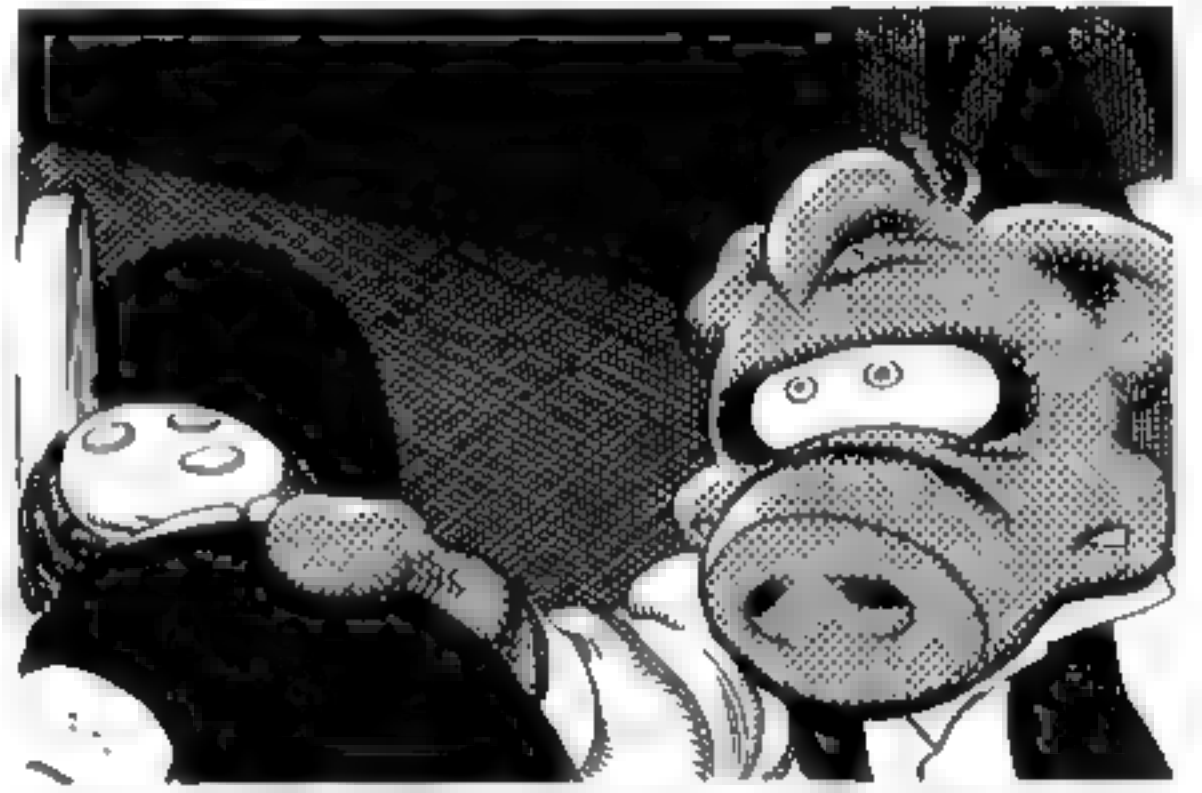
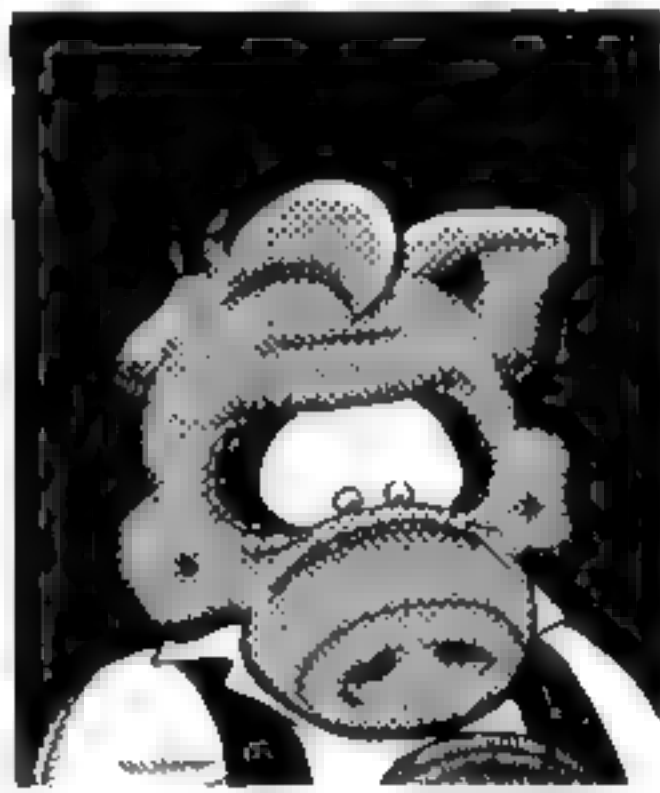
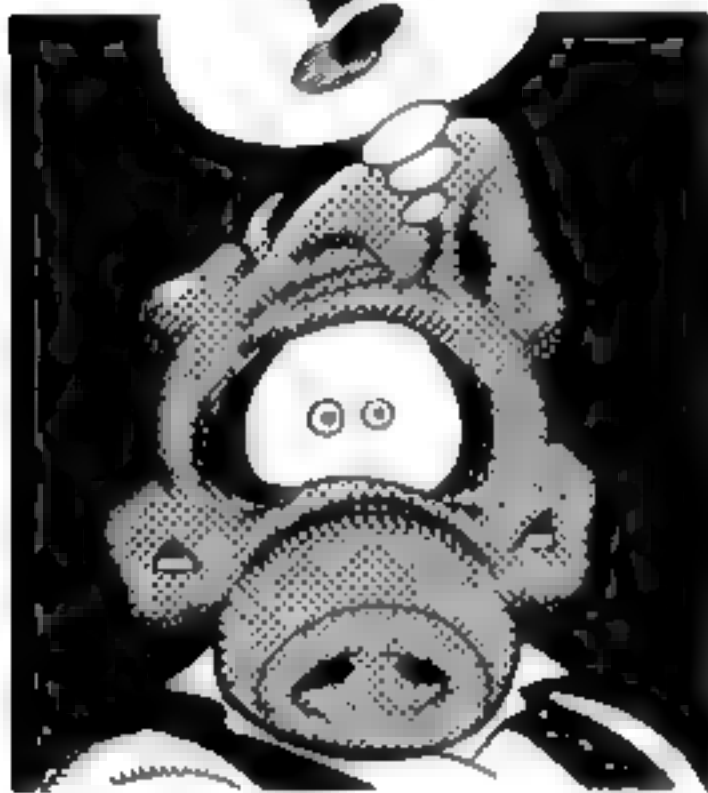




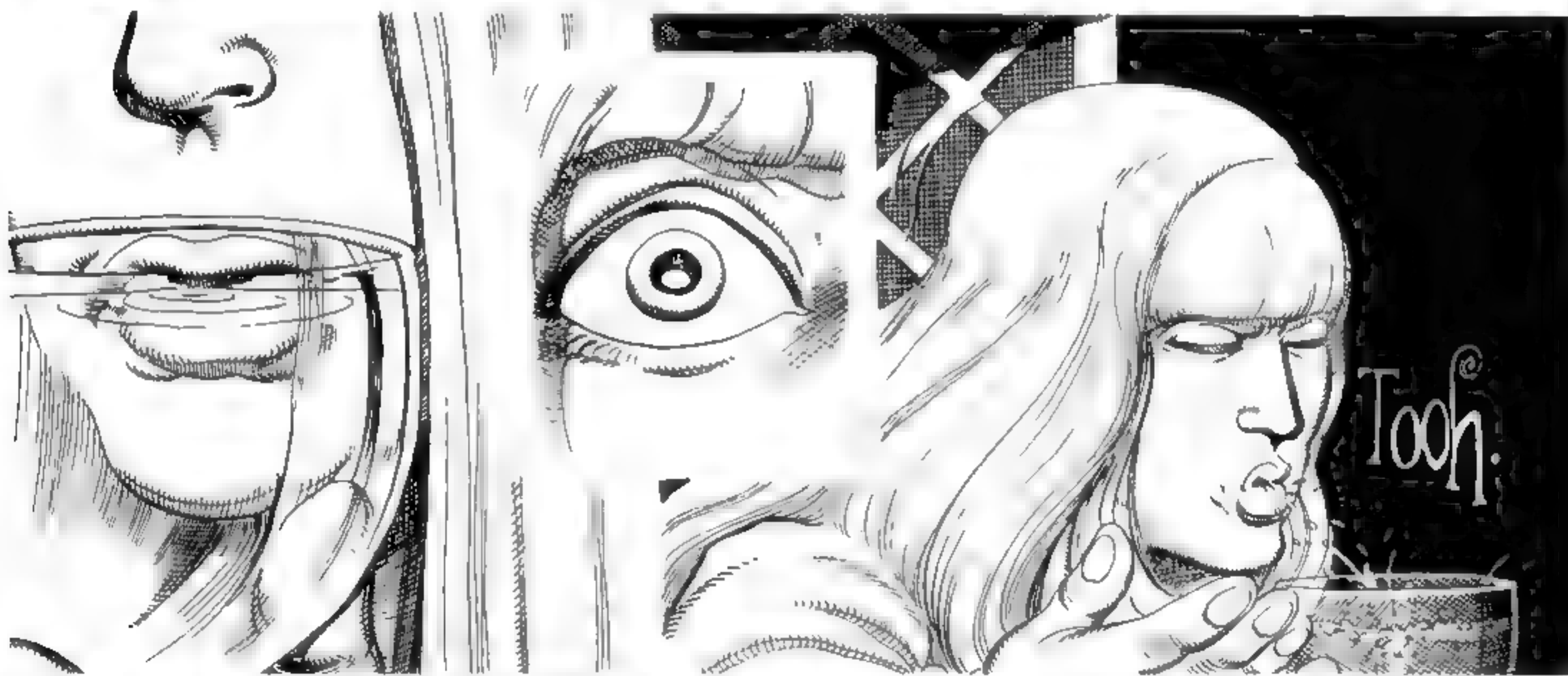


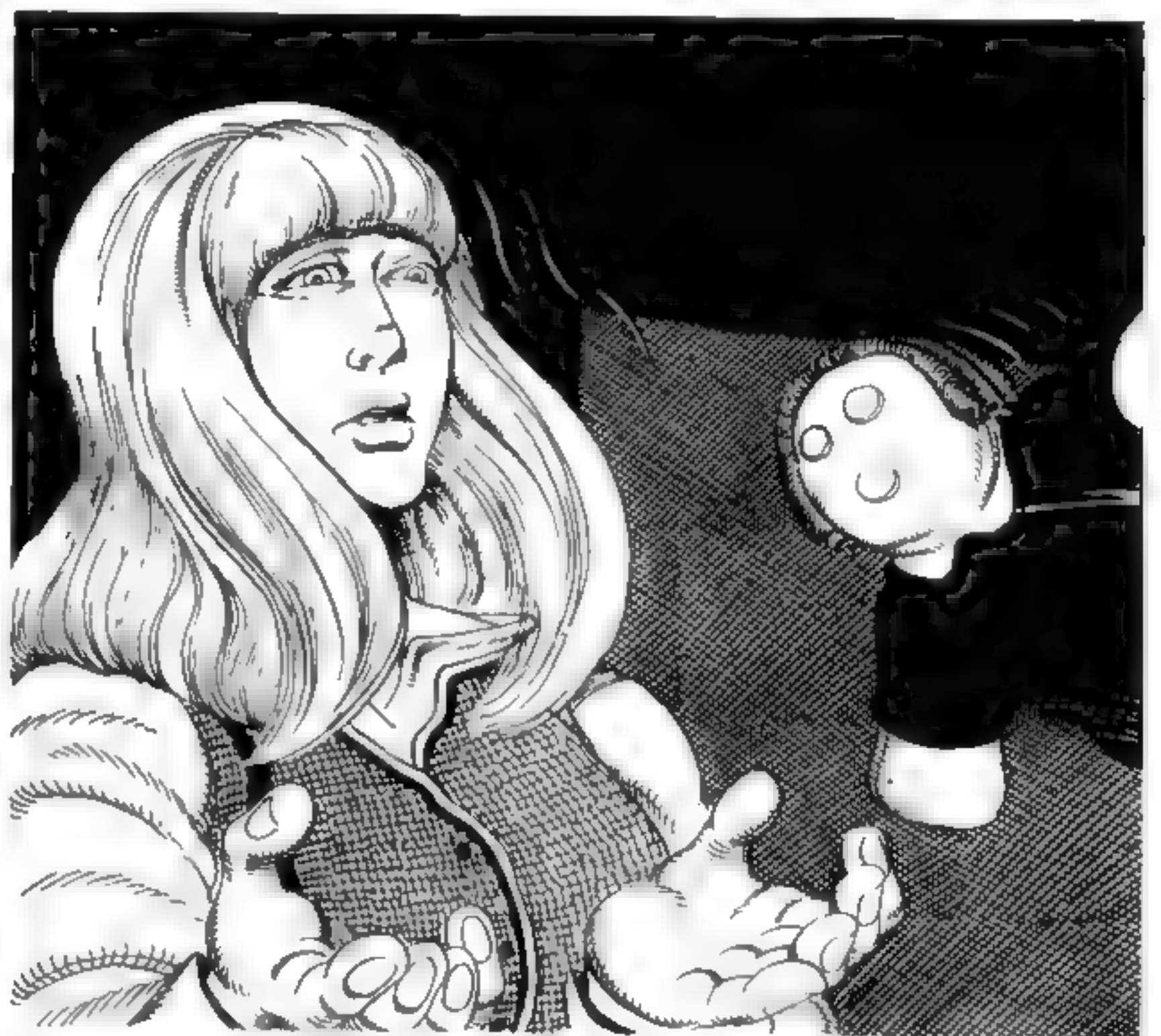
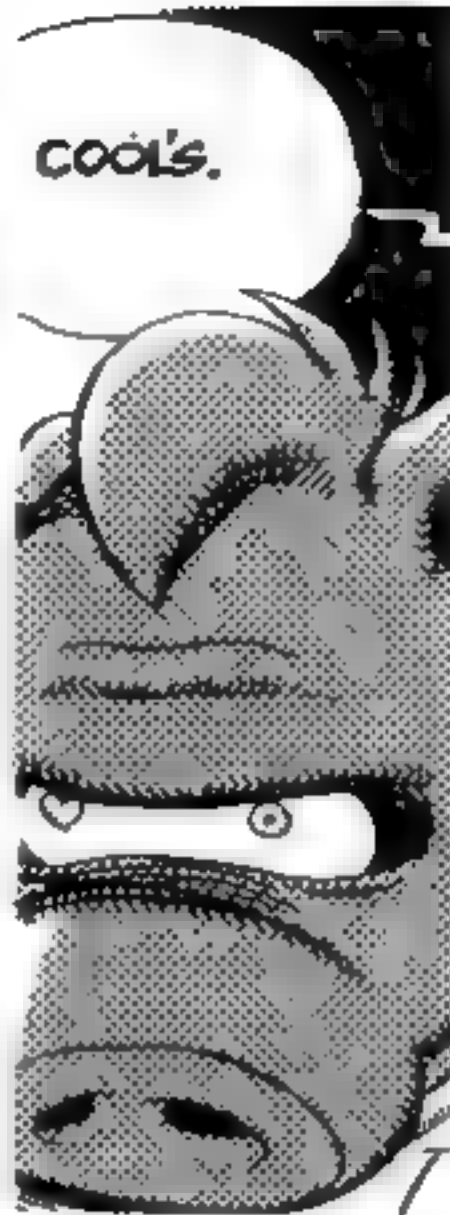






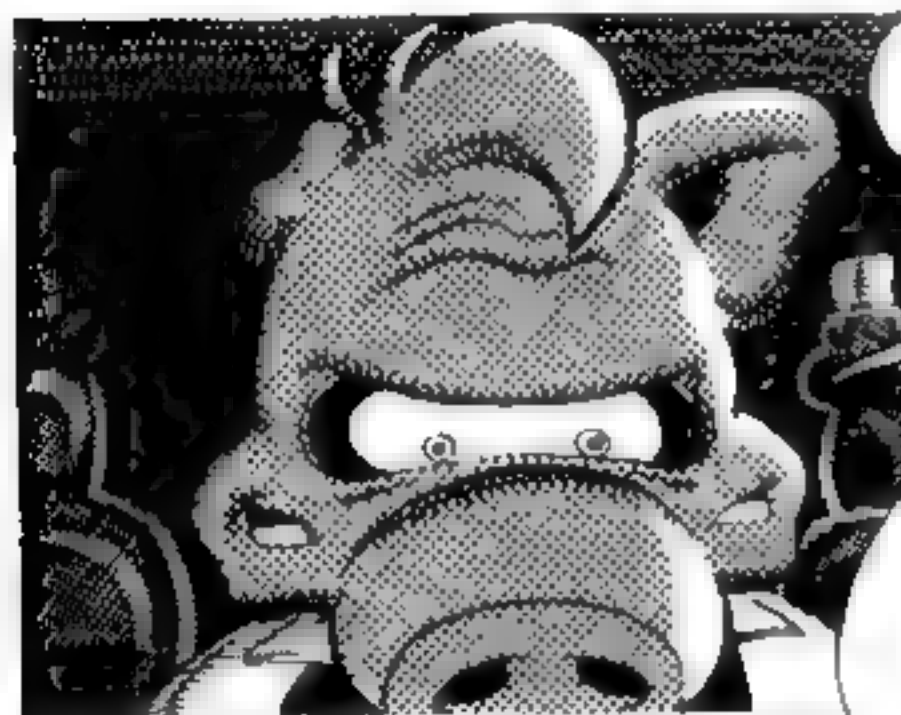












THERE WAS A FUNNY GLUY-- HEH.

MARTY

IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT-- SAY-- **METAL-WORKING**! HEH! MARTY WOULD SAY, "IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT AT ONE TIME I W



OH YOU'RE BAD

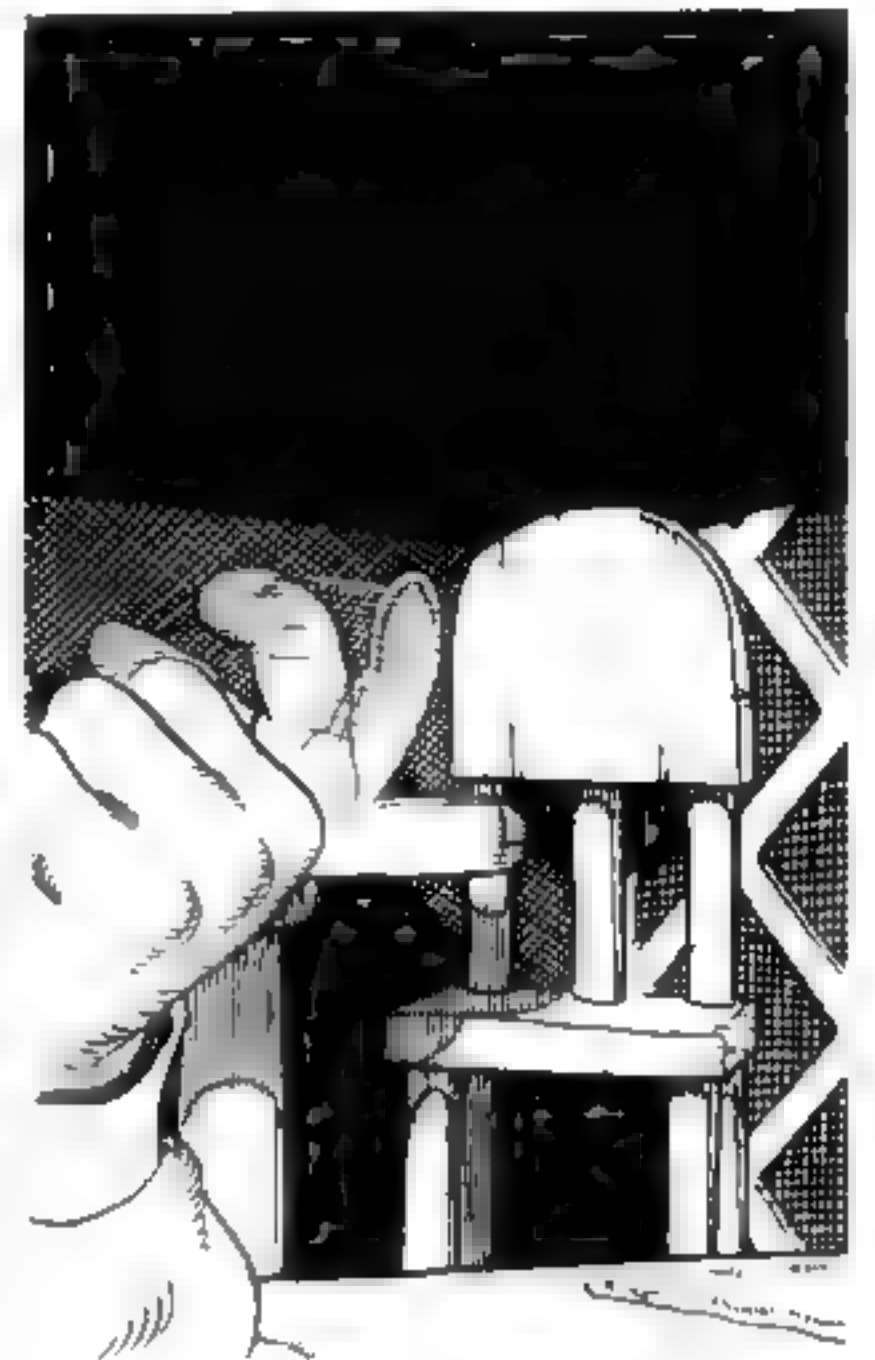
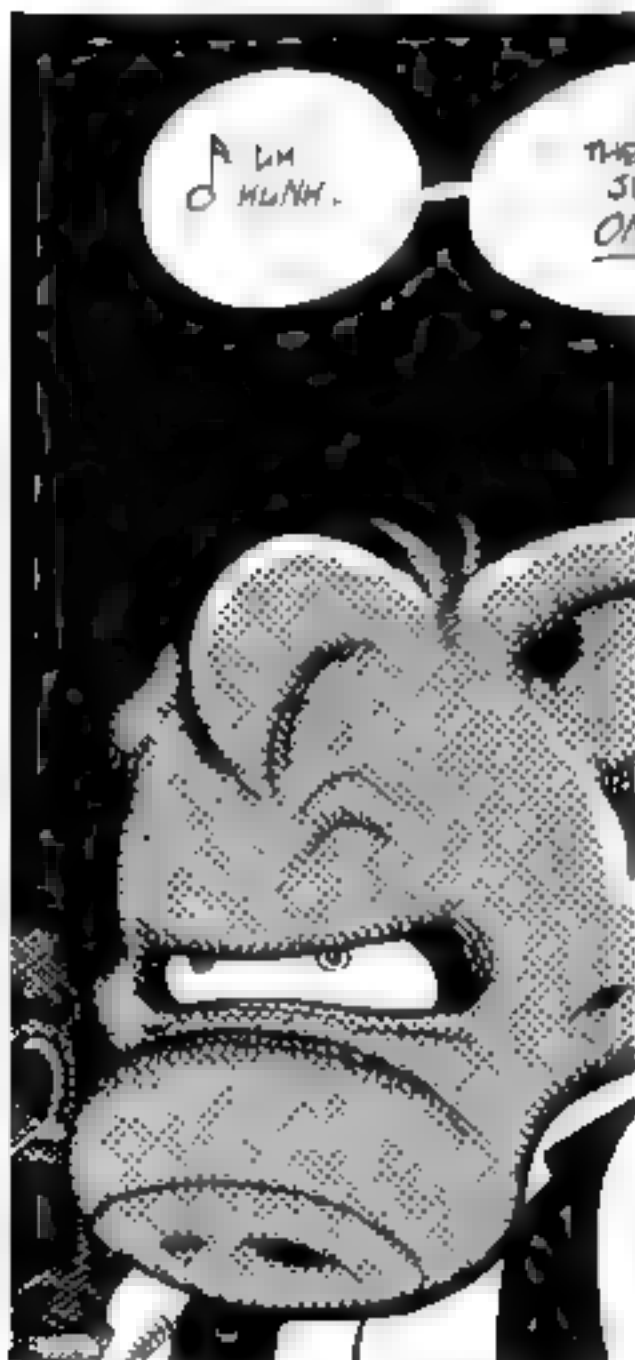
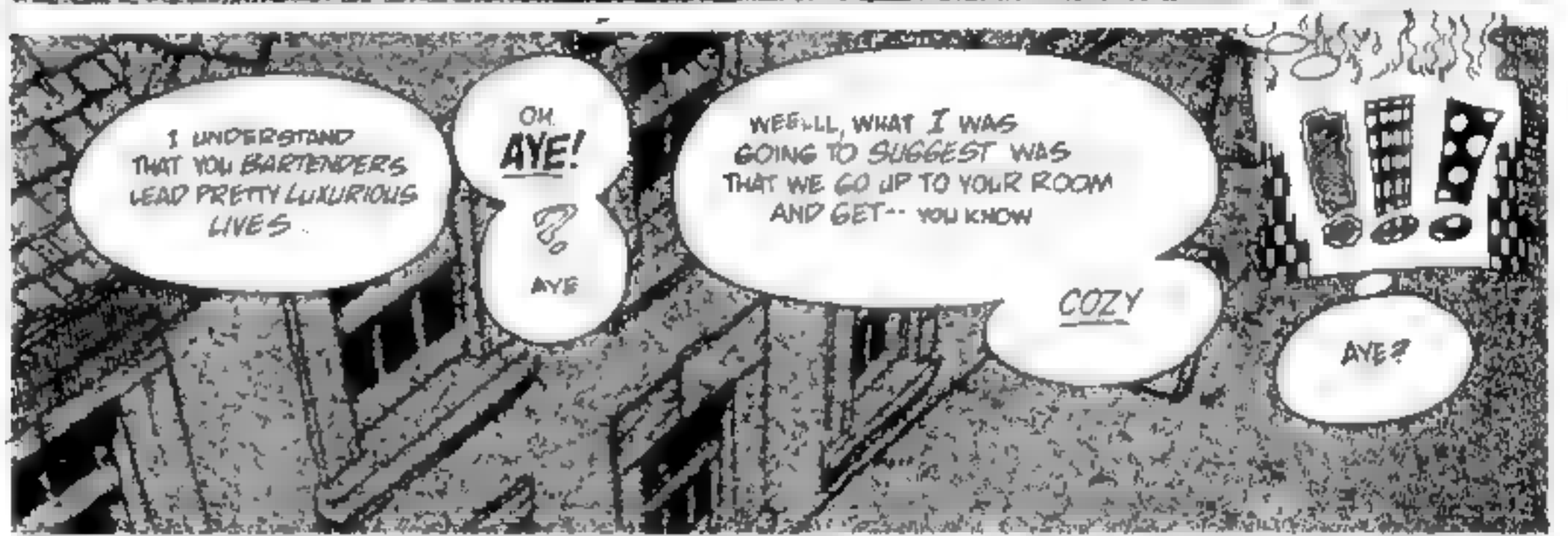
giggle

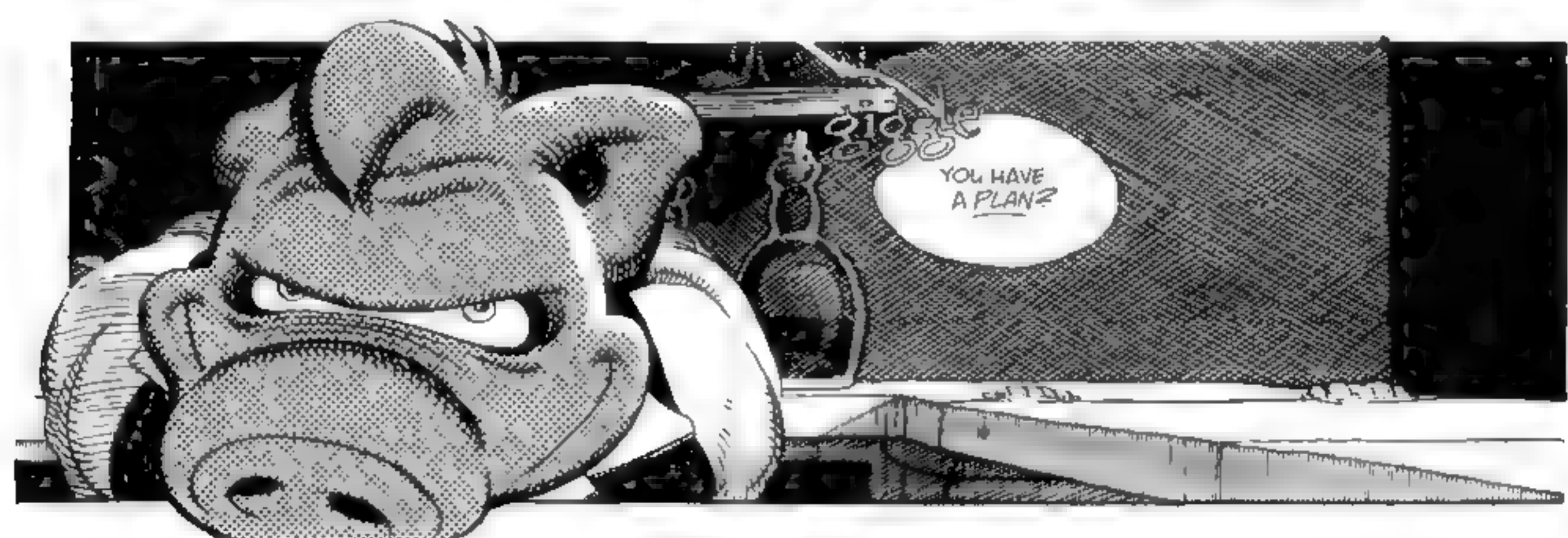
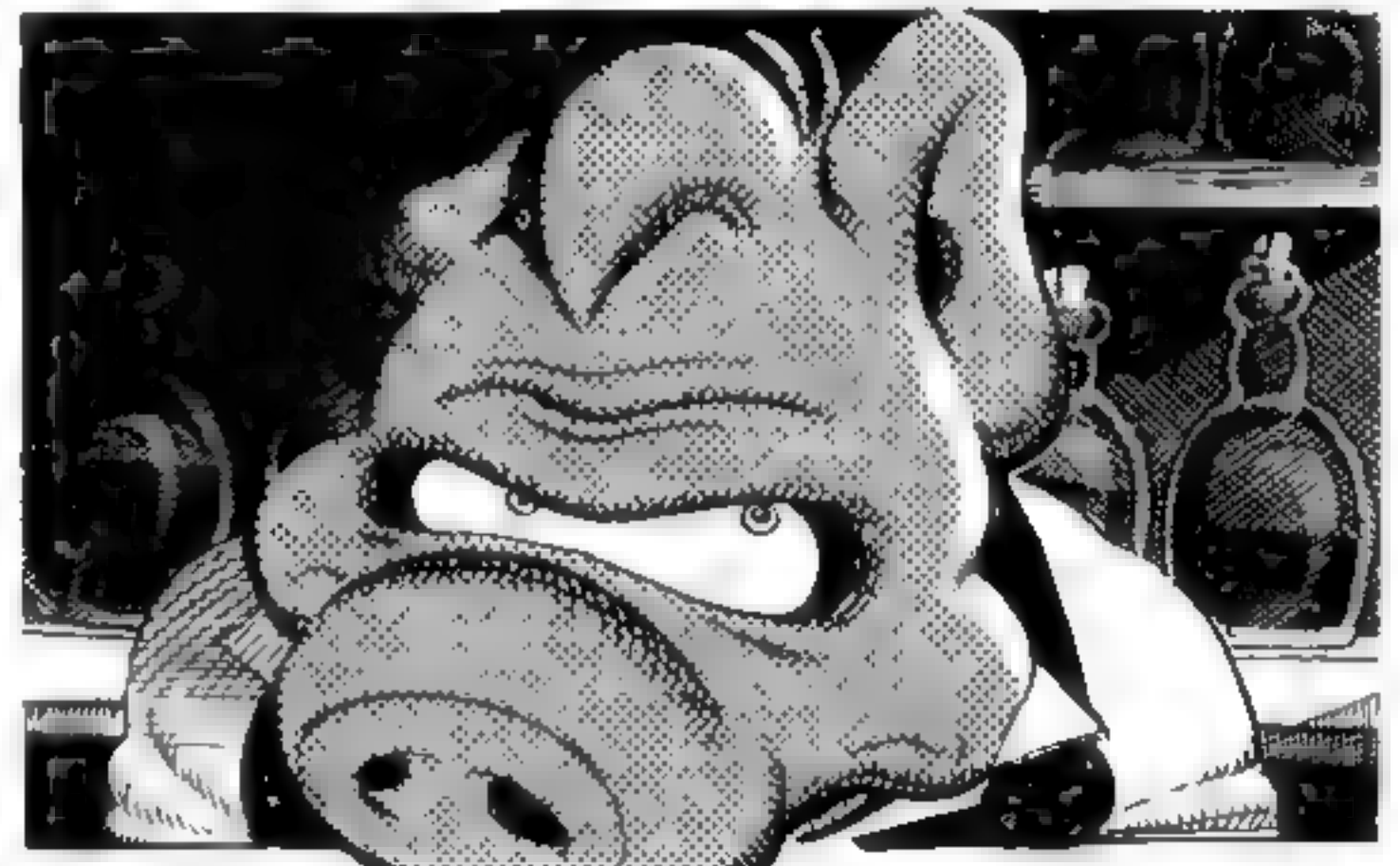
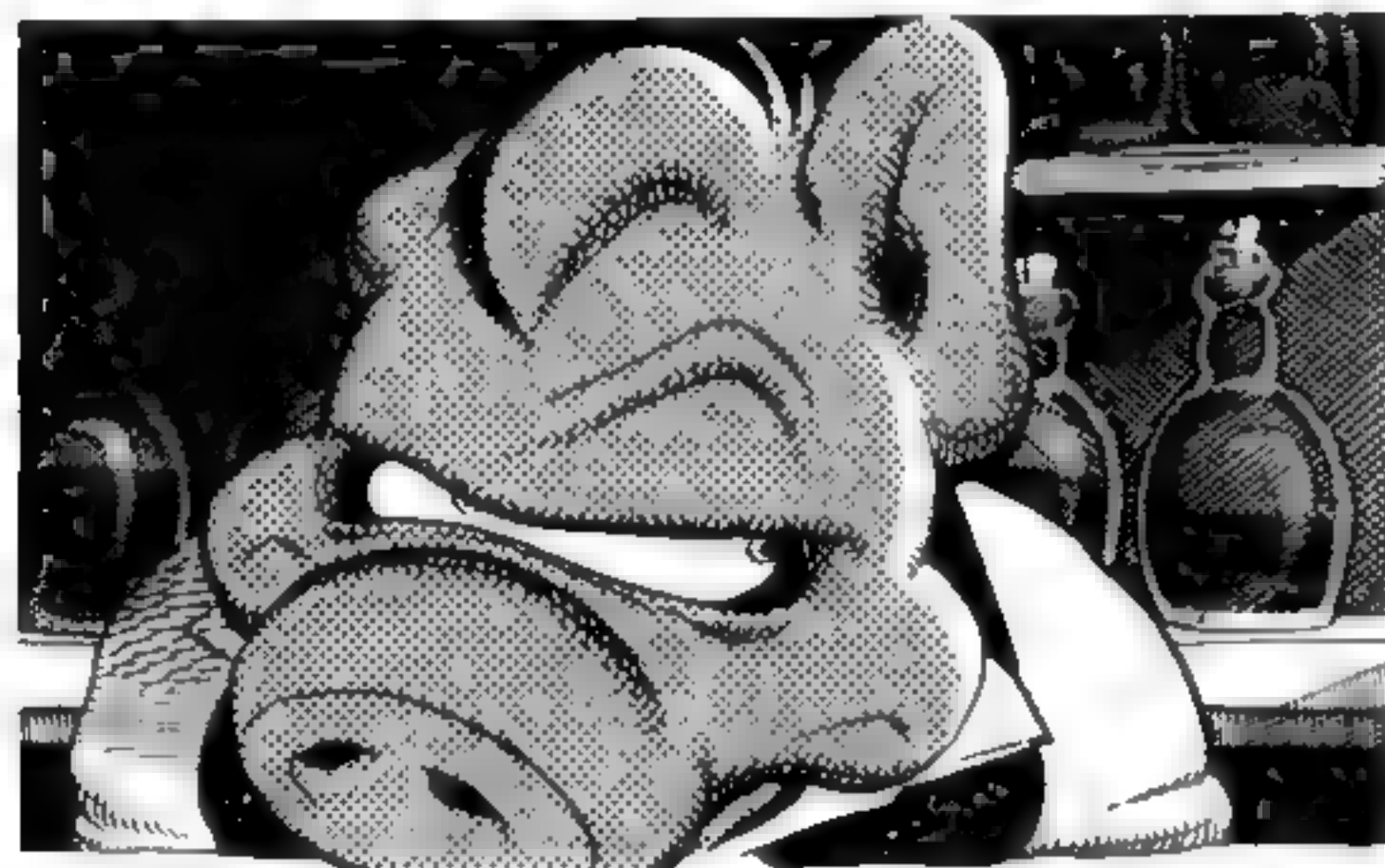
"THEN MARTY'S MARRIAGE IS FOR YOU"

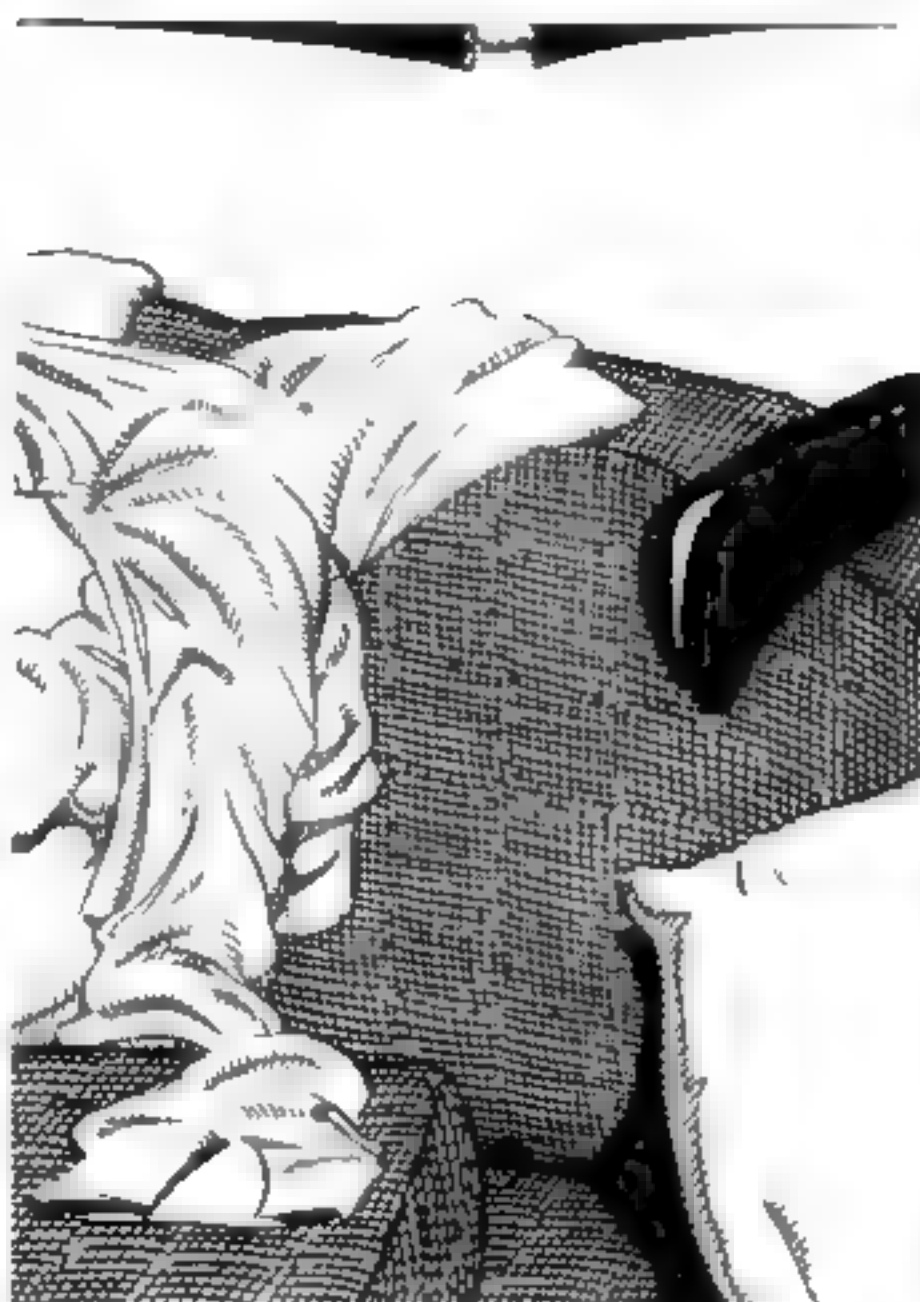
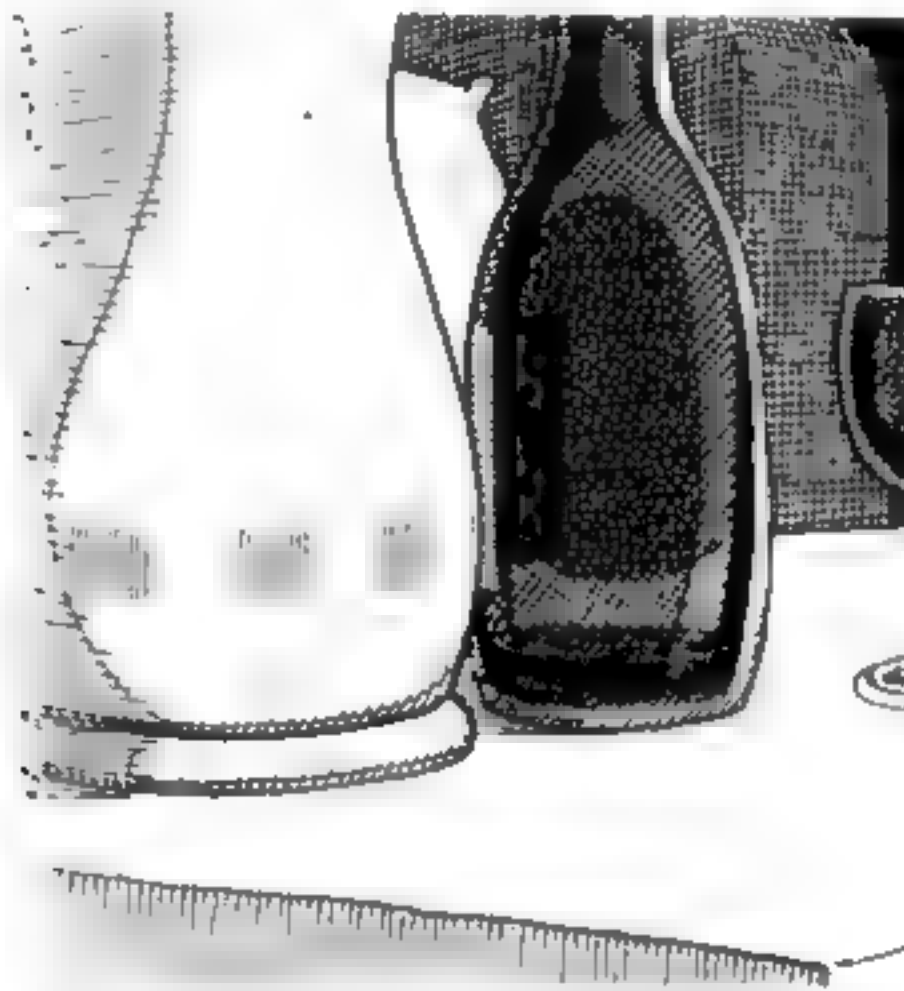
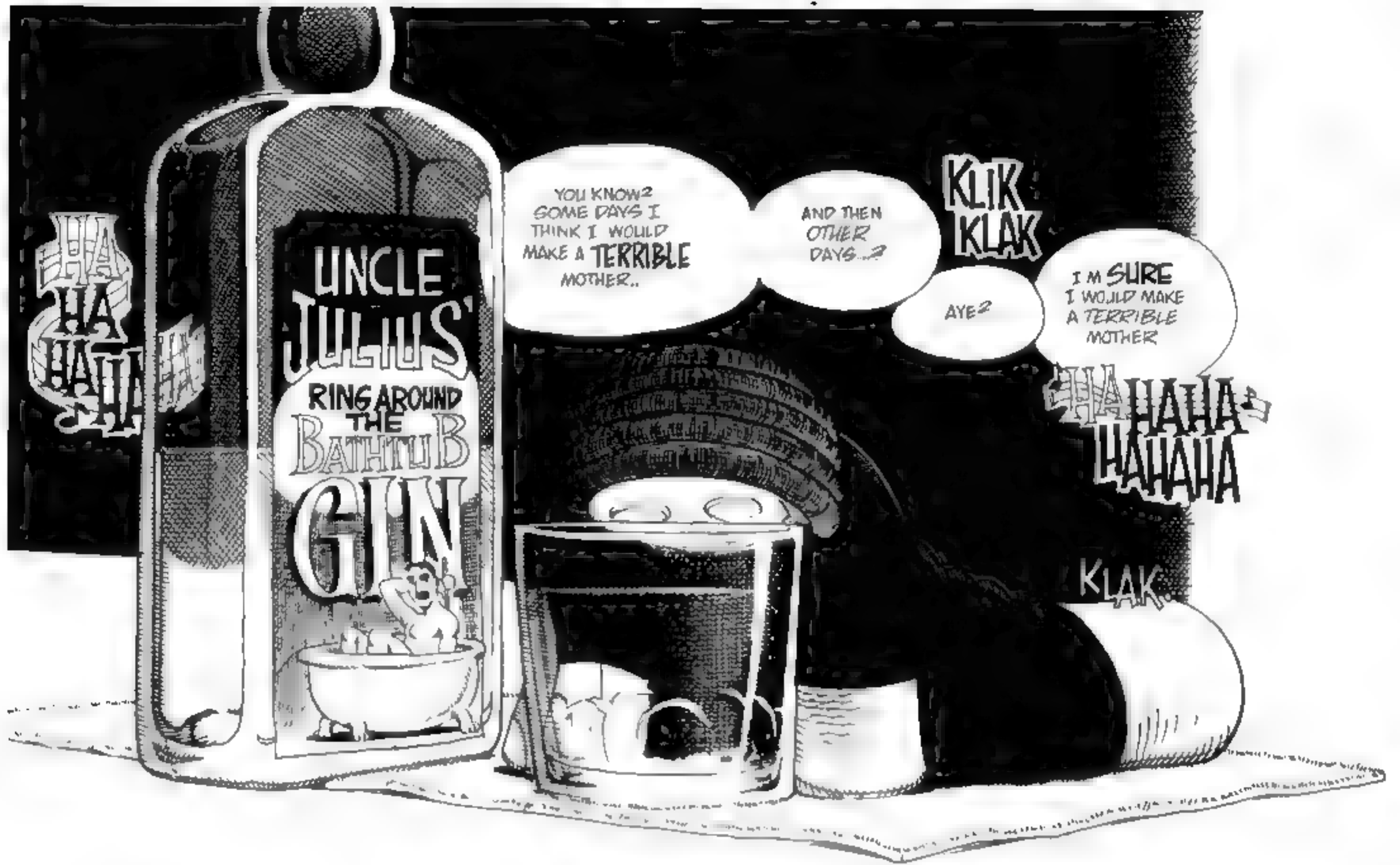


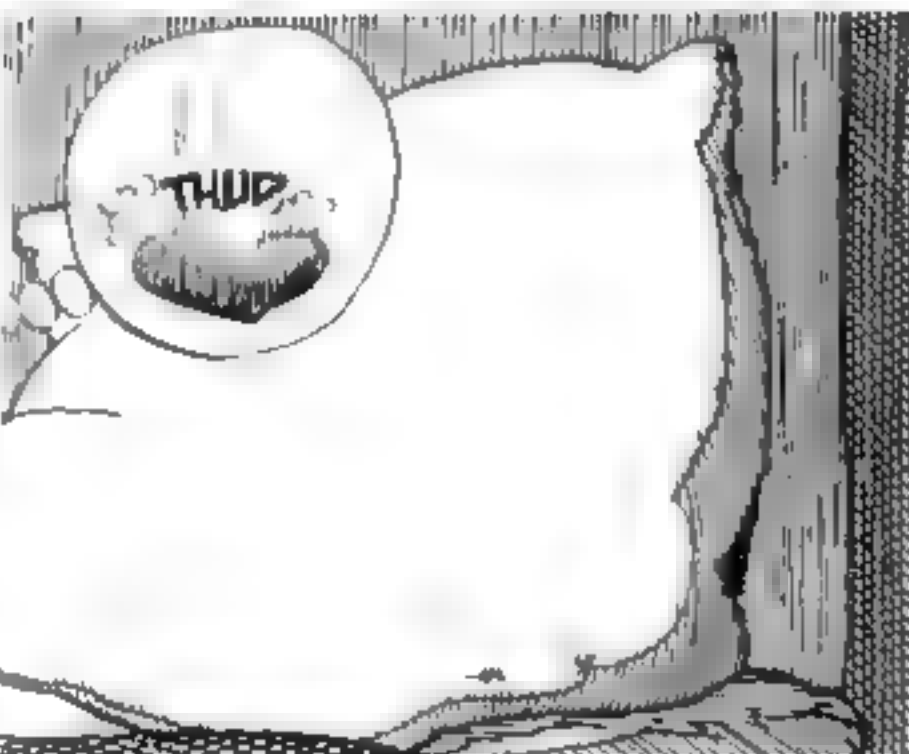
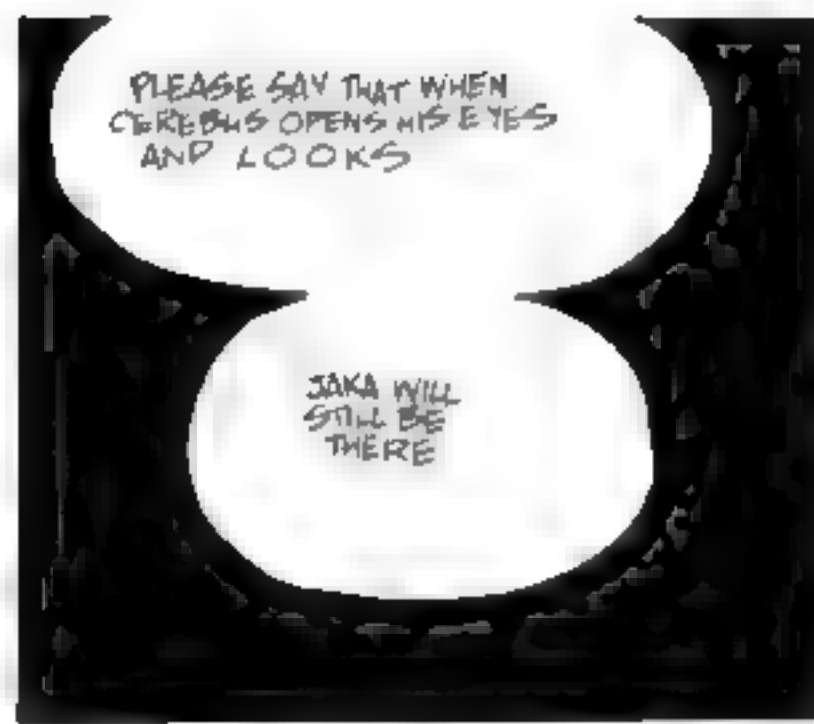
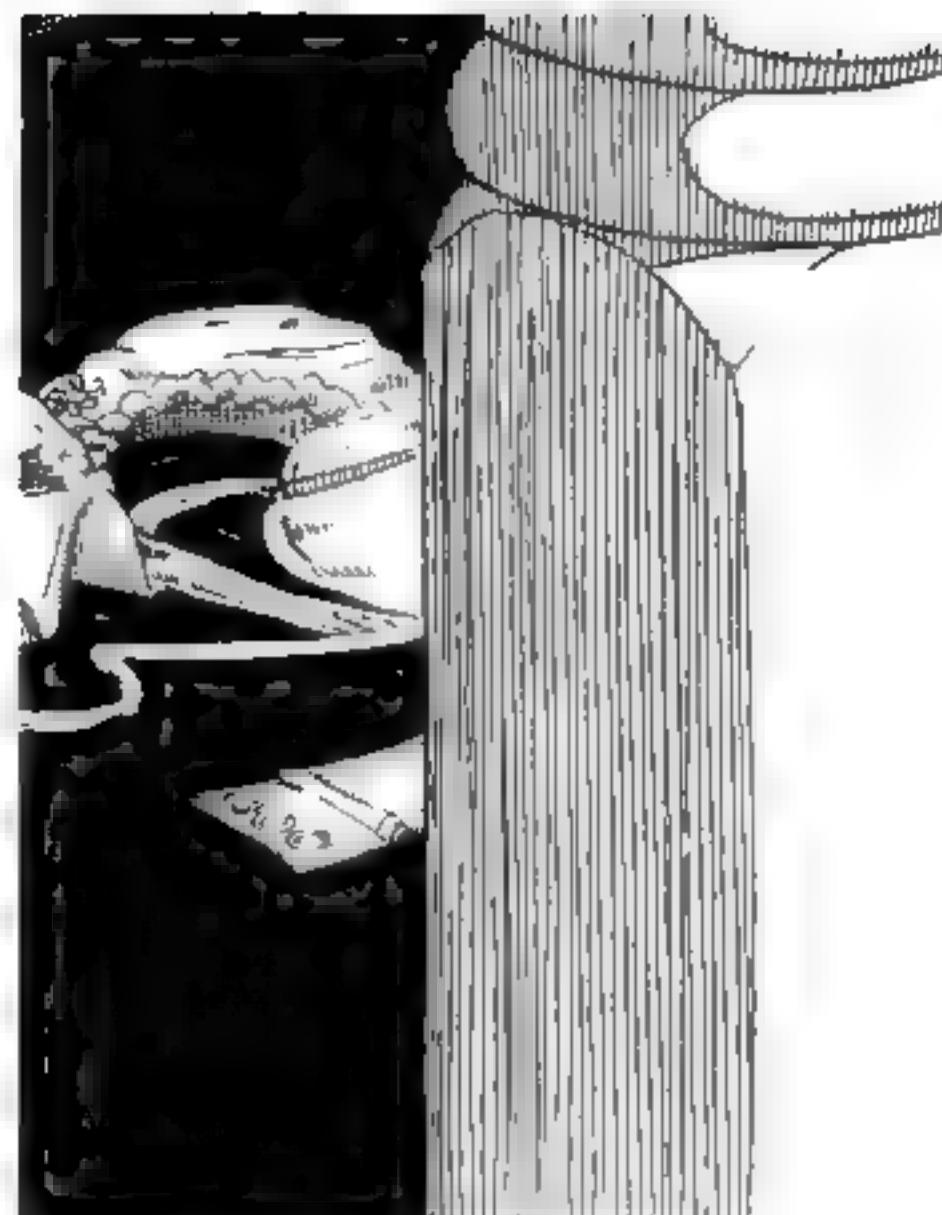
SUNDOWN

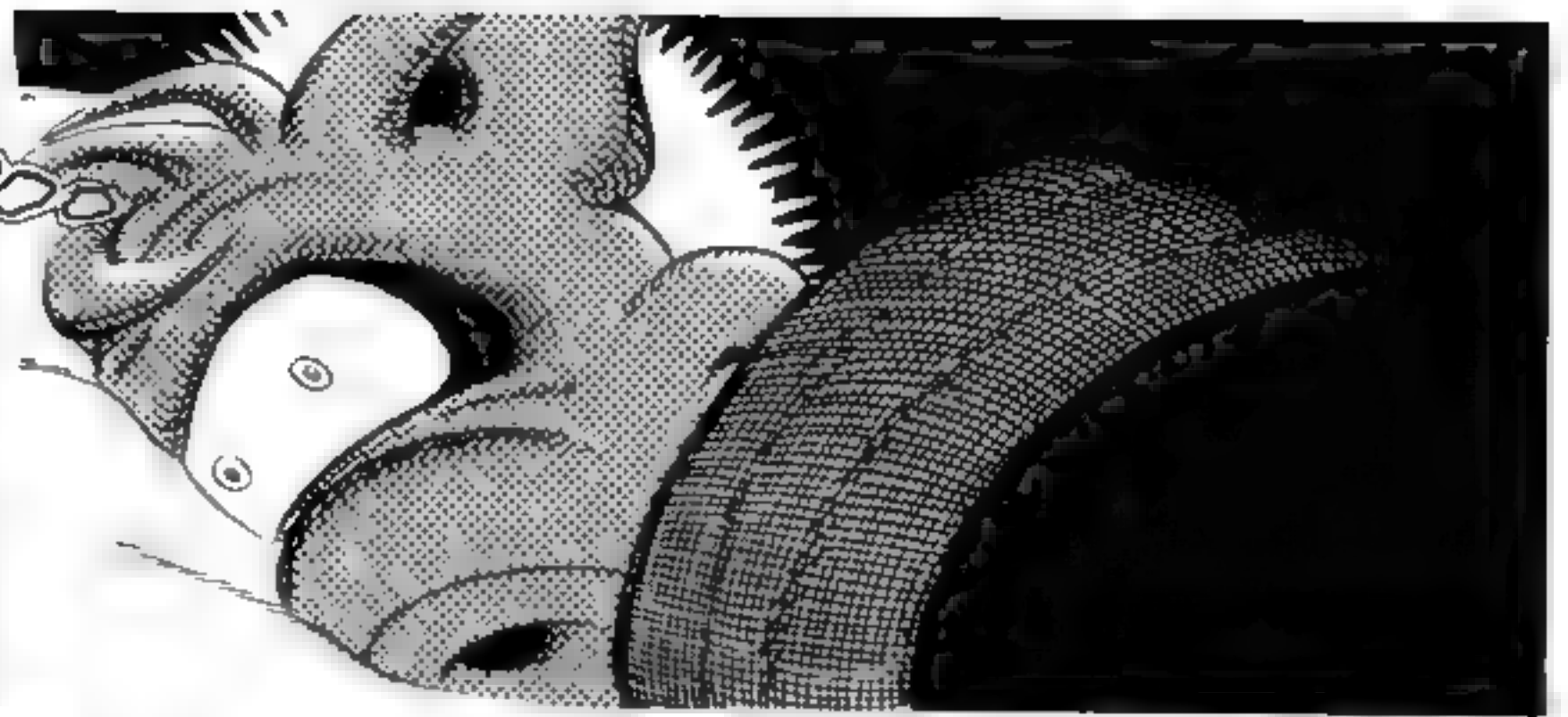




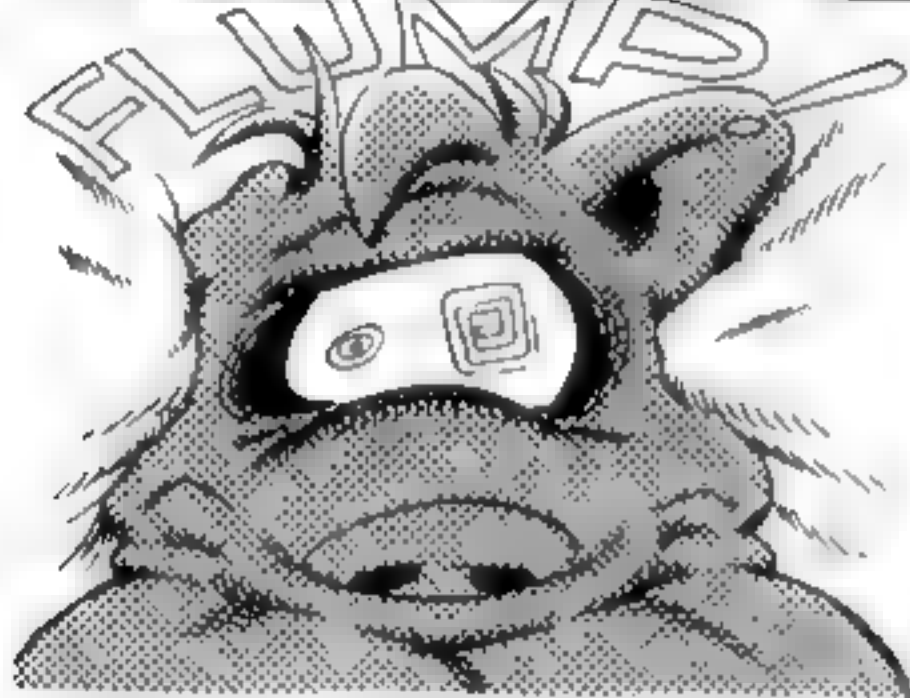






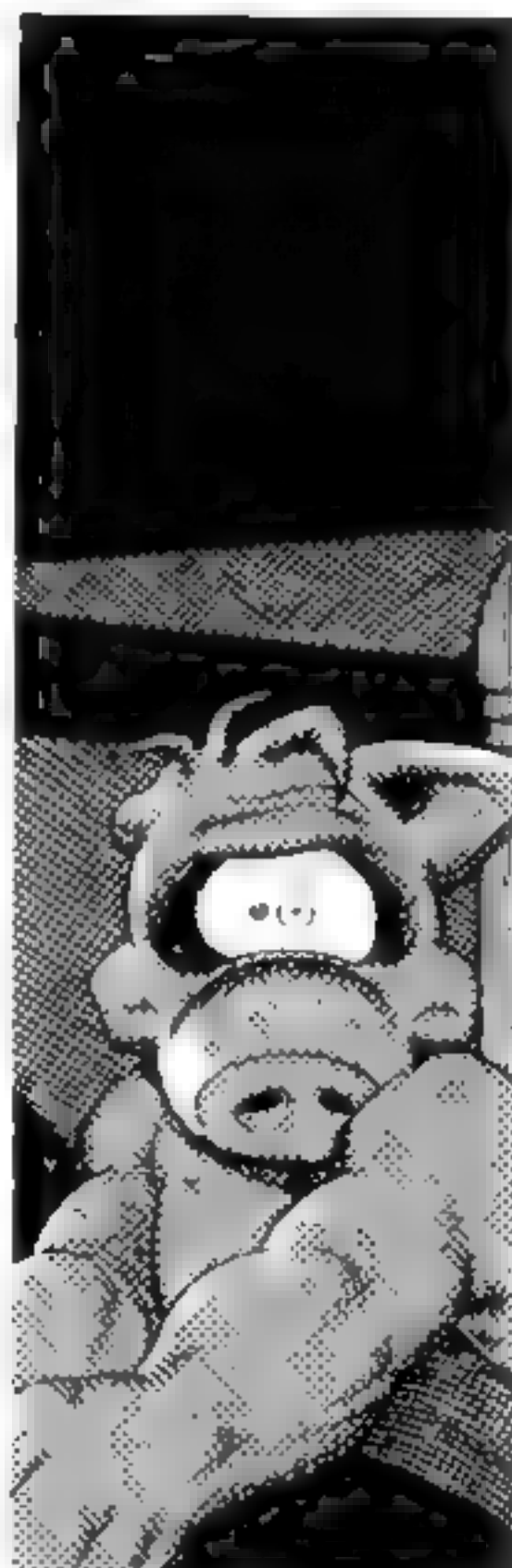


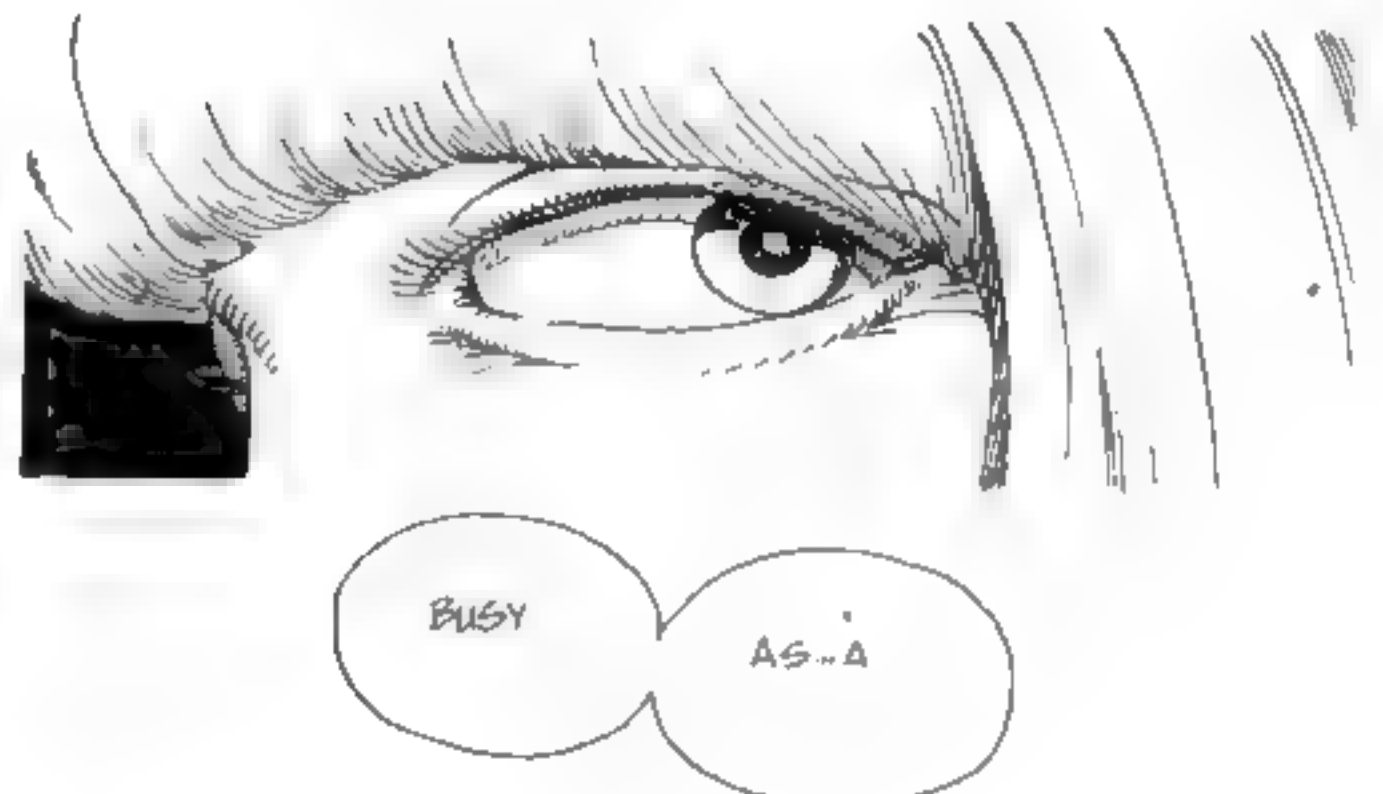
Dearest Cerebus~
Last night was wonderful,
Maybe someday we'll
see each other again.
All my love,
Yaka
(over)



Ha-Ha! Just kidding* I can't stand
wearing the same clothes two days
in a row, so I've gone to find a
clothing hut and something to
eat (besides raw potatoes!) Be
back soon!

xx I *not about
oo last night







HUH?
OH!
AYE
WHAT A
MESS
SHE PUKE^d ALL
OVER THE BAR
LAST NIGHT



CAME TO. JUST
AS CEREBUS WAS
FINISHING WIPING
IT ALL UP
DRANK A
HALF A
GALLON
OF WATER



AND PASSE^d
RIGHT OUT
AGAIN
COLDER'N
A DEAD
MACKEREL
SCRAWLED
THAT
MESSAGE



HA HA HA HA HA



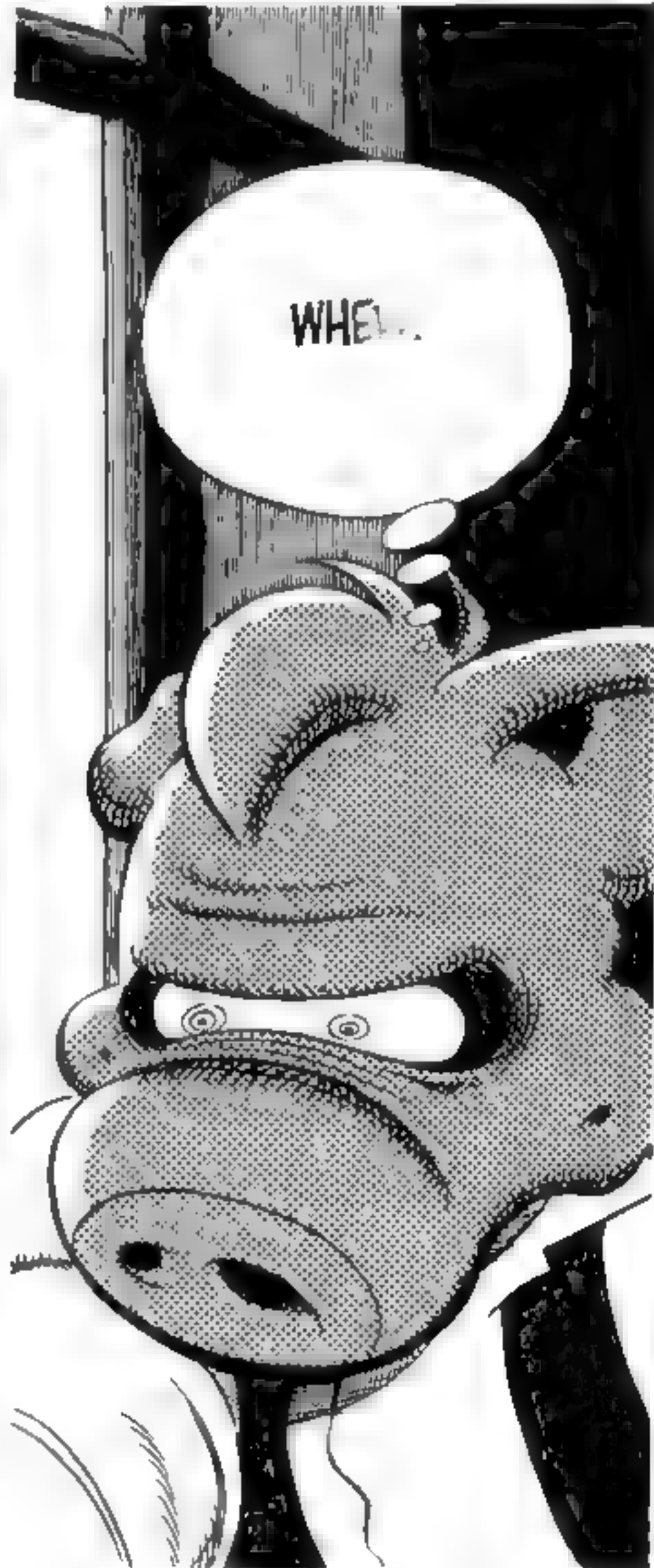
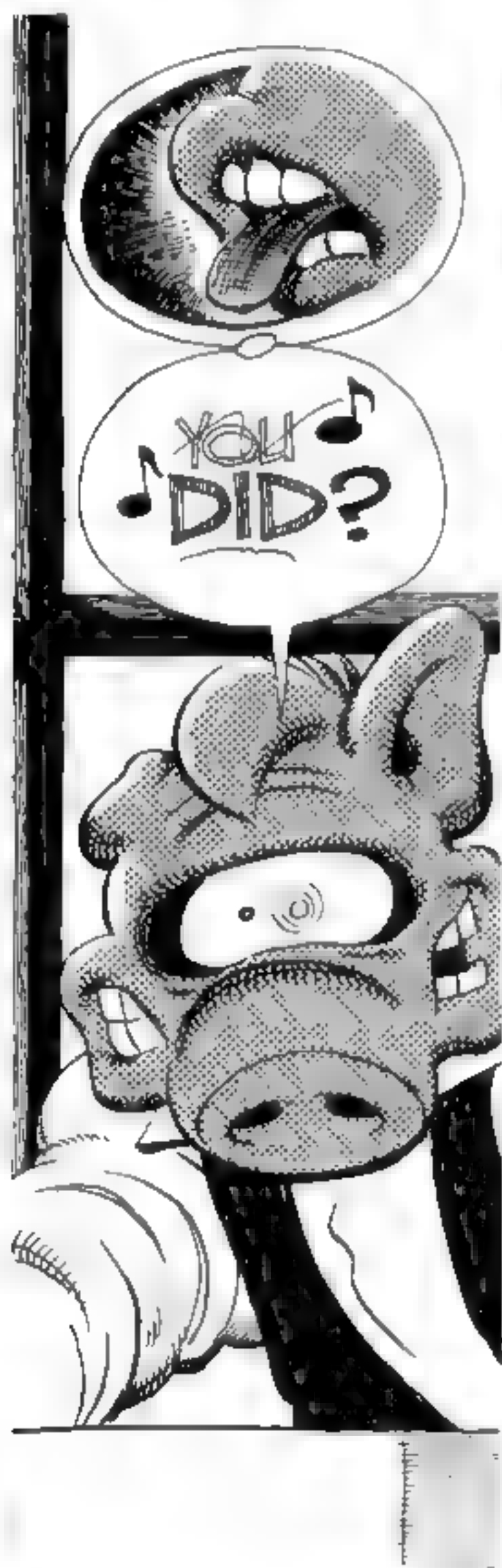
HA HA
SNORE

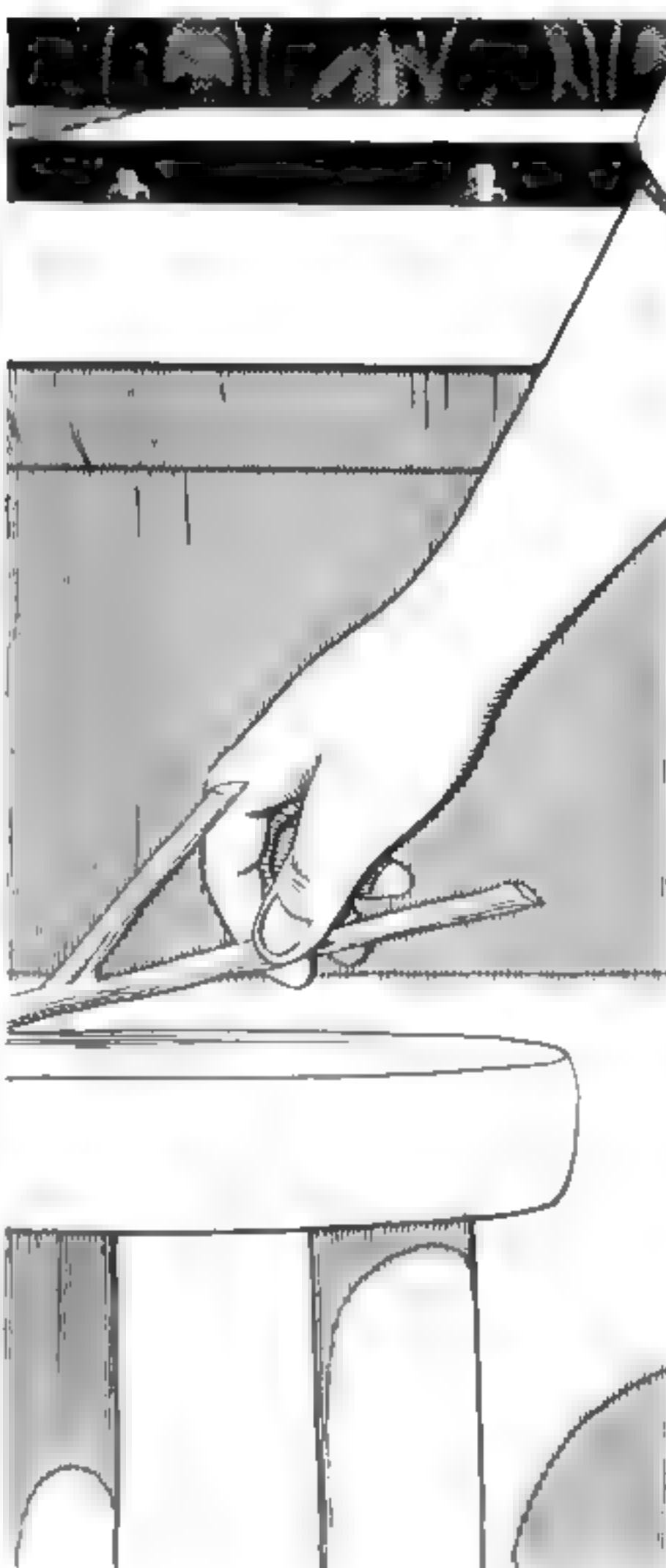
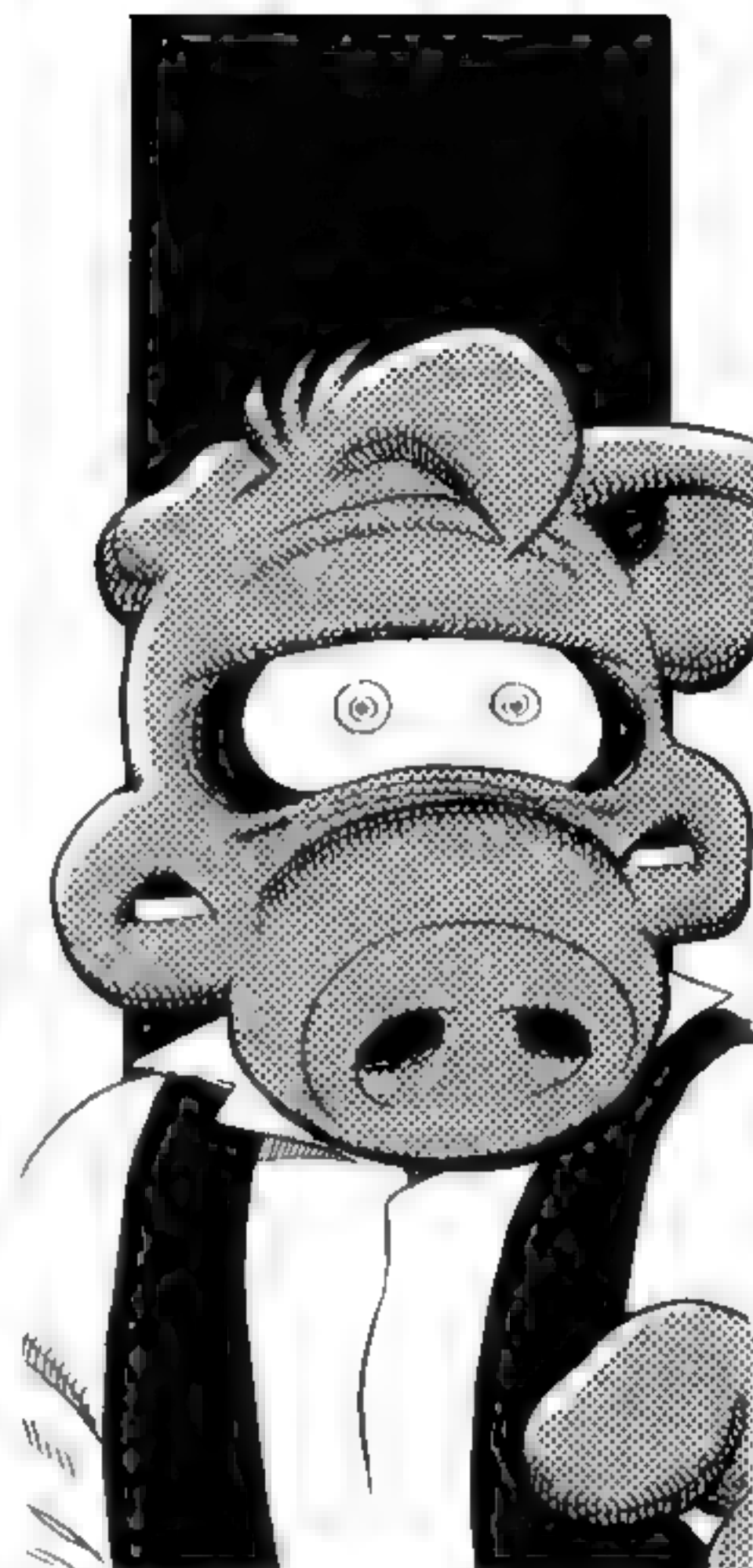
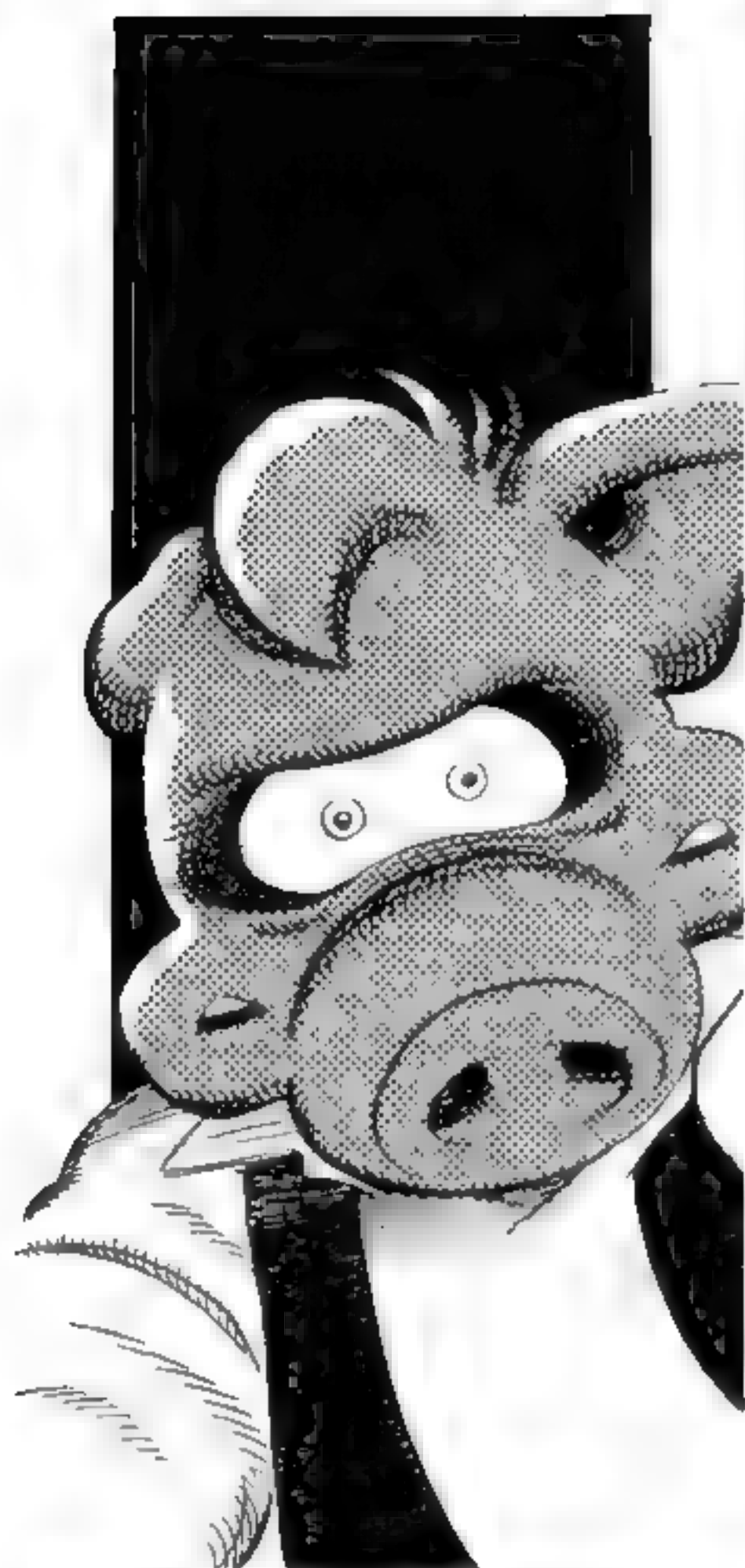


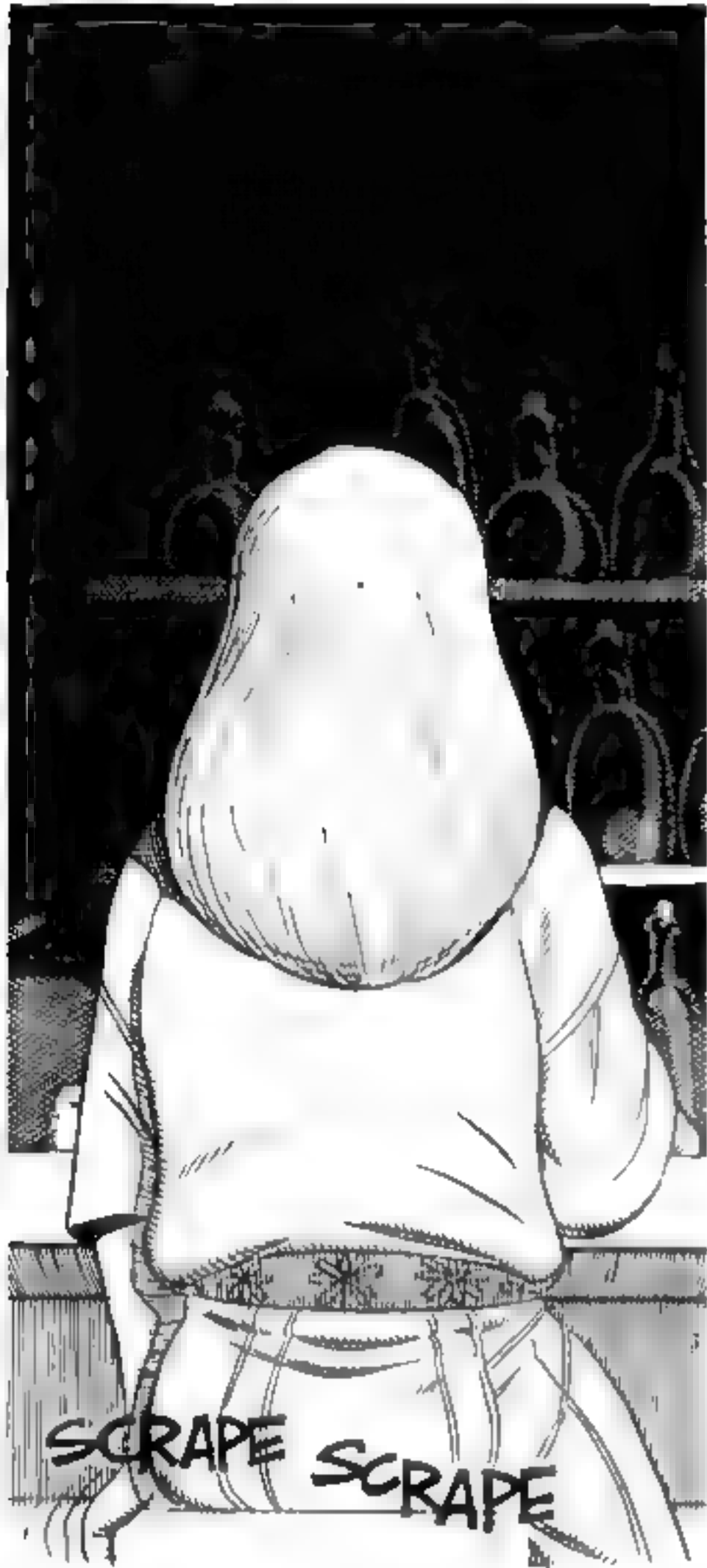
YOU REALLY WOULD
MAKE A TERRIBLE
MOTHER



I
KNOW!
HA HA HA
HA HA

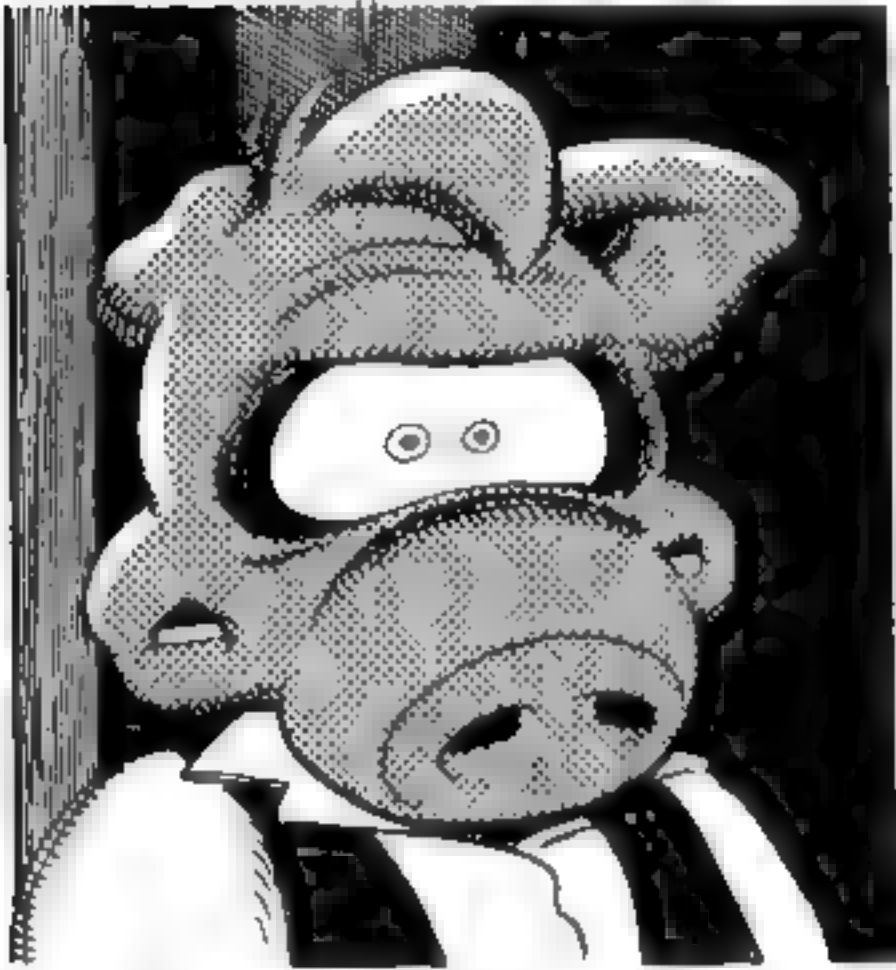




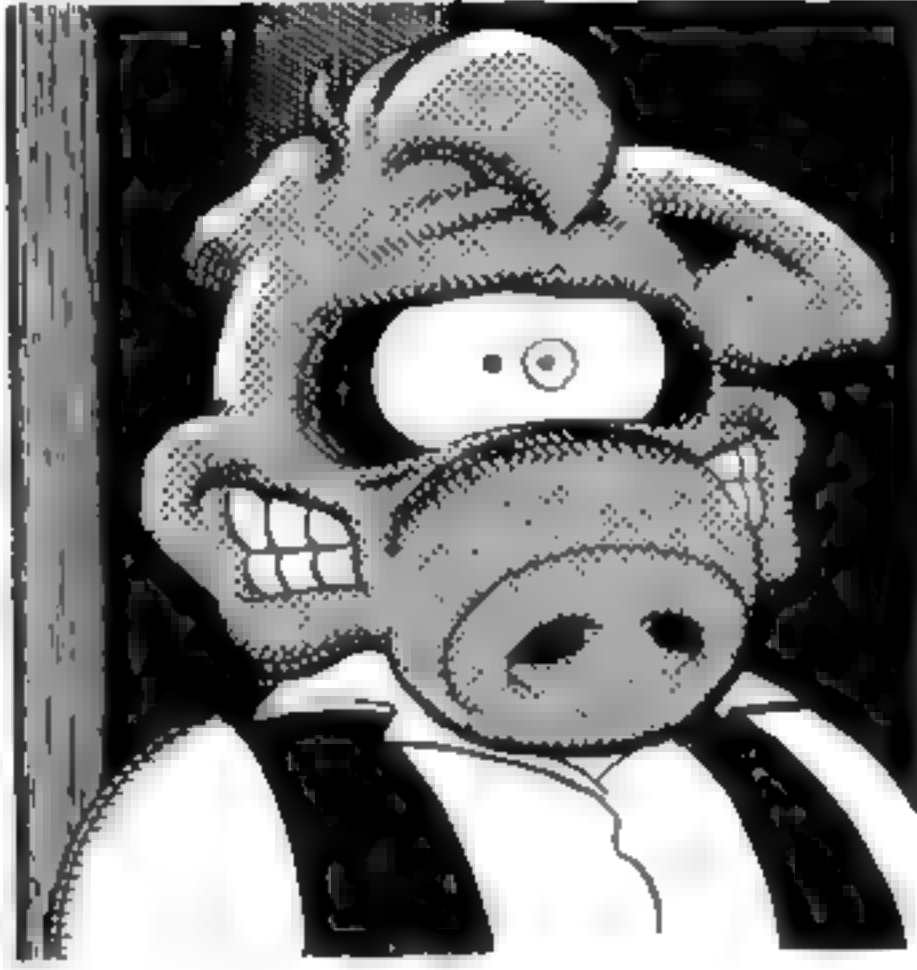


HUH?!

OH.



NOTHING

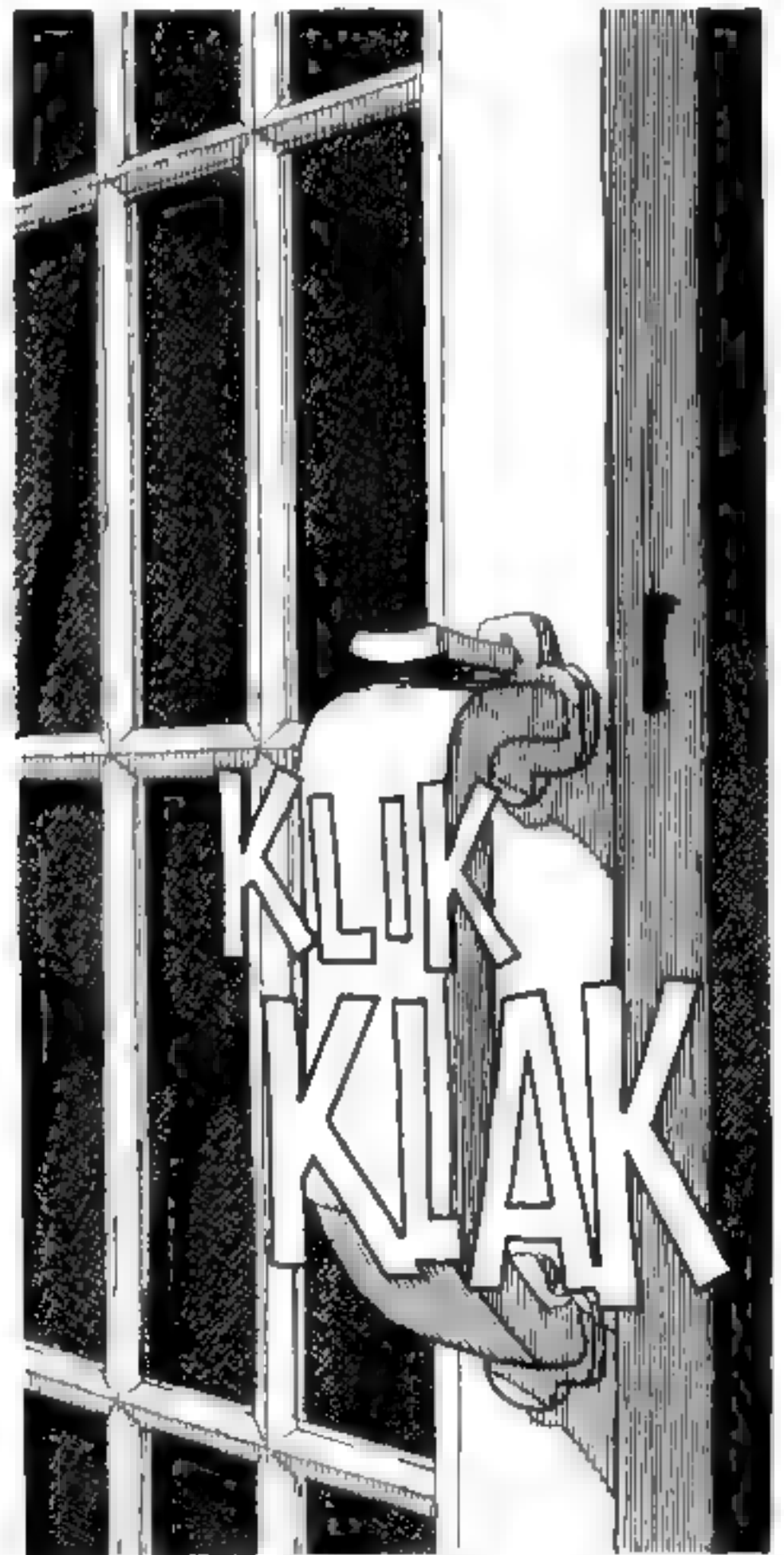


OH,
COME
ON.

WHAT
IS
IT..?

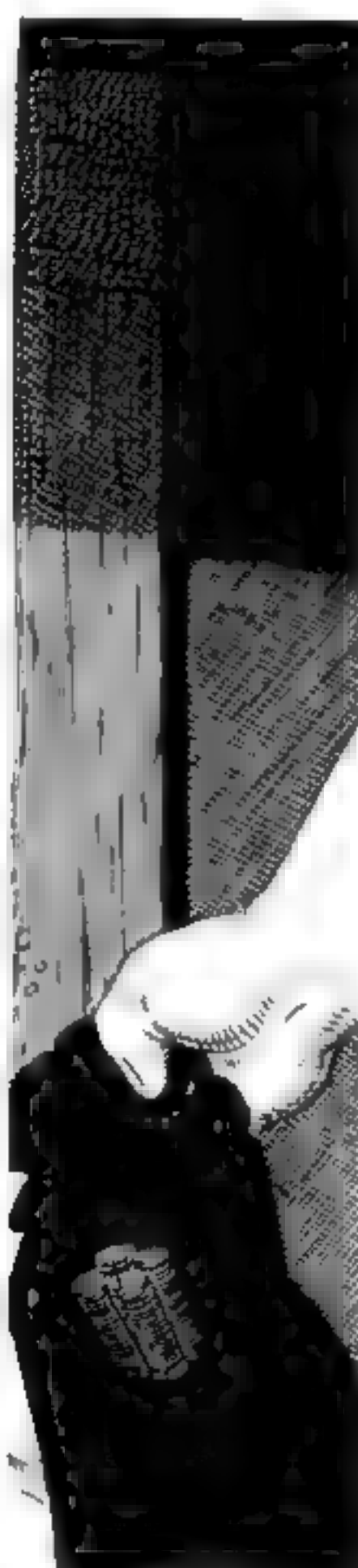
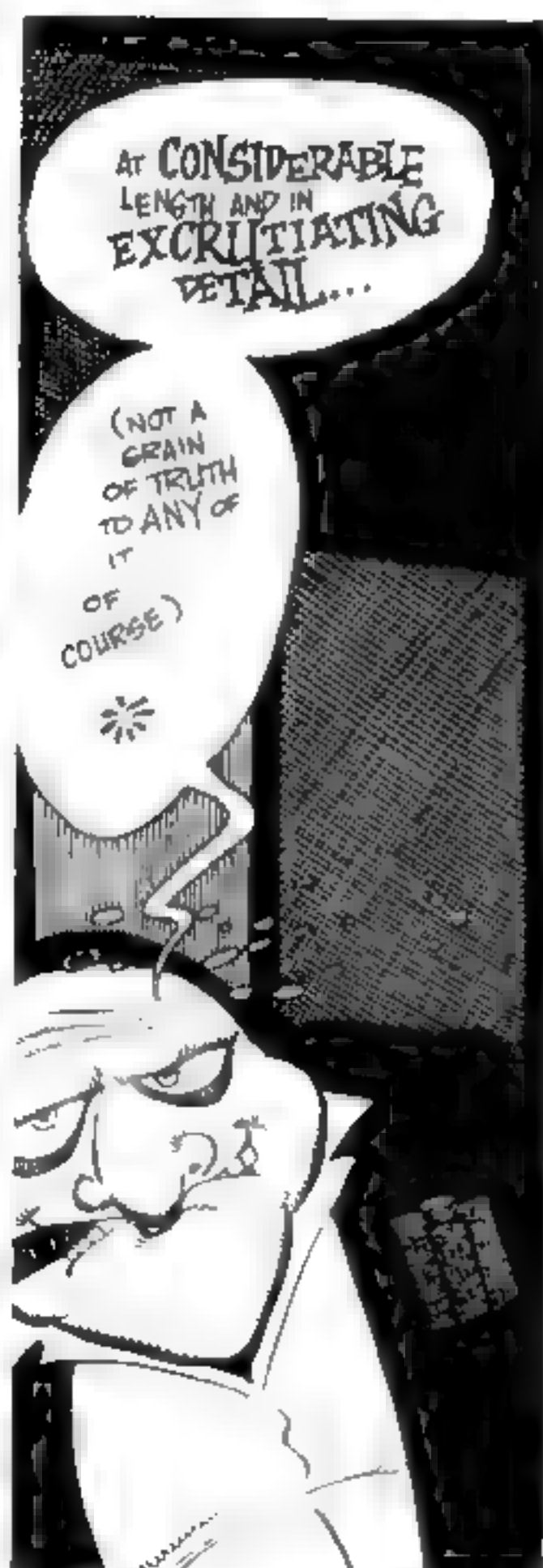
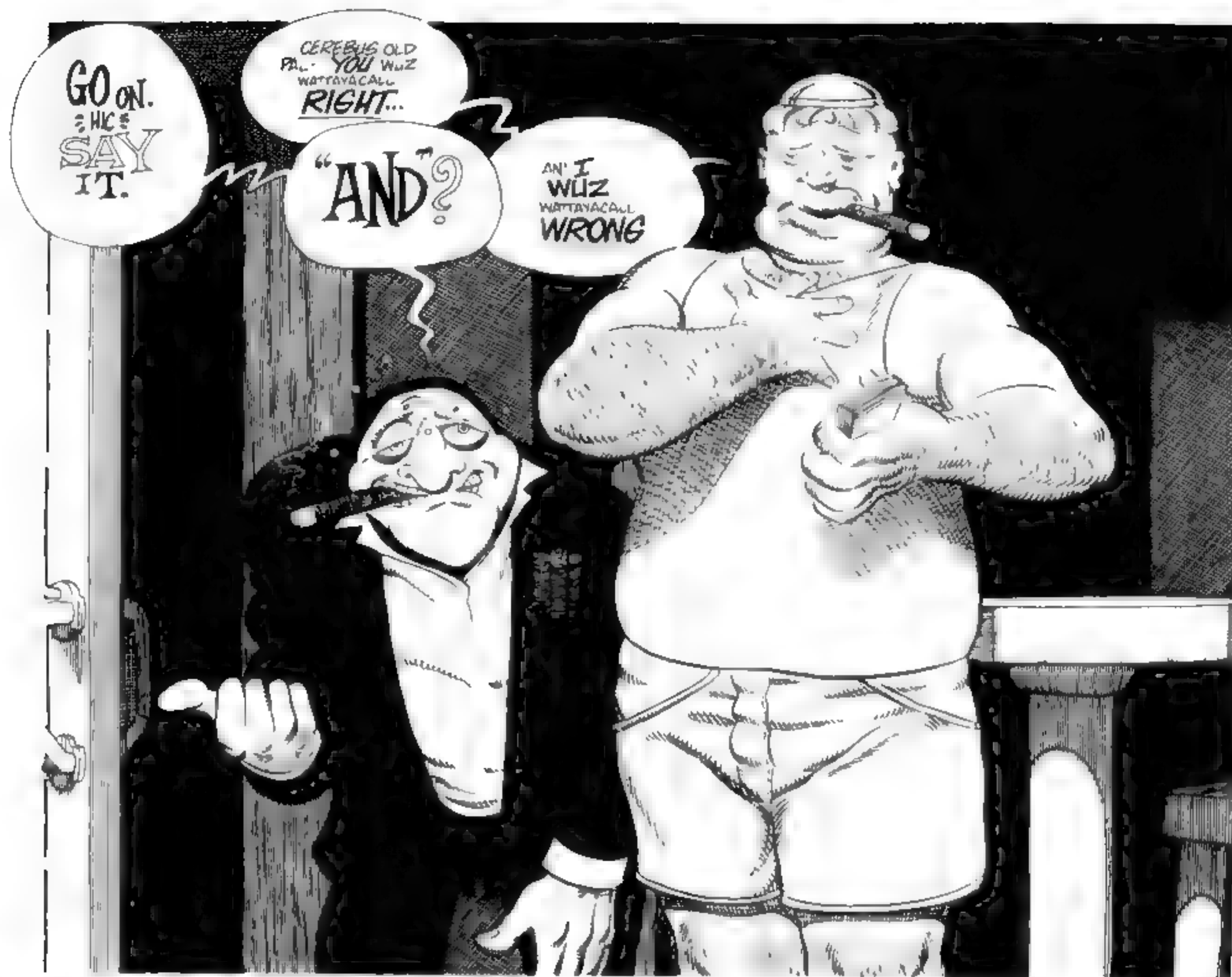


YOU LOOK
AS IF YOU'VE
JUST SEEN A
GHOST!



KLIK
KLAK

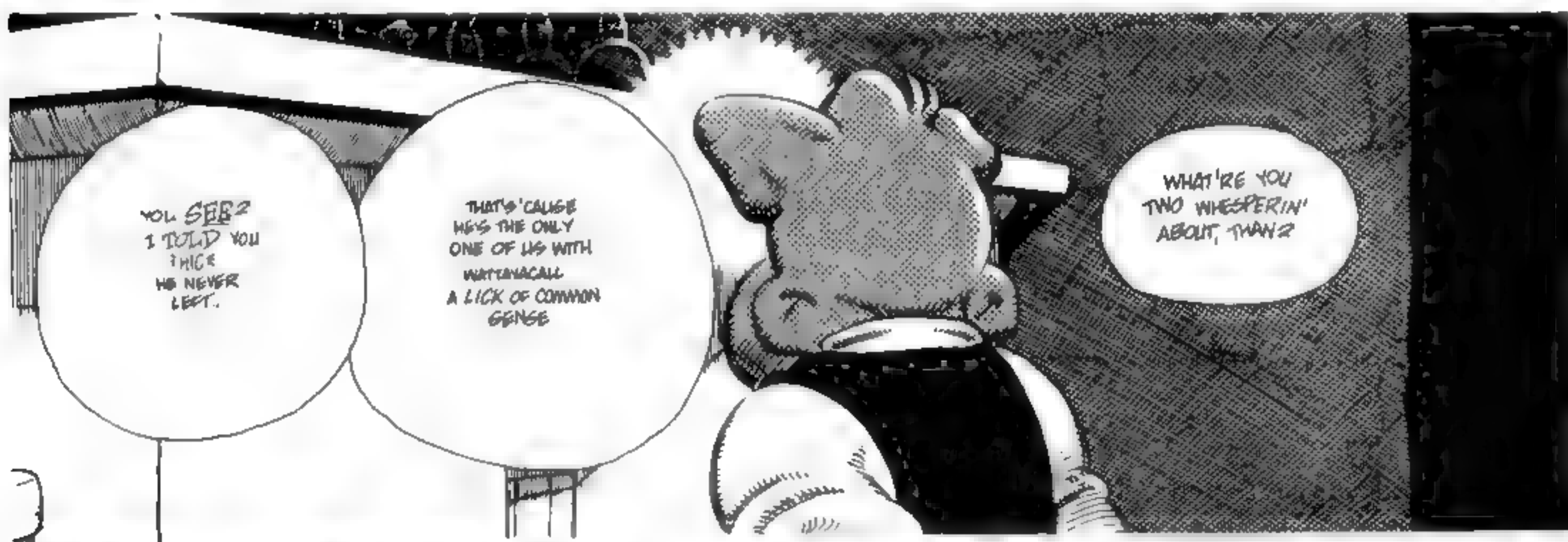
EPILLOGUE

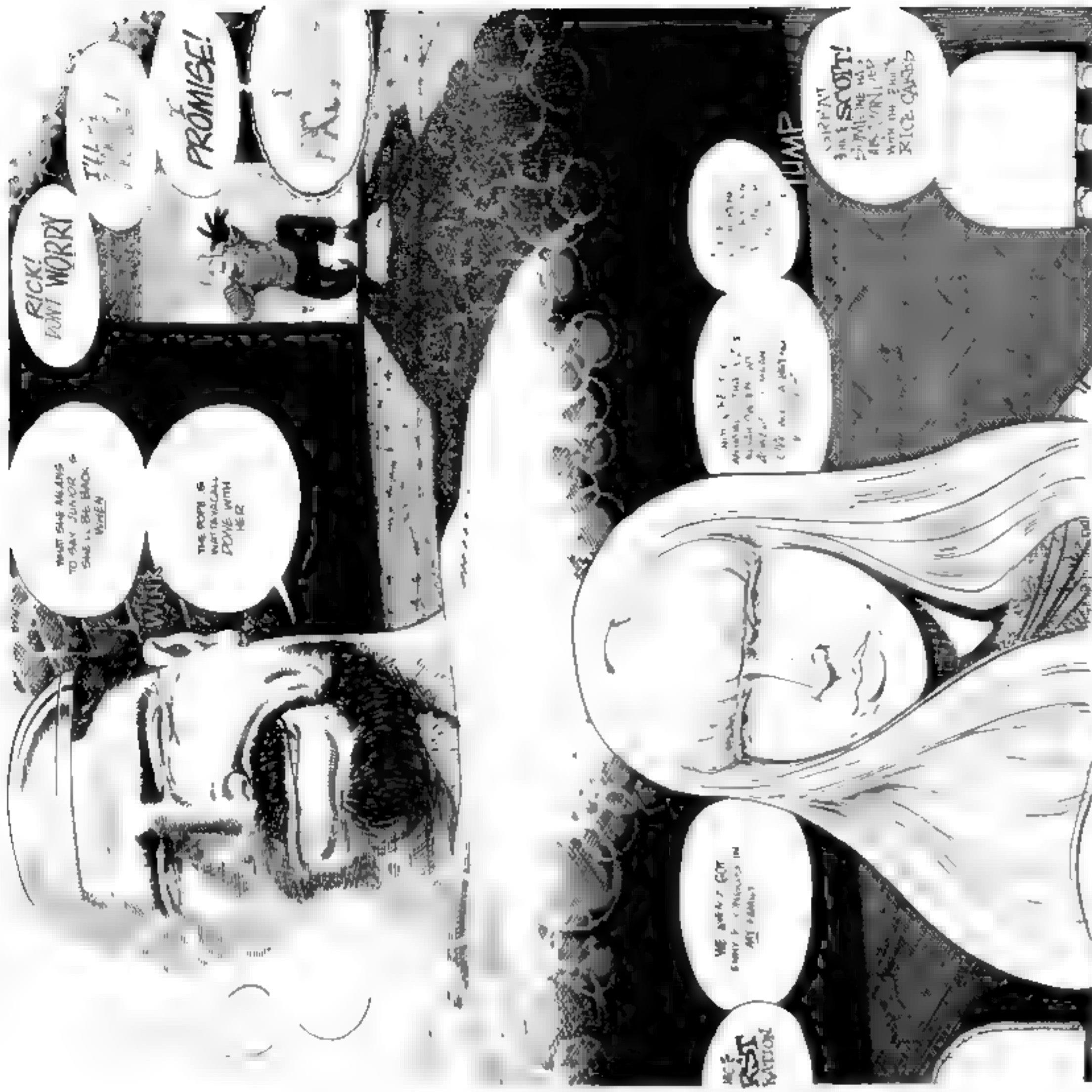
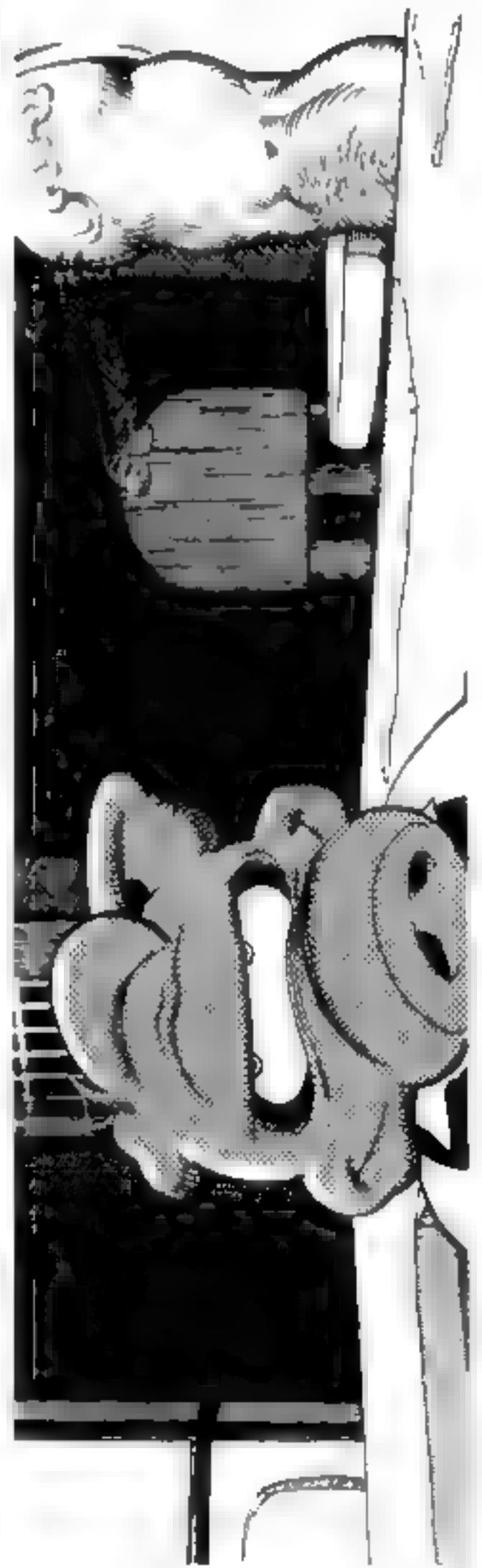












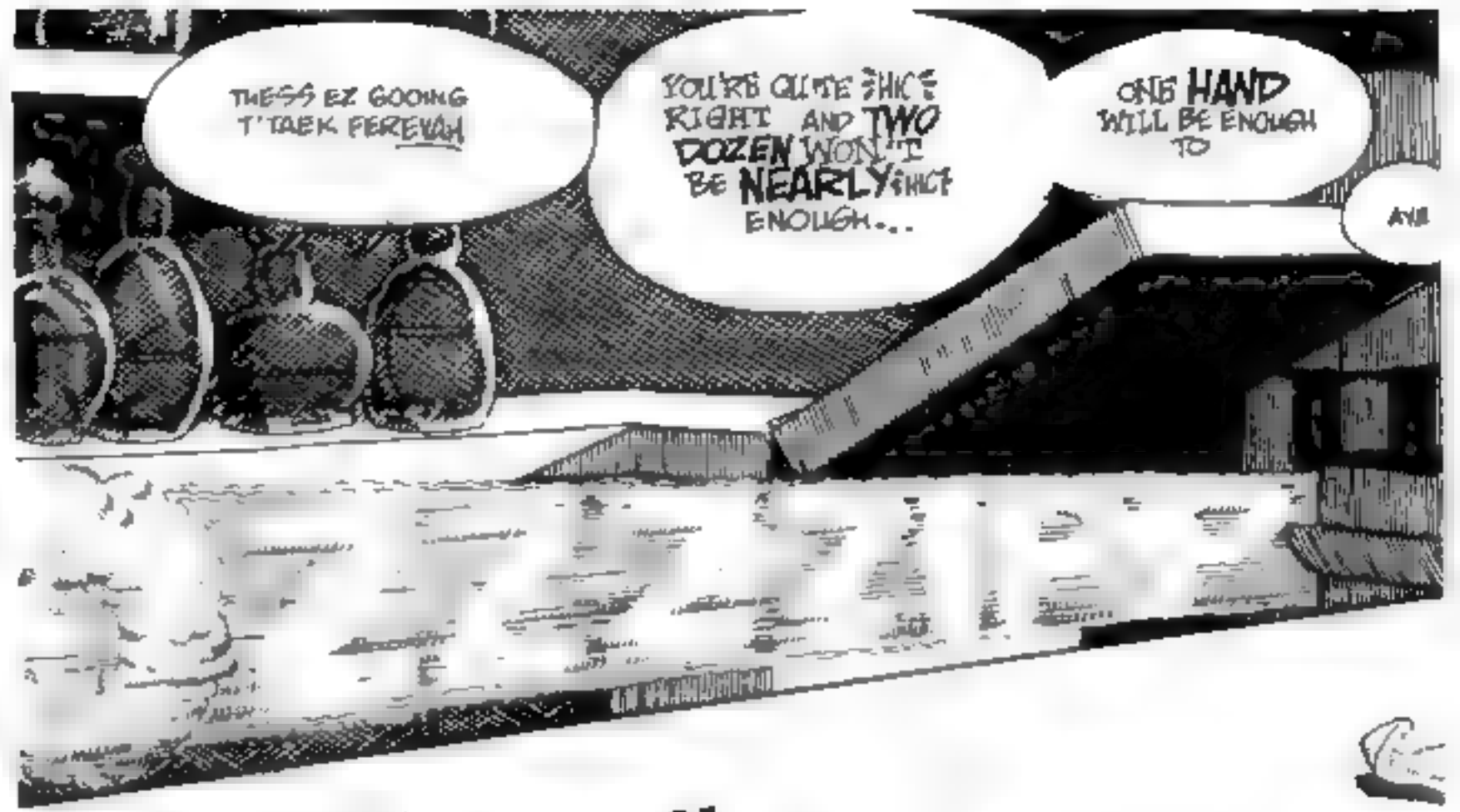




KEEP YER SHIRT ON

CEREBUS HAS ONLY GOT
WATTAYACALL TWO HANDS

Chop. Chop. Chop.



THESS EZ GOOING T' TAEK FEREVAH

YOU'RE QUITE SHIC RIGHT AND TWO DOZEN WON'T BE NEARLY SHIC ENOUGH...

ONE HAND WILL BE ENOUGH TO

AYE

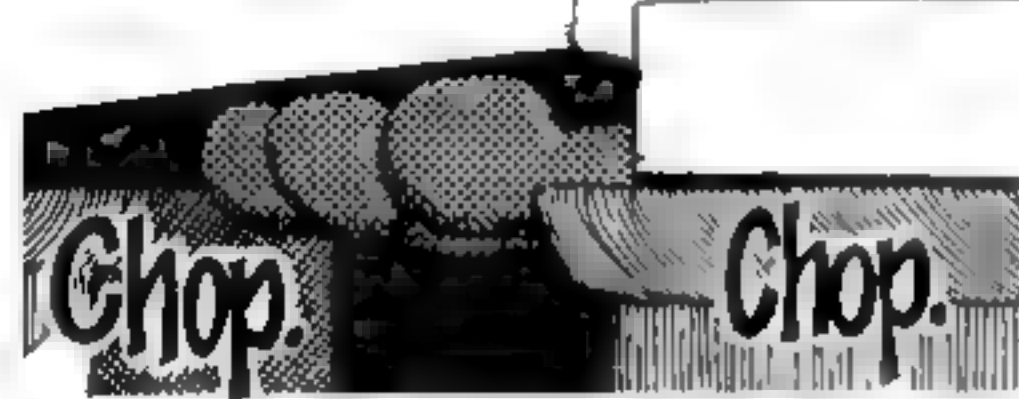
Chop. Chop.



SO? WE'LL JUST WATTAYACALL MAKE EACH ONE WORTH TEN...

YES! SHIC SPLENDID

AYE! THAT'ELL WHURK



Chop.

Chop.



Chop.

Chop.

NO SHIC

WAT. THAT WON'T WORK EITHER

YER RIGHT. I WATTAYACALL BET TEN YOU BET TWENTY

AYE



GOOD.

I'LL CHOP SOOM OOV THAM OOP ENTA SMOOLAH BITS, AYE... 'ALF A SLAECE EZ TAN

QUANTUH OOV A SLAECE EZ TWANTY-FIVE

Chop.

Chop.



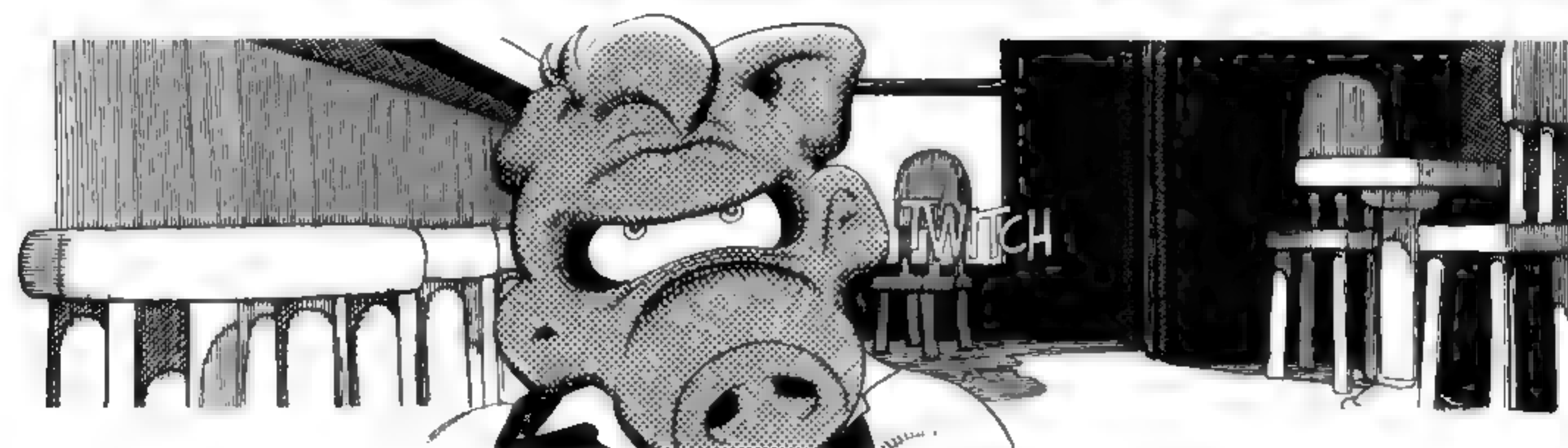
WHICH MEANS THESS EZ NOW GOIN' TA TAKE LONG AH THAN FEREVAH

ONE LARGE STOUT.

TA

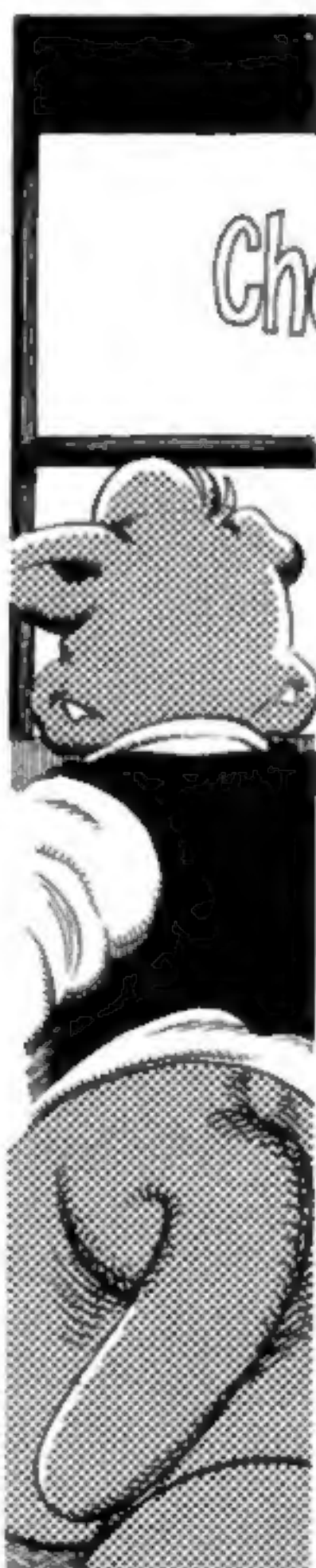
Chop.

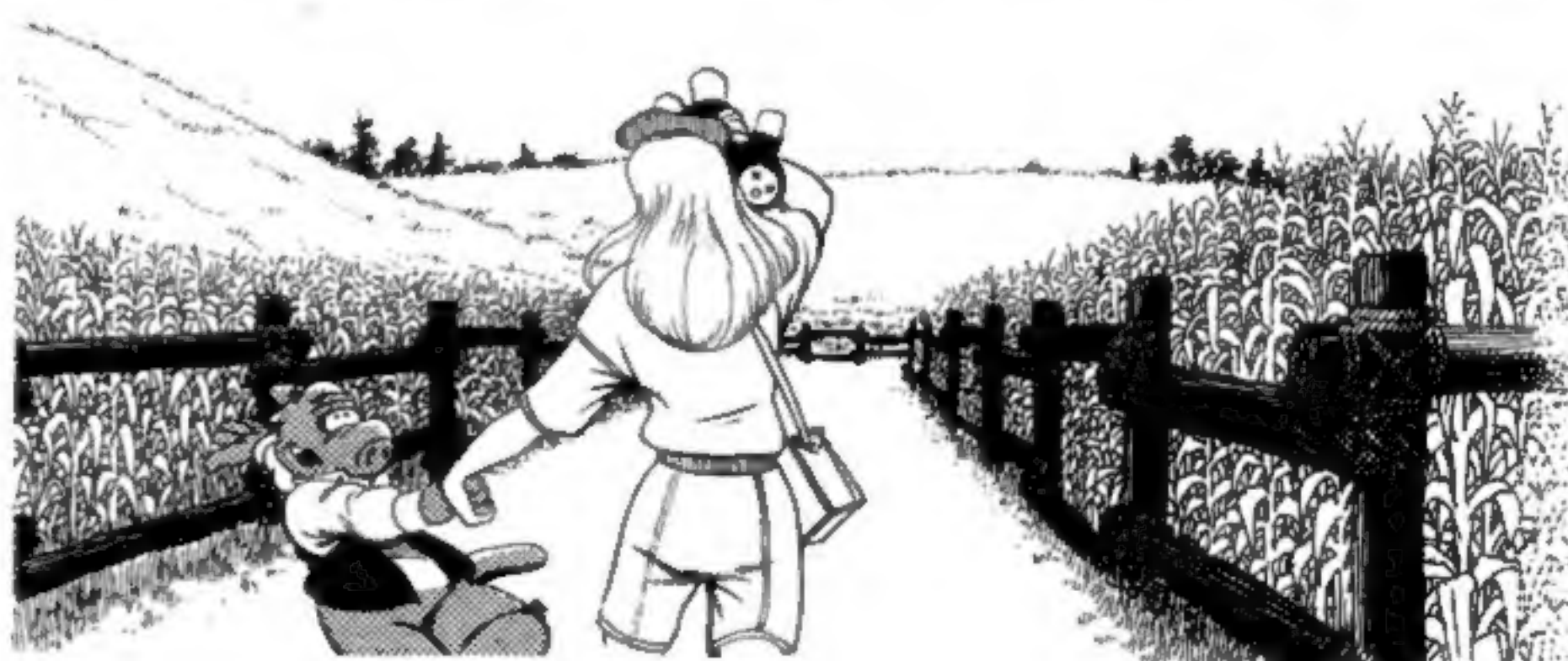
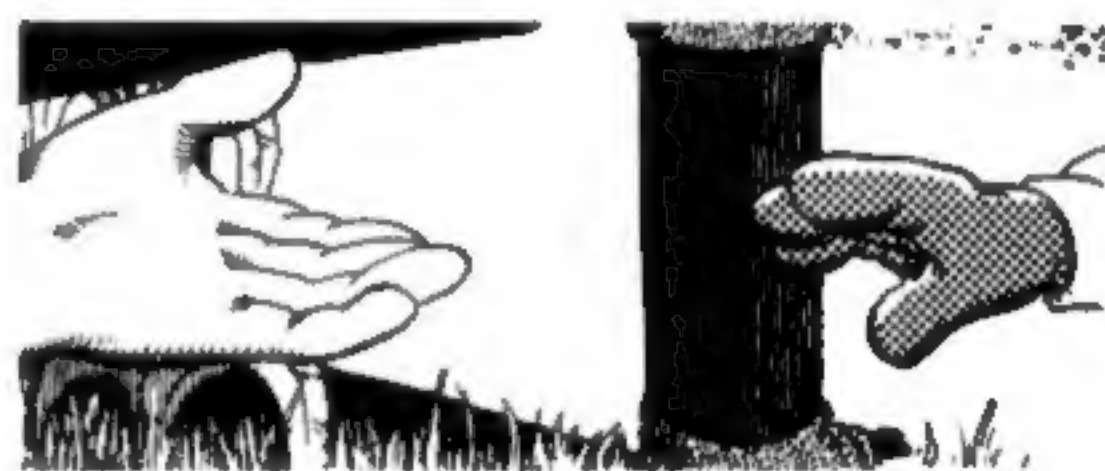
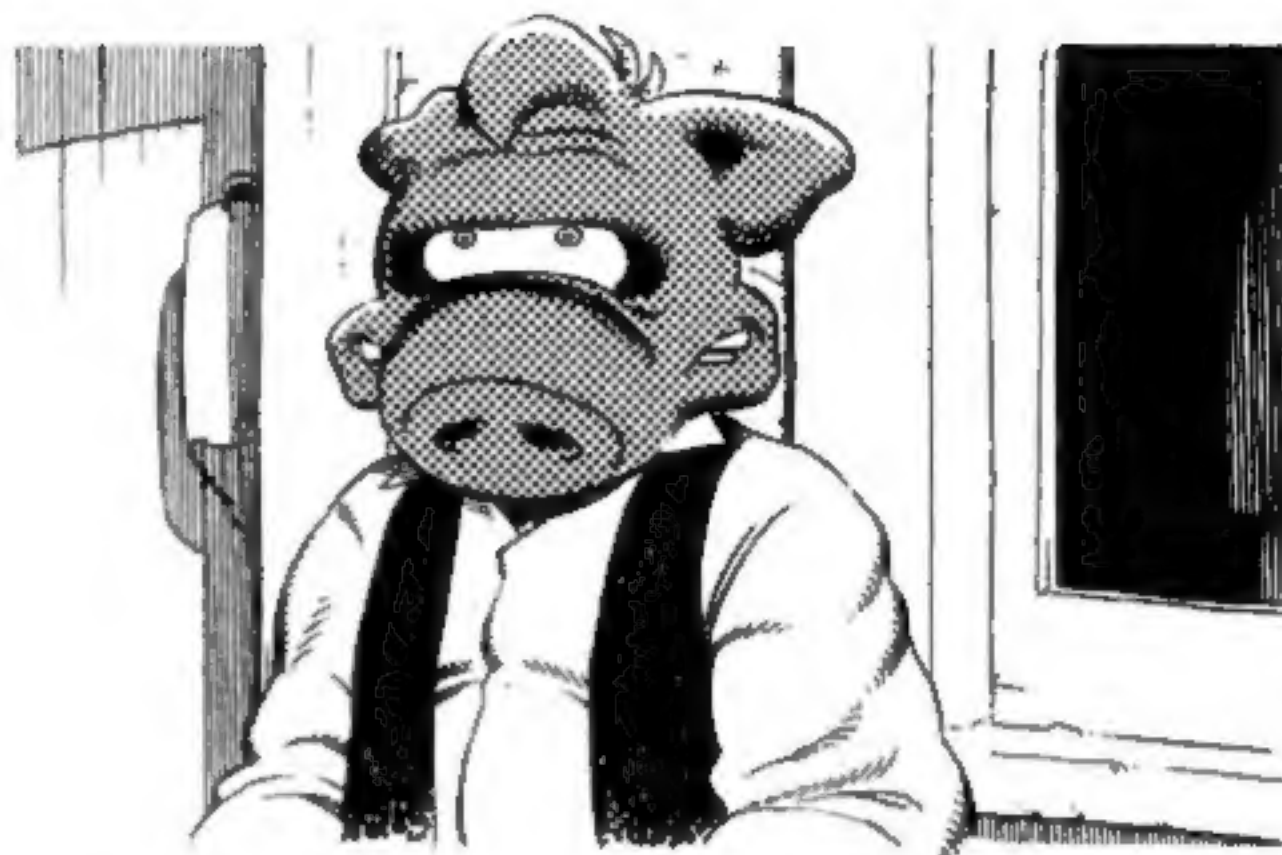












GO TO...



CEREBUS

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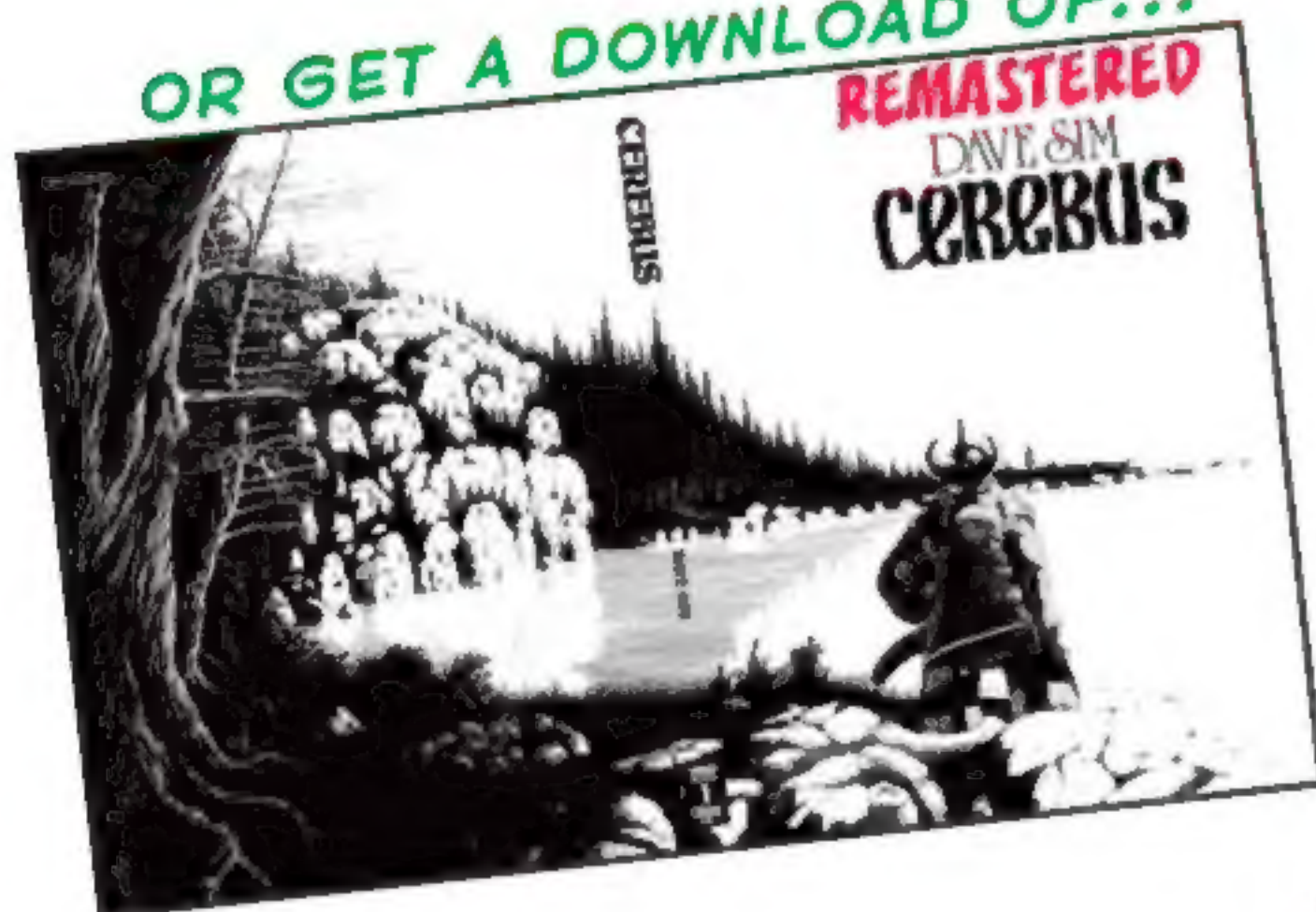
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